FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

MARCH 1975 $1.25

SHOULD SWITZERLAND BE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS?

THE TENNIS YOUTH TAKE-OVER

HOW TO BE HIP IN '75

THE HAIRY PALM PAPERS: MYTHS OF OUR TIME

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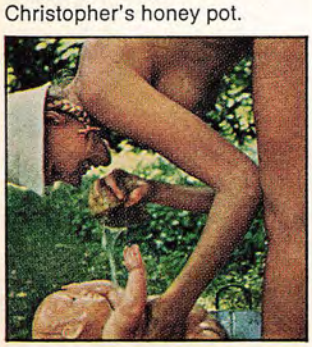

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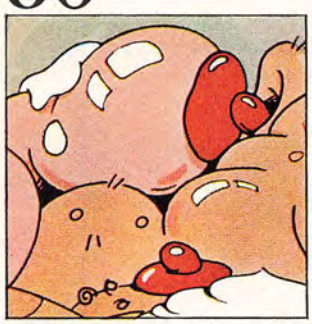
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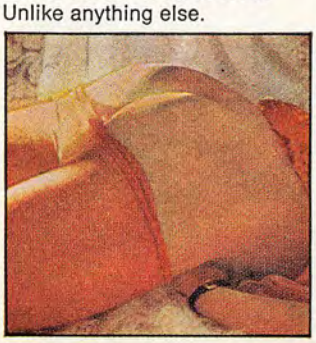

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MAIL

For Pietro's sake

Pietro di Donato is the best writer I've read in years, as your profile of Bernardo Bertolucci (December 1974) shows. It's been years since I've been to Rome, but the feel of the city I got from his piece was as fresh as the day I left.

I admire writers who can immerse themselves in a situation and not feel constrained to work out that involvement on paper. All too often, however, what comes out is self-indulgent and jumbled. Di Donato takes you to surprising places in his prose and gives an impression that is incomparable in accuracy and texture.

Congratulations on a superb piece.

HAROLD GIBSON
Chicago, Illinois

Suds and puds

I just read the excellent *Massage as a Body-Contact Sport*, by Daniel Church, in your October issue. I have spent many hours in most of the steam-and-cream establishments all over Japan and am now probably the foreign *toruko* (Turkish bath) champion. Most of the places are as Church described them, but there was one refreshing exception in Yokohama.

I walked in and was greeted by a kimono-clad woman, who asked, "Will you accept me?" I, of course, said yes and we went to her room, where she gave me a bath and then lathered her body and massaged me with her breasts, legs and stomach. After we rinsed and dried off, I was led to a large cushion on the other side of the room. I lay down on it and she sat down next to me with her back to my face and did what I had theretofore thought was impossible: She put a prophylactic on me with her mouth. I rolled her over and finished the massage. I was back downstairs and ready to face the cruel world exactly 70 minutes after I went in. Not bad for $50.

JOHN KENNEDY
Sagami, Japan

Special delivery

I just read the letter in the December *Mail* column from a 19-year-old boy who lives in L.A. and would love to be spanked by an older woman. I would like him to know that the reverse is also true. I've given my wife complete sexual freedom, which she seems to be enjoying. And, in all honesty, I very much enjoy hearing about her experiences, which she shares with me in very specific and beautiful detail.

Just recently, I sent her some flowers for our anniversary. She later told me how handsome and sexy the 20-year-old flower boy was and went on to say how she would love to aggressively seduce a young boy in his late teens or early 20s. So I called up the local florist and ordered some more flowers for her, and I requested that the delivery boy also give her "an affectionate kiss" on my behalf. Then I called her and told her about it and suggested that she seduce him, if she was still so inclined.

To make a long and exciting story short, she ate the delivery boy! She said he was delicious and she thanked me over and over for such a loving and wonderful gift.

Since this experience, she has expressed the desire to seduce yet another boy, dominate him, spank his ass and order him to perform cunnilingus on her. My wife would love to spank that 19-year-old boy in L.A., provided, of course, that he's willing to submit and suck her off following the spanking.

There are a lot of women who would enjoy it. That 19-year-old should be responsive to older women, and each time he comes into contact with them, he should drop some hints. Women who are into that kind of thing will let him know.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Marquette, Michigan

Toe jam

Your December issue confirms once again that you have the most beautiful girls. Your competitors don't even come close. But I have one complaint: Why do you refuse to show the girls' beautiful bare feet? The girls display their beautiful breasts, their lovely thighs, their inspiring asses, but they always have stockings on or dumb-looking shoes. I'm sure I speak for a number of your readers when I confess that I find bare feet a real turn-on. A naked body is not complete until you get to see the feet. Matter of fact, a fully clothed woman can look excruciatingly sexy padding around without shoes or socks on. So come on, guys, give us foot lovers something to stick our noses into.

JOHN RENFREW
Cornwall, Ontario

Pinching grab bag

Congratulations on your splendid article (*Feeling the Pinch*, December) about how men of different nationalities pinch girls' asses—furtively, brazenly, warmly, greedily, etc. Now I understand why every time I get pinched it's a whole new experience. Because you articulate such a variety of styles, I realize that I have been shuffled mainly from Italian to German to Greek. But I would like to come to the defense of my boyfriend, Stanley, who's Polish. He has been seriously maligned by your article. He certainly

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Among the things you'll discover is how the development of tiny integrated circuits has made possible an electronic calculator small enough to fit into a shirt pocket! And a wristwatch that flashes the time with the push of a button.

You'll investigate the concept of "logic circuits." An idea that has been with us for centuries but only in recent years put to use as the "brain" behind all the new digital consumer appliances we see today.

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You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state of the art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

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doesn't pinch the way you say he does. He's got more ways than I can count—all of them fun and to the point. The best is when he curls his fingers like a ring of *kielbasa*, and he certainly doesn't need five other Poles to move me up and down. Stanley was furious at your article. You owe him an apology.

ALISON ROJA
New York, New York

Apology, hell! Anyone who can curl his fingers like a ring of kielbasa *ought to see a doctor.*

When I was in Europe a few years ago, I observed how Europeans pinched and I got right into the swing of things. I was pinching all over the place. But my stay in Europe was confined to two of the places you dealt with in your article on pinching. Thanks for filling me in on all the variations I did not encounter. I've become quite a multinational pincher, but my activity is severely hampered by the law. As you mention, this simple salute to feminine beauty can land a man in jail. So I have to confine my activity to women who won't blow the whistle, like my girlfriend Alison.

I did get pissed off at you guys, though, for maligning Poles. I don't pinch in the way you suggest in your article. I'm quite deft at it and I'm sure my girlfriend will agree. You owe me some kind of apology.

STANLEY BRUISECZ
New York, New York

Not until you see a doctor.

Comforting thoughts

Your Alex Comfort interview (December) is really amazing. I had always thought of him as a pseudomedical self-promoter who wanted to get a lot of money out of sex. I never read his books, because my sex life was just fine and they seemed too arty for my tastes. What I learned from your interview is that he's a very conscientious guy, a hard-working scholar and an anarchist with a purpose. My respect for him grew with every page. There's a lot more to his view of sex than just bodies coupling and smoking cigarettes afterward. He articulated that sex is a part of our lives that is as political and meaningful as voting and should be understood as such.

DAVID COOPER
Cleveland, Ohio

Pate-philia

Congratulations on your progress in *Openers*. I was elated to see the shaved head of the chippy on page 24 of your December issue. I know that many models in France shave their heads in order to call attention to the fashions they wear. To me, a bald head is the sexiest of hair styles. It's easy to take care of and you have the option of wearing any color wig you want. But I think a nice shiny dome is very sexy and attractive in its own right. Thanks to *Openers*, maybe more girls will consider the Yul Brynner look and spend less time in the beauty parlor.

JOHNNY BORDEN
Bridgeport, Connecticut

***Shooting Script* flak**

You guys are weird. Your December fashion feature, *The Shooting Script*, senselessly exploits male dominance and outraged my sensibilities as a woman. Any girl worth her salt would have kicked that creep in the patootie and

high-tailed it out of *his* fantasy. The clothes are neat, but the stories that accompany them are politically sexist. That goes for your garter shooting in the same issue. Men and women can get together and have fun without a lot of game playing and dominance trips.

JANICE WILSON
Miami, Florida

Pia and Hiram, as you can see in this photograph, are not playing games. Hiram really is helping Pia into her blindfold. That is only polite.

Aslan

I am an ardent reader of your magazine, and one feature in it particularly stands out: the drawings of girls by Aslan. They're incredibly erotic; sometimes, they're even sexier than the photographs. He is always able to capture a girl in mid-rapture. They're so young, so innocent-looking, so vulnerable, so ripe. I would very much like to take his bevy of models on a nature walk.

ROBERT VINCENT
Seattle, Washington

Trying out Truscott

What a great idea, sending a straight out to gay bars (*After Dark on the Glitter Circuit*, by Lucian K. Truscott IV, December). I had always wondered what went on in those places but was too queasy to walk right in and be bombarded by all that glamor. But Truscott roared in like a 155 howitzer. I've always liked him as a stylist, but now I know he's a terrific reporter, too. He didn't gawk, he wasn't timid and he got the story. God bless him.

J. M. GOLDBERG
The Pelhams, New York

Leave it on

My wife and I really had a hoot over your feature *The Ten Worst Undressed* (December). Mr. Blackwell has a keen eye for unbeauty. The photos you ran are delightfully unflattering, especially the one of Carol Channing. But the picture of Raquel Welch is terrific. Sure, she's about as pneumatic as a Polyglas radial tire, but, for Christ's sake, she has a quiet, powerful allure that causes my tongue to thicken. Just because Blackwell wants to be bitchy is no excuse for including Raquel in this feature. She hasn't taken off her clothes not because she has something to hide but because the right guy hasn't come along to ask her politely.

R. J. WILLIAMS
Boston, Massachusetts

How did you guys ever get a picture of Valéry Giscard D'Estaing in his boxer shorts? I should think that your French taste would preclude your risking offending your friends across the water by printing this hilariously offensive picture. But nothing is sacred to you and I'm glad to see it. Keep it that way.

EDWARD BROWN
Los Angeles, California

The squat low down

Thanks for the terrific article *America Is Bullish on the Bidet*, by John Roemer, in your November issue. Americans should be more familiar with this unique and efficient contrivance.

I am originally from New York but am now studying in Italy, where I have succumbed to the cleansing attributes and soothing sensations of this simple but controversial bathroom fixture. At first, I didn't go near the thing, because I never trusted anything but a shower. But after two months and excessive shower bills (showers cost an extra 60 cents in most boardinghouses), I began experimenting. I soon realized the benefits of the bidet and appreciated this essential piece of Continental cleanliness. *Vive le bidet!*

CHARLES MIROTZNIK
Bologna, Italy

The eternal struggle

About three months ago, my girlfriend Judy got into a hassle with a chick who for years has held a grudge against her. When going to parties, I've always tried to avoid them mixing. However, at this party harsh words were exchanged and before anyone could stop it the fight was on. I froze in my

tracks, too excited to budge. They were on top of each other like wildcats. Judy managed to throw Cindy onto the floor and rip her top off. Both girls were screaming and swearing. The fight lasted a good ten minutes before a couple of guys managed to pull them apart.

That night I told Judy that seeing her fight was the most exciting thing I have ever witnessed.

RON THOMPSON
Daly City, California

Invitation to a setup

If Marcia Brito (your center spread for October 1974) has a scratch that's worse than her bite, why not turn her loose against a sexy blonde female opponent? Marcia would be dynamite in a cat fight or a wrestling match. Her eyes tell me that she detests losing and her young, strong body seems to say, "I'd like to see the woman who thinks she can put me down."

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Middletown, Ohio

Dandy dimples

I have a girlfriend who looks a lot like Clancy, your December 1974 gatefold girl. She's a peach. I'm pretty much a sucker for blondes, but what really tied the knot with my girl was that she had

sacral dimples on her the size of half dollars. Hell, you can put salt in one of them for eating celery in bed. Clancy has quite a pair herself. Could you guys show them off again?

JAMES PETERSEN
Chicago, Illinois

Sure, Jim. For the rest of you, the sacral dimples are somewhat north of where your eyes already are.

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1. The design, development, and technology behind the BOSE Direct/Reflecting® speakers is presented by Dr. Bose in the article, "Sound Recording and Reproduction," published in TECHNOLOGY REVIEW (MIT), Vol. 75, No. 7, June '73. Reprints are available from BOSE for fifty cents.
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OPENERS

A big gland for the little ladies

He swings, he sways, he whirls to the tune of *The Stripper*. He's a British boy version of Gypsy Rose Lee and he does a to-the-skin striptease in and around London as often as eight times a week. But he's a picky stripper, this fellow. No men allowed. His gigs are ladies' teas, Tupperware parties and other all-female gatherings in the need of some risqué hetero turn-on.

Dangers? Sure, all the time, the same as a lady stripper faces. He tells of once being attacked by 15 women and suffering numerous scratches on his back and shoulders and about his inner-thigh region.

What's the name again?

"Brian."

Then who the hell is Jason?

"That's me penis, sweetheart. He's the one's got all the talent, you know. All *eleven* inches of him."

He swings, he sways, he whirls. . . . Wowee, pretty scary! And look at the card, mum. Jason even answers the telephone. —SUSAN TIRCUIT

Yowza, yowza, it really happened. On the night *The Exorcist* opened in Rome, there was a most terrible thunderstorm; lightning struck the church next door to the theater and the crucifix fell into the street, almost hitting several moviegoers. Yowza, yowza, it really did.

The Deco Queen is what artisan Barry S. Merritt calls this peculiar long-line bra. He's a metal craftsman from Fairport, New York, and his creation is described as a body ornament made of silver, brass, bronze, fiberglass, ruby, crystal and leather. Just what the well-dressed Aztec will be wearing to those chic spring sacrifices.

Trouble right here in Rubber City

My God, but it can be difficult sometimes, this business of helping less-privileged folk. Take northern Thailand, where American aid officials innocently switched the brand of birth-control pills they had been distributing through government health centers. What should happen but that all the local girls came down with dizziness and the pukes. "An unforgivable, callous act," said Meechai Viravaidya, and he was head of the Thai Planned Parenthood Association.

Well, the Americans wanted very badly to set things right, so until a new supply of the original pills arrived, they gave condoms away to the male population. They could be had in blue, green, red, gold or black, thereby adding a dash of visual excitement to the grand old act. You would certainly think that gaily colored condoms (lubbers, as the Thais call them) would solve the immediate problem, right? Wrong.

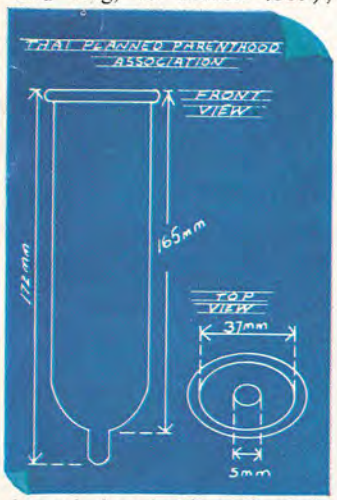
"Oversized," bitched Mr. Meechai. "People have to use thread to tie the condoms on."

The situation had assumed crisis proportions by that time. In desperation, U. S. aid officials turned to the American men's rubber-goods industry, and good ole 'Merican know-how came up with a solution: the compact condom.

A leader in the rubber field notified the aid people of the good news, reporting, "Specifications for the Asian-size prophylactic will be as follows:

Good news for hearing-aid manufacturers: According to Dr. F. Blair Simmons, an ear specialist in Stanford, California, sudden deafness may result from heavy drinking, sexual intercourse or a combination of the two. WE SAID, ACCORDING TO DR. F. BLAIR SIMMONS, AN EAR SPECIALIST IN STANFORD, CALIFORNIA, SUDDEN. . . .

thickness (center of prophylactic), .055mm (no thickness, with exception of nipple and ring, to exceed .065);



length (excluding nipple), 165mm."

For all you vital-statistics buffs out there, 165mm is very much the same as 6.49605 inches.

—JEROME DOOLITTLE

Gatefold crashing

This is one of those confusing life-imitates-art stories, so you'd better pay close attention. The girl in the photograph is a Danish actress named Liselotte Norup. She recently made a film called *The Gatefold Girl*, in which her character poses nude for a skin magazine and is subsequently pursued by an aroused reader. The name of the magazine used in the film is *Rapport*, which is a very strange choice, as there really is a Danish skin magazine named *Rapport*. The editors of the real *Rapport*, feeling that the film had ripped them off, decided to return the favor by publishing the nude photo spread that Norup's gatefold girl posed for in the film *Rapport*. Is that clear? It was to Liselotte Norup, who responded to the rip-off by suing the real *Rapport* for publishing the film *Rapport*

photos without her permission. "I have nothing against taking my clothes off in a film, because it's all a natural part of the action, but I can't stand the idea of doing it for a magazine." *That's* not clear at all.

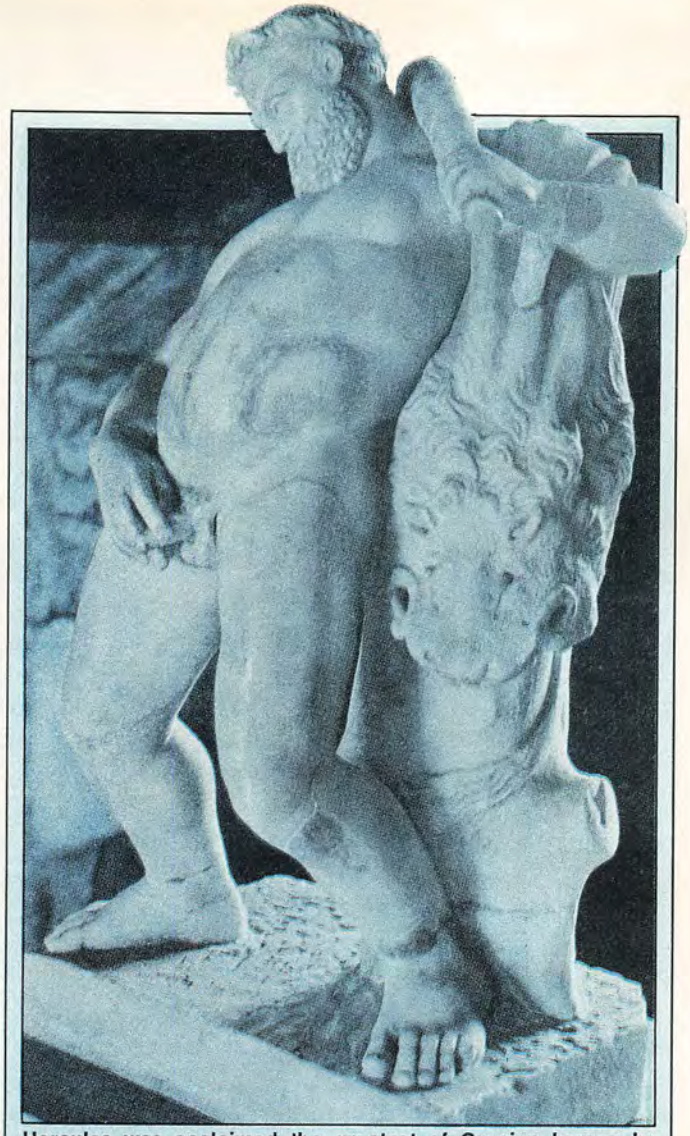
—ERIC KAHN

Jurymen prefer blondes

Somehow or other, Dr. Harold Sigall, a psychology professor at the University of Maryland, got the idea in his head that attractive people are better liked than unattractive people. So? Nothing new there. Except that Dr. Sigall felt that he had to prove it to himself and he did.

He divided his students into two groups of 30 and asked each to serve as a jury in a hypothetical court case in which a "Miss Helm" was charged with burglary. One group was shown a photograph of an attractive Miss Helm, while the Miss Helm the other group saw was unattractive. The unattractive Miss Helm was judged guilty and given a prison sentence twice as long as that of her attractive alter ego.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but it can save that skin.



Hercules was acclaimed the greatest of Grecian heroes by all but the most effete Athenians. With unparalleled strength, unflinching courage and unshakable self-confidence, he dashed out the brains of man and monster alike. But he was, after all, a mere mortal, and from time to time, he would soak up too much wine and, like any other man, would have to take a long and unparalleled leak. He is still there, taking his leak, at the Casa dei Cervi in Naples.

From a few steps back, it looks like any old turquoise-and-silver pendant. Come closer . . . closer . . . closer and you see that the silver has been worked into the shape of a lovely little full-breasted woman who is flinging open her coat to reveal her lovely little full breasts and bush. "I think it may be the first piece of flash-chic jewelry ever made," says Robert Manosky, who commissioned the work from silversmith Bob Lindner of Lake Tahoe, California. We'll buy that, Manosky. If you would like to buy one of these gewgaws, it'll cost you "about $500." Chic ain't cheap.

According to a report in the *British Medical Journal*, the incidence of chronic bronchitis is much greater among smokers who allow the cigarette to droop from their lower lip when not inhaling, instead of holding it in their hand. So now you know that Peter Fonda was only looking out for your health when he put "Don't Bogart that joint, friend" on the *Easy Rider* sound track.

Screw with style

Sin-tax? Dick-tion? Will *Screw*, the most successful sex tabloid in America, become *the* arbiter for the language of sex? Unlikely as it sounds for a rag that's known for buffoonery and heresy, this is what the editors have in mind with their plans for a *Screw Style Sheet* (or *SSS*,

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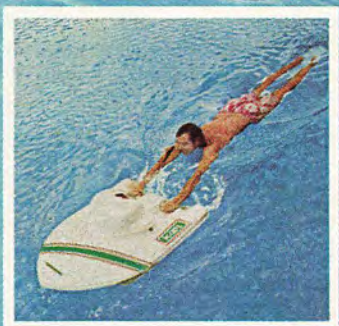

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What is the highest-paid disc jockey in the world, New York's very crazy Imus, doing with a losing contestant from a naked beauty contest in his lap (shown)? Noted cynics would lay the root cause of this strangeness to the funny cigarette in the naked lady's left hand. Then again, many noted cynics would lay just about anything.

Actually, the photograph was taken in the closing moments of the Ms. All-Bare America 1974 Contest, held at a nudist camp somewhere in the New Jersey woods. Originally scheduled to be held on a 2400-passenger ship in the middle of the Hudson River on the same day as the "real" Miss America Pageant, the contest missed the boat on both counts: Said ship was impounded by its creditors; said date was awash with monsoonish rains, saving Bert Parks and Atlantic City from the pains of *mano-a-mano* media confrontation.

Following weekend, however, the Great Voyeur in the sky smiled on His hornier minions and the contest was on . . . or off. The 15 contestants were, as far as we could ascertain, judged on poise, grasp of current events and original ideas as to what each would do, as Ms. All-Bare America 1974, to further more liberal public attitudes toward nudism. One beauty expressed her desire to become America's first nude television weatherlady, and another said that she would try to persuade Evel Knievel to replay his Snake River Canyon jump in the altogether. (To which the world's highest-paid disc jockey replied, Perhaps Evel would consider leaping *her* chest. Har-har.)

Ms. Wendy Blodgett, Vermont born and bred, emerged as the winner, and the contest's producer, Rod Swenson, said that he has big plans for Wendy's national exposure. But don't look for her at the next K-Mart opening in your neighborhood. About the only big plan Swenson was willing to talk about was a four-day all-bare contest in 1975 at which Wendy would kick off America's bicentennial celebration. Swenson didn't say where this event would be held, but he did say that it would not be in Philadelphia.

—KEN GAUL

as it's lovingly referred to).

It all began when *Screw* major-domo Al Goldstein hired two frustrated, overeducated ex–college English instructors to head his editorial department. In little more than a month, the entire staff was plunged into controversy over such arcane subjects as hyphenation, phraseology and comma splices. The dispute over whether to write "Pardon my hardon" or "Pardon my hard-on" raged for a week.

To *Screw* staff veterans, used to who-gives-a-fuck editorial sessions, the debates resembled ivory-tower symposia. The new editors persisted. "While the English language is one of the most versatile in the world," said one, "there *are* rules of grammar to facilitate comprehension and clarity. Hyphenation, for example, is a visual tool, and it normally precedes solidification, or one risks altering syllabification and accentuation, thereby confusing the usage."

"Bull-shee-it," countered one old-timer.

Determined to institute a consistent policy, managing editor Peter Brennan decided to put together a comprehensive style manual—"a definitive manual on spellings, punctuations, syntax, diction, grammar and perhaps even the etymology of sex and porn language." If *The New York Times*, A.P. and U.P.I. could do it, why not *Screw*? The editors even believe that if and when the *Screw Style Sheet* actually appears, the prurient public will make it an instant best seller and national topic of coffee-table conversation.

Oh, come now, *Screw*, what has happened to the frivolity, iconoclasm and irreverence we have all come to love? And that's come, not cum.

—MICHAEL CLAYTON

Singapore fling

Singapore's ambitious and puritanical prime minister, Lee Kuan Yew, has been making a concerted effort to launch the era of Singapure. First came a ban on public smoking, then an anti-littering law and now Prime Minister Lee has begun to crack down on the streetwalkers, bar girls and other sexual entrepreneurs who have helped make Singapore the liveliest city in the Far East.

So far, however, one famous erotic landmark has escaped the moralist crusade—

Fifty-eight vipers escaped in Paris' Gare de l'Est recently when a cargo handler dropped their case on a station platform. But before any travelers were forced to search their guidebooks for the French translation of "A snake has eaten my luggage," firemen succeeded in capturing the wriggly creatures by stunning them with foam fire extinguishers.

Music notes: If you've been paying close attention, what you have been looking at is Mott the Hoople's drummer's wife's left breast. *Come again?* You heard it right. Mott the Hoople has a drummer named Terry Griffin, who has a wife named Paula Griffin, and she has a left breast (name unknown) that she is showing in this photograph. With us so far? Paula began modeling when she was 13 and gave it up when she married Terry in 1973. But then Mott got successful, Terry started traveling and Paula, bored with the role of pop widow, made her triumphal return. Terry—touring the U. S. at the time—didn't think much of the idea. "We spent hours on the phone discussing it," Paula says. "In the end, he saw it my way."

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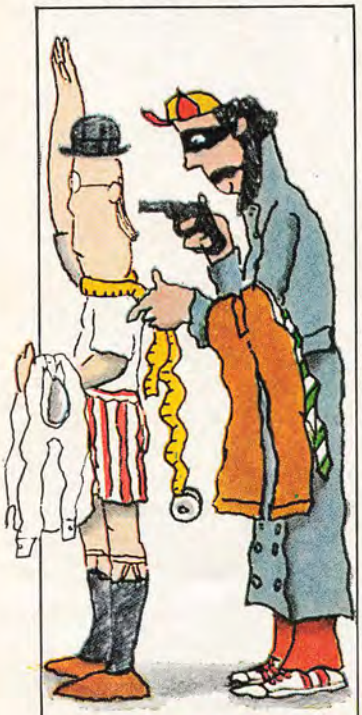
Singapore's notorious Bugis Street, an outdoor market place whose big drawing card is an array of glamorous mini-skirted creatures who aren't the men they used to be. Every evening, about a half dozen of these alluring transsexuals put in an appearance to posture and parade up and down the street, and each night the tables of the sidewalk greasy spoons are jammed with tourists come to see the great sexual pretenders.

The Bugis Street strollers earn nothing for their efforts save for stares and an occasional furtive pinch, but the merchants clean up on the food and drink the tourists consume. Not far behind in the profit rip-offs is the endless procession of souvenir salesmen, shoeshine ladies, Indian palmists, Eastern astrologers, sidewalk photographers and the omnipresent cabdrivers, who will usually charge double for taking a sight-seer back to his hotel from Bugis Street.

But the transsexuals are not upset at their secondhand exploitation by charlatans and hustlers. They are happy enough with their attentive street audience and the fact that Prime Minister Lee has, thus far, left them alone.

—JOHN WILCOCK



A man known as The Thief handles a hot haberdashery for a lot of San Francisco musicians. Suits, pants, shirts, vests—all the famous no-label brand. You telephone The Thief; tell him the size, color and quantity you want; he comes over and whips the duds out from under his ever-present overcoat; minutes later you're on the street stylin' around in a snazzy new outfit. The only restriction in The Thief's wide variety of goods is the neck size of his shirts: nothing larger than a 15½. We asked why and got an answer as simple and clear as truth itself: "I don't carry no 16 or 17 or bigger necks," said The Thief, who stands 6'1" and weighs 140 pounds, "because anybody with a neck that thick has gotta be a cop."

—L. M. KIT CARSON

Sheeeeeit! You don't see many of these on the road anymore. But then, you don't see many men like Preacher Crudup around anymore, either, and more's the pity. He's a real-life preacher from Oklahoma, runs the auto-repair/mechanic place during the week and fusses with his big Indian whenever he gets a moment free. Won several prizes for that Indian, he has. Can we see why? Sheeeeeit!

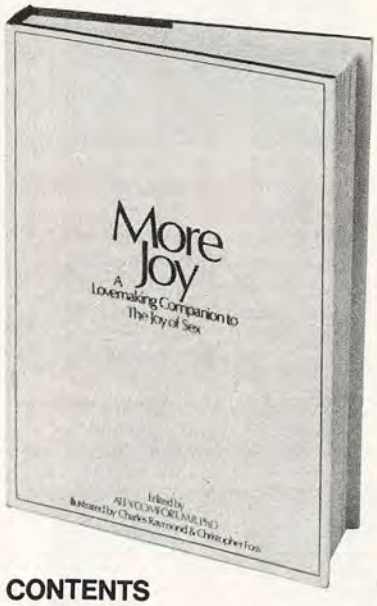
Naughty Nightingales

Sexual fantasies have a way of becoming reality in Scandinavia. Or is that belief itself a fantasy? The question notwithstanding, let us discuss the nurse fantasy. You have noticed, no doubt, how every third porno film—i.e., those not about stewardesses or cheerleaders—deploy their actresses in the guise of nurses and depict them interacting with patients in a way designed to send every male

The pinup calendar published by England's Howson-Algraphy lithograph company is an annual sellout in Great Britain, so the company thought a reprint would be a natural for launching an ad campaign in American printers-trade publications. The ad, featuring a Howson-Algraphy Plate Mate of the Month, was published in *Inland Printer / American Lithographer* magazine, and, wouldn't you know . . . public outrage. "Gentlemen, what do you really want to sell, sex or plates?" wrote one disgruntled lady. The company was unperturbed. "Overall," said a representative, "it proved to be accepted and successful." Those lithographers know a good set of plates when they see 'em.

Photographer Charles Wilp's Afri-Cola ads have been among Germany's most popular and successful magazine advertisements ever. The sight of English model Rose Marie and a group of three sensuous nuns enjoying the drink has done great things for Afri-Cola sales throughout the country. But Wilp's work is also a hit with his professional peers. They acknowledge him to be the best commercial photographer in West Germany, and next year, London's prestigious Institute of Contemporary Arts will put on an exhibition titled "The Art of Charles Wilp."

This daring and beautiful book picks up where The Joy of Sex left off.



"Uninhibited" . . . "witty, unprecedented" . . . "superbly and tastefully illustrated" . . . "joyous and delightfully instructive" . . . that's how readers, critics and psychologists responded to *The Joy of Sex*, the frank and beautiful gourmet guide to lovemaking that has sold over 3,000,000 copies in less than two years. MORE JOY is its welcome companion.

Like its predecessor, MORE JOY is a book that deals fully and frankly, joyfully and nonclinically with aspects of sex that other books circumvent or ignore. It goes further than any book we know in its exploration of the fine points of lovemaking techniques between mature adults.

It is called MORE JOY because that is what it offers. More liberation, more understanding, more answers, more resources and better ways to relate lovingly to others. It discusses methods, both physical and psychological, that can greatly deepen and alter the pleasure experience. It does this with grace, through candid, witty text and through tenderly sensuous illustrations.

MORE JOY features 100 illustrations, 32 in full color, by the same artists who made *The Joy of Sex* a feast for the eye. The illustrations are instructional and explicit—but much more. They convey all the romance, excitement and beautiful passion of the consummate act of love.

In five sections—The Language of the Body, His and Hers, Couples and Others, Special Needs, and Resources—MORE JOY guides experienced and secure couples into the examination of the whole of their relationships as well as the changing conception of fidelity in today's society.

MORE JOY shows you specifically how to enhance general body sensitivity, perhaps the most neglected part of our sensual education. It delves into the essence of maleness and femaleness and illuminates the differences, some biological, some cultural, in the sexual experience of the two sexes.

There is a large section on special needs which provides much-needed information for those with psychological problems, physical disabilities, duration difficulties, recent heart incidents and other unusual concerns.

Telling you where to go for more help, advice or inspiration, MORE JOY explains and assesses behavior therapy, psychoanalysis, encounter groups and the distinctive methods employed in sexual therapy. You will learn which are the effective ways to alter and improve your sex life, both at the physical and the emotional level, and which techniques are confusing and harmful.

To those who have read and learned from *The Joy of Sex,* MORE JOY presents a further step toward a joyous, inventive and carefree sexual relationship. To those who have not read *The Joy of Sex,* MORE JOY introduces today's most original, challenging and rewarding thinking on sex.

In any event, MORE JOY is a book you would do well to read and reread—for your own sake and that of the one you love.

You may examine MORE JOY for ten days, and if for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return it for a prompt refund.

Because the text and illustrations of MORE JOY are exceptionally candid, we are limiting sales to adults 21 and over.

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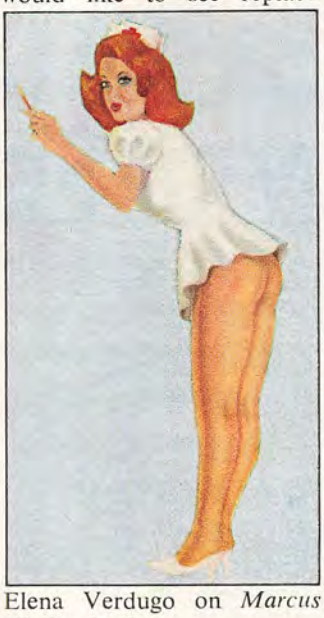
viewer scampering for Pornoville General.

Well, now we hear that in Sweden the nurses in several large city hospitals were behaving in a way not unlike these fantasy films: In the hot summer months, they left off their underthings and made no effort to disguise the fact. No complaints were to be heard from patients—some of whose temperature charts resembled the Manhattan skyline—or from doctors. "The sight of a pretty young nurse wearing a miniuniform without knickers is always an excellent injection," said the doctor we would like to see replace Robert Young on *Marcus Welby, M.D.*

But the fantasy buster of the state ministry of health did not share this view. Something about hygiene. They said, in effect, no undies, no job. The nurses, in a pretty pout, said forget it. "If the ministry doesn't change its mind, we're going off to Denmark, where they aren't so prudish," said the nurse we would like to see replace

In France, S/M has come out of the cellar and into the ads. In fact, the Renast boot people seem to be trying to communicate the idea that the discriminating love slave would rather grovel at feet shod in their product than in any other brand. So next time you wish to purchase a little something for madam, swine, purchase Renast boots. *Now*, swine!



Elena Verdugo on *Marcus Welby, M.D.*

Fantasy lives. Maybe in Sweden, maybe in Denmark. But live it does.

Ugly Bugs

When Salvador Dali and his wife sailed for Cannes aboard the S.S. France recently, someone gave the artist, as a *bon voyage* present, a huge stuffed replica of Bugs Bunny. "This is the most ugly and frightening animal in the world," Salvador was overheard to say. "I will paint it with mayonnaise and make it an object of art." According to Dali, Bugs Bunny is "one thousand times more frightening than *The Exorcist*."

Boulevardier finds puppy love

Our old friend the Boulevardier has written again, asking, "Whatever happened to Clotilda Zeft, pillar of the jet set, press agent, columnist and body peddler *extraordinaire*?" Turns out the question is purely rhetorical, as the Boulevardier knows *damn well* what's happened to her.

"At 60-odd years, Clotilda [not her true name—she would *relish* suing] has found her *final vocation* as a trainer of pet dogs. Clotilda's rich *word-of-mouth* clientele pay a minimum of $1000 for *pooches* with second-rate pedigrees, the exorbitant cost being *justified* by the dogs' *exceptional ability* to yield unrelenting satisfaction with rapid but gentle *tongue licks* in the clitoral region. No vibrator, no dildo, no fancy French tickler can compete with the *tingle* from Clotilda's pets. They are unquestionable *world champs of cunnilingus*."

Hot dog! Man's best friend a clit-licking competitor! More, more, M. Boulevardier!

"Clotilda begins training the young puppies by placing them *between her legs* and giving them free access to her belly and labia, both *amply smeared* with a mixture of full-grade milk and cream. Later, as the dogs' individual *taste preference* becomes refined, Clotilda will substitute creamed liver,

Let's see, what have we here? Bull's-eye target with large fly painted in center; arrow plumb through fly's vital organs; lady wearing Robin Hood hat, shouldering bow, showing cleavage. A new S/M technique? No, nothing kinky here, folks. She's English model Lesley Palmer and all she's trying to do, believe it or not, is get you to use a new fly repellent called Ectovap 1500. Honest.

Back in the late Sixties, when the scent of flower power still lurked in the carbon monoxide, New Yorkers were admonished not to litter via cute, catchy slogans, such as DON'T BE A LITTERBUG and EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS. Those messages have now been replaced. In keeping with the spirit of the sado Seventies, Gotham's new municipal trash-can message reads: LITTERING IS FILTHY & SELFISH, SO DON'T DO IT! Unconfirmed rumors have it that the city plans to follow this with other sign changes, such as NO PARKING AT ANY TIME: VIOLATORS WILL BE SUBJECT TO A $15 FINE AND A SEVERE BEATING ABOUT THE EARS AND HEAD and CURB YOUR DOG OR WE'LL KILL IT.

Big brouhaha in Bavaria over Italian artist Piero Manzoni's contribution to a state-sponsored art show. Manzoni's "work" was a sealed tin can bearing the inscription: ARTIST'S SHIT. Although the subject matter could not be seen, local political biggie Franz Joseph Strauss demanded the immediate dismissal of the show's organizer, Michael Petzet. Next to be heard from was Bavarian arts secretary Hans Maier, who chose to defy Strauss's bully-boy antics with the declaration, "Petzet has my complete confidence." That's the straight poop from Bavaria.

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Now, Ines Pellegrini is not your usual run-of-the-publicity-mill Promising Young Movie Starlet. First, she has actually made some films—good films (Pasolini's *Arabian Nights*, Umberto Lenzi's *Wide-Eyed in the Dark*). Second, she is a native of Ethiopia, a country not heretofore known as a cradle of film talent. So the next time some smart-guy bar bettor asks you to name an Ethiopian movie actress, you'll have a ready answer: Ines Pellegrini. Be sure to tell him you saw her in *Openers*.

purée of sole or liquefied steak and homemade vegetable bouillon."

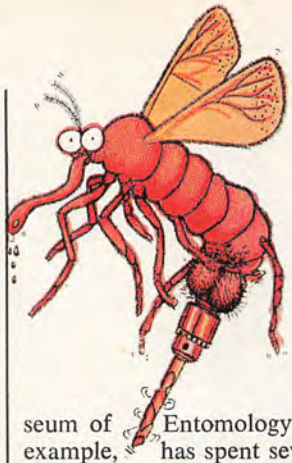
She puts all that gunk *down there*? Where's the salad and fruit course, M. Boulevardier?

"Due to daily and systematic exposure on an empty stomach, the puppies acquire an *automatic oral fixation* by the time they reach ten months and are as skilled in pussy lapping as any *Palm Beach gigolo*. But that is as *far* as Clotilda will go in her training. An American heiress once offered her a bonus for training a German shepherd in the alternative function of fucking; Clotilda refused in *total disgust*."

We say, "Bravo, Clotilda!" and "Thank you, M. Boulevardier," for a most instructive dispatch.

Creepy-crawlies hot to trot

Scientists do strange things, granted, but this is only because *life* does strange things that the scientists want to have a closer look at. Jacques Charon of the French Museum of Entomology, for example, has spent several years spying on bedbugs because the passion of science drove him to find out exactly how the little critters increase their number. Charon's years of disciplined voyeurism have finally paid off, and his report on the sex life of the bedbug is a bombshell. Well, maybe a blast from a can of Raid.



Turns out that the bedbug is probably the most promiscuous and passionate of insects. A male and a female bedbug can make it in the conventional way—by inserting point A into point B—but, like some other males of our acquaintance, the male bedbug frequently gets the galloping hots. On those occasions, he will impatiently ram his "drill" (a term used by scientists and other less eloquent writers) into point C, otherwise known as the female abdomen.

Charon also reports that bedbugs are nature's lowest order of bisexuals. They are terribly shortsighted, and the males, unable to differentiate between the sexes, often give the drill treatment to each other. Could this be why we see so many bedbugs coming out of the closet?

So now, thanks to Charon, we know that the reason Gregor Samsa was metamorphosed into a bug in bed rather than into a bedbug was that Kafka didn't want to write a porn story.

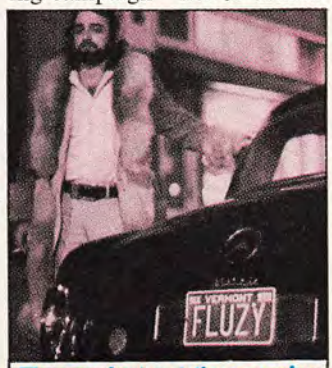
DISEASE OF THE MONTH

Takes a licking and keeps on ticking

From a London *Observer* account of the Symbionese Liberation Army shoot-out in Los Angeles last May, specifically concerning slain S.L.A. member Camilla Hall: "And nearby was her Timex watch on its broad, gray-leather strap, which, through some whim of the flames, had survived and was still keeping perfect time." Jesus Christ! Call John Cameron Swayze!

Please curb your Japanese

Never let it be said that the Japanese don't care about their tourist image abroad. The Tokyo government cares enough to tell its citizens—in a 1,000,000-yen advertising campaign—not to urinate



The car just sat there saying it—FLUZY—and he just stood there, three A.M. on the streets of New York, not doing anything to deny it. That's what happens when you've got Vermont plates and a fur coat.

DAILY VARIETY DAILY

VOL. 165 No. 25 Hollywood, California-90028, Thursday, October 10, 1974 16 Pages 25 Cents

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against lampposts when visiting other countries. The newspaper, magazine and television ads also admonish prospective Japanese male tourists not to walk about hotel corridors in

their underwear nor to proposition local girls in foreign lands. Such things, the audience is told, give Japan a bad name. Yes. Pearl Harbor was bad enough.

Lone Ranger rides again

Question, trivia buffs: Who is the only film actor to have played Zorro, the Lone Ranger and a dirty old man in porn pix? His name is Robert Livingston, and that's him in both these photos—

separated by 37 years, dozens of films and hundreds of dreams.

Bob Livingston is 66 now, enjoying life as a gentleman of leisure who does an occasional X-rater—like *The Naughty Stewardesses*—purely for the fun of it. He surely doesn't need the fame or fortune that films can bring. Back in the Thirties and Forties, he was the most popular actor at Republic Studios and one of the most bankable (as they say now) stars in all Hollywood. He was the talkies' first Zorro (*The Bold Caballero*, 1936) *and* first Lone Ranger (*The Lone Ranger Rides Again*, 1939). He also starred in 29 episodes of Republic's bonanza Three Mesquiteers Western series and was the leading man in such feature films as *Arson Racket Squad*, *The Circus Girl*, *Fire Fighters*, *Storm over Lisbon* and *Lake Placid Serenade*. He was a big name at a small studio whose career was punctuated by roads not taken: almost played opposite Garbo in *Camille*, almost played the Ringo Kid in *Stagecoach* (good friend John Wayne, another Mesquiteer, got the role).

When the parts got scarcer and the scripts got worse, Livingston retired to his house in Beverly Hills. He grew roses and read in the garden, sitting on a small bench placed under a sign with the legend I HATE PEOPLE. He did not give interviews, sign autographs or appear on talk shows. He wanted to be left alone.

It was a friend named Sam Sherman, soft-core producer and Republic Western buff, who talked Bob Livingston out of retirement and into *The Naughty Stewardesses*.

"It was a dirty picture, but that was fine with me, because I'm a dirty old man," says Livingston. "Sam wanted me to do it, so I did."

Was the part as challenging as, say, Zorro or the Lone Ranger?

"I can play anything they ask me to if I want to. I've made a hundred of 'em."

BELLY LETTRES

If *Ms.* magazine had a sense of humor, then....

Dear Openers,

Gloria Steinem, top staffer at *Ms.* mag. (and fabulous nifty in her own right), was as cross as two sticks the other A.M. when she got to the office earlier than usual and surprised a covey (five, to be exact) of her most trusted cute-as-a-button "lieutenants" right in the middle of their so-called secret theme song—which, as it turned out, they ritualistically sang every morning, while cavorting about in a most zany and suggestive manner, just before the glorious G's arrival, as per follows:

"Oh, puh-leeze *put your R*
Between my M and my S!
Though I know it's gonna hurt
And be a darn icky mess!
Yes, you can take my panties off
Or just pull them aside!
As long as you remember
I'm your sweet blushing bride!

"So puh-leeze *put your R*
Between my M and my S!
I just wanna find
A little true happiness!
And you can F my brains out
Just as hard as you please!
I promise to stay wet
Down to the back of my knees!"

Etc., etc., for several more verses, some of which were, apparently, in rather questionable taste. Well, you can bet Gloria's mini fairly *meowed* as she turned a pretty ankle and flounced out of the office, informing publisher Pat Carbine in no uncertain terms that she would *not* return until some heavy changes had been made, and fast. 'Nuff said; the ringleted and shag-cut heads are *still* rolling there at 370 Lex!

Yrs tly,

Ter

TERRY SOUTHERN

Does this explain anything? Tokyo, with a population of 11,000,000, has three psychoanalysts in private practice; New York City, with a population of 9,000,000, has almost 1000. Well?

MERCI

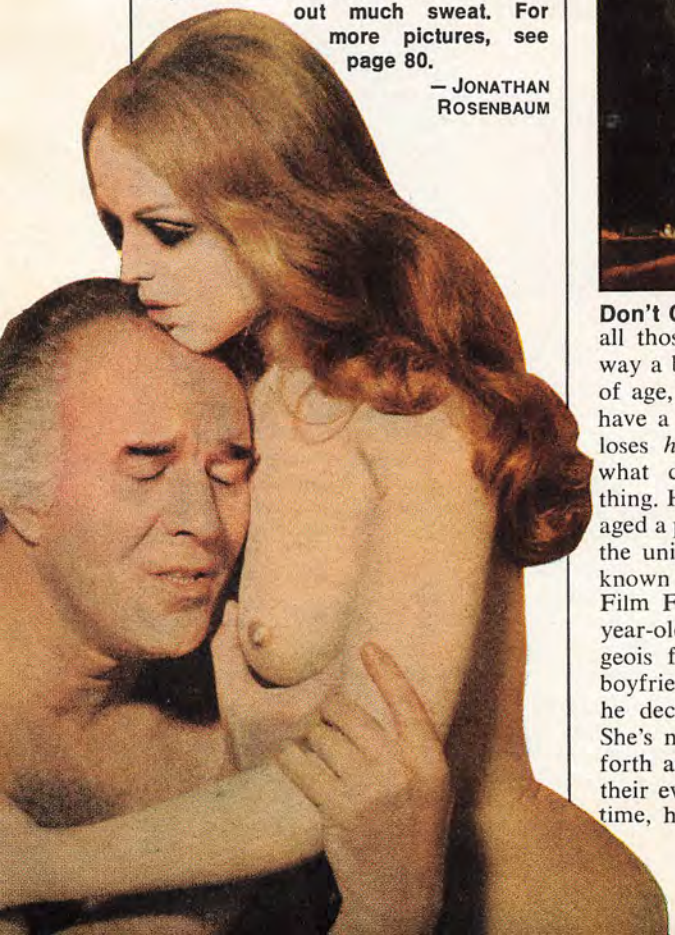
Our ooziest thanks and a few generous picas of exciting Helvetica Bold type to: Anne Beatts, Jon Carroll, Thomas Dolan, Paul House, M. J. Lewin, John Lofton, Margee Menell, Anna Motson, Christine Newman, Laurence Santrey himself, Susan Subtle herself, Carol Troy and the elusive Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: *Openers* box and flash chic pendant, Bill Frantz; Deco Queen, Ross Chapple; Ms. All-Bare, Ken Gaul; Singapore TVs, John Wilcock; Drummer's wife's tit, Bill Zygmant; Preacher Crudup, Barbara Pyle; Afri-Cola, Charles Wilp; Ectovap 1500, Wide World Photos; Ethiopian cutie, A. Frontoni; Fluzy, Moira Hodgson. Art credits: Cute ear, Vincent Topazio; Rubber blueprint, Mark Cowans; Viper valise, Brian Miller; Hot rags, Pat Dypold; Cheeky nurse, Fred Nelson; Bedbug, Brad Olsen-Ecker; Nip pee, Curtis Woodbridge. Chow.

PREVUE

OUI *sees it first: our exclusive monthly report on the latest and greatest stirrings on the silver screens of the world.*

Life Size. **A wealthy dentist (Michel Piccoli) buys a shapely, life-size female doll and immediately falls hopelessly in love with it. He dances with it, gently places it in a dentist's chair to go over its bridgework, takes showers with it, talks to it and masturbates into its working orifices. When his indulgent mother (Valentine Tessier) finds him curled up in bed with it, she chuckles, dresses it up in old-fashioned clothes and briefly adopts it as a knitting companion. When Isabelle (Rada Rassimov), his wife, starts imitating the doll out of desperation, he dumps her into a closet and moves into a new flat with his synthetic bride. He even video-tapes their mock wedding for his amusement. But when his video-tape machine reveals that a Spanish repairman has been using his beloved for more immediate and less romantic purposes, he starts to "punish" his doll. The trouble with Luis Berlanga's exhaustive movie is that what he has to say could probably be squeezed into about ten minutes without much sweat. For more pictures, see page 80.**

— JONATHAN ROSENBAUM



La Messa Doree **means *The Golden Mass.* The culmination of The Golden Mass is the piercing of a virgin's hymen after an all-night ritual. The act drives a mother screaming to her son's bedroom, where she proceeds to go down on him. The image freezes as a title fills the screen: "I dedicate this film to my mother. Beni Montresor." Montresor's mother is alive and well and living in Italy, but she does not go to the movies very often, even to see the films her son directs. At least that's what the producer maintains. Mom in the movie is played by Lucia Bose, who appeared in various films by Antonioni in the Fifties, then abandoned her career to wed Luis Miguel Dominguín, a matador. Now she's left Dominguín and is back making movies. She still looks lovely, even as she presides over dinner at a French country estate where a pale young virgin is sleeping upstairs. Her screen husband, Maurice Ronet, gets tired and trots off to bed. Then the action begins. The virgin is awakened by a beautiful bisexual, who bathes the girl and prepares her for what is to follow. Indeed, everybody at the party (a sampling of which can be seen in the photograph, left) follows, and then we're back at the beginning.**

— CYNTHIA GRENIER

Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full. After all those sentimental movies about the way a boy loses his virginity and comes of age, it was inevitable that we would have a film in which an adolescent girl loses *her* virginity (tenderly, if somewhat carelessly) and does the same thing. Happily, Pascal Thomas has managed a pretty good job of it, even gaining the unique honor of being the first unknown director to open a New York Film Festival. The film centers on 15-year-old Annie Colé and her rural, bourgeois family. When her bicycle-racing boyfriend gets inducted into the army, he decides it's high time he got laid. She's not so sure, they tussle back and forth and somehow he goes off without their ever having made it. In the meantime, however, she's met an obnoxious lad (played by Bernard Menez, a beak-nosed actor who is well on his way to French stardom), whom she finds charming. She's not taken in by Menez, but she figures he's as good an initiator as

Annie Colé, star of "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full," anticipates her first lover.

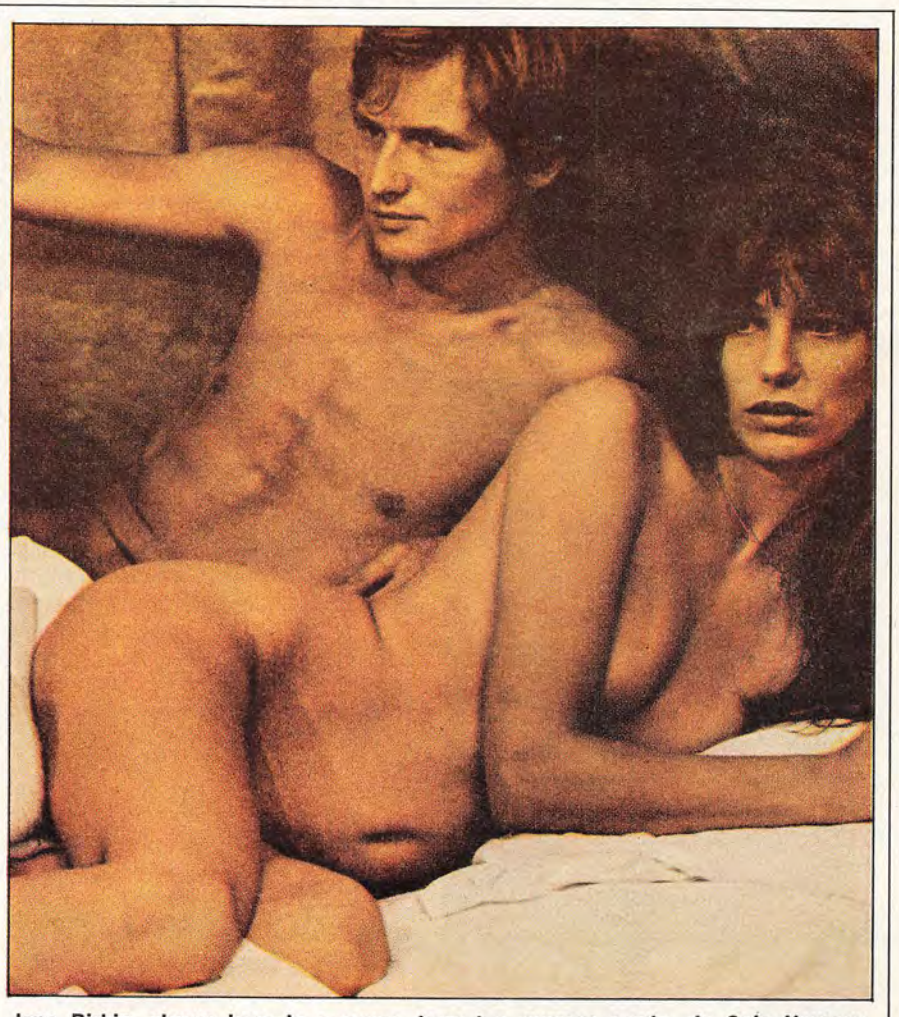
anyone around. Menez does the job, gets upset when he has to clean blood off his sheets and the film ends with Annie's confession to her mother, who, not surprisingly, understands everything.

La Bambina. It took nearly a year for *The Exorcist* to get to Europe, so the Italians made a disturbed-child film of their own. Called *La Bambina*, it's been breaking house records in Paris and Rome, as patrons line up to watch a 16-year-old English actress named Teresa Ann Savoy go through her contortions. Savoy plays Clo, the severely retarded daughter of a Sicilian *contessa* (played by veteran Irene Papas). A Roman lawyer (Luigi Proietti) starts sleeping with the *contessa* to get advantageous terms on a large piece of coastland he wants. But the *contessa* coolly keeps her sex and her business apart. So Proietti decides he'll marry the retarded Clo. Alas, there's a clause in the marriage contract that gives the *contessa* control of her daughter's property. The lawyer gets another brilliant idea: He fakes a kidnaping, deflowers Clo, then returns her to her family. In exchange for marrying the now-soiled girl, he expects to get his landed due. There are only two hitches: The *contessa* prefers to keep her daughter, dishonored as she is, rather than part with the property; and Proietti discovers that he has fallen desperately in love with the retarded Clo. Although she can barely articulate syllables, although she pisses and shits like an unhousebroken pet, Clo does indeed respond to sex. Says director Alberto Lattuda, "Clo listens to the music of a better world." Maybe. But it's Teresa Ann Savoy's body and its motions that are packing the movie theaters.—C. G.

Blood, toys and an extremely retarded girl have made "La Bambina" Europe's answer to "The Exorcist" and granted Teresa Ann Savoy (above) stardom.

Here is Sophia Loren choosing jewelry for bed. Jewelry for bed? Well, the film's called "Le Voyage," the co-star is Richard Burton, so why not make decadence foolish?

Newsreel. François Truffaut is back at work with *The Story of Adele H*, a film about Victor Hugo's second daughter. Plans are to shoot in English and in French (a slightly different version) simultaneously. . . . Truffaut is also about to produce films by young unknowns he likes. First projects include Bernard Dubois' *Les Lolos de Lola* and Pierre William Glenn's *Men and Motorcycles*. . . . Meanwhile, there is a report that Jean-Luc Godard, who has been playing with video tape for the past few years, plans another feature. . . . And there is a rumor that Jane Fonda is talking to director Giuliano Montaldo about playing the revolutionary Rosa Lusexbourg. . . . Montaldo, incidentally, is shooting a biography of *Rudolph Valentino*. . . . Claude Chabrol is completing *A Day of Pleasure*, a film about Paul Gegauff, who wrote many Chabrol scripts and who plays himself in the movie. . . . In Italy, there are reports that the three leading ladies of Bertolucci's *1900*—Maria Schneider, Dominique Sanda and Stefania Sandrelli—are squabbling. . . . Schneider, by the way, can be seen in Antonioni's new film, *The Passenger*, which was coscripted by the British critic Peter Wollen. Wollen then went on to make his own first feature, *Penthesilea: Queen of the Amazons*, coscripted and directed by Laura Mulvey, his wife. . . . Bulle Ogier plays a woman between the ages of 20 and 50 in Claude Lelouche's *Marriage, or Do You Want to Marry Me?* . . . Asked recently in London whether he would ever retire, Charlie Chaplin replied with a resounding "No!"



Jane Birkin, shown here in a scene from her current movie, *Je Suis Heureux Comme le Plaisir (I Am As Happy As Pleasure)*. The film is about a *ménage á trois* that Birkin shares with Richard Leduc (above) and Georges Mansart. After she finishes this project (directed by Robert Benaycum), she starts filming *Je T'Aime, Moi Non Plus* (roughly, *I Love You No More Than I Love Myself*), which is to be directed by Birkin's real-life husband, Serge Gainsbourg.

REVUE

Whatever happened to Billy Shears?

Here come the 30-foot-high marionettes; here come the gold-lamé drag outfits; here come the capes and the headdresses and the explosions in the aisles; there, now—the entire cast under one huge length of drapery. The drapery is like a signature: Once you've seen it waggle and writhe across the stage, you know that **Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road** belongs to Tom O'Horgan and not to nobody else nohow. The Beatles? They were some guys with funny haircuts who sang together in the Sixties, weren't they?

O'Horgan has been writhing draperies and other gewgaws across the commercial stage since *Tom Paine* opened off-Broadway in 1968. At that time, his work seemed like a revelation, unless you'd been hanging around the Café La Mama and the other underground theaters in New York, watching the 100,000 new things that went on. But the small spaces weren't enough for O'Horgan, and with *Hair* he discovered rock, Broadway and big-budget spectacle all at once. Leaving behind the experimental playwrights and the small band of fine-tuned actors he'd worked with, he hit the Broadway big time as though it still meant something, following *Hair* with *Inner City*, *Lenny* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* in steady succession.

A hit album, a parody *Mother Goose*, a comedian's collected routines—any kind of material will do for an O'Horgan spectacle if it's salable big. Now it's the Beatles' turn. How can you lose with the Beatles? It's like *Aïda* or *Anything Goes*: The material is presold no matter who does it. A national tour was booked before the show opened.

So pile a lot of junk onstage, keep your chorus doing goony things every minute, carpenter up some silly story about two kids, a pair of magic glasses and a gang of authoritarian nasties, chop up the music to fit the silly story, get a cast of young people who can't act but will follow instructions and, if it still looks monotonous, bring on the puppets, the explosions and the writhing drapery.

Lennon and McCartney, as might be expected, are not to be found in this *Sgt. Pepper*, unless you're the sort of Beatles *aficionado* who enjoys hearing *Strawberry Fields Forever* hashed up with *Getting Better*, and *Because* as a prelude and postlude to *When I'm Sixty-Four*. The music keeps taking second place to the distractions: Alaina Reed, New York's latest night-club discovery, comes on with a fierce soul rendition of *Mean Mr. Mustard*, which O'Horgan effectively kills by having the flunkies bring out a four-foot-high pot of French's you-know-what as competition. Ted Neeley, late of the *Superstar* movie, tries to act his numbers, doing little semaphore gestures with his arms, which don't add a thing in this overblown context. Only Kay Cole, a little girl with a big voice, gets to stand still and sing *Oh, Darling* as if she meant it. For the rest, it's entirely a question of whether or not you're into giant marionettes and actors dressed up as rubber squids. I'm not: In my book, O'Horgan's circus has been to town once too often.

—MICHAEL FEINGOLD

Out of the tube and into a sequel

Myra Breckinridge, the fem side of the American butch male, as Gore Vidal sees these things, did not perish in a car crash in 1967, as Vidal led us to believe. She survived and lives on in **Myron** (Random House), her sequel. After Myron gets out of the hospital, he has himself detranssexualized, gets married, opens the San Fernando Chinese Catering to Your Home Service and becomes a staunch Nixonite. One night, however, while watching *Siren of Babylon*, starring Bruce Cabot and Maria Montez, on the *Late, Late Show*, Myron feels himself *pushed* from behind; he

ends up *in* the television set, *on* the movie set, *in the movie*. It is, of course, Myra trying to come out again. This time, she very nearly succeeds.

Vidal's darkish humor posits the following master plan: In order to save America from what it is becoming—an overpopulated, demoralized land of tacky fast-food, fast-politics, slow-sex TV commercials—we have to go back to 1948. In 1948, TV had not yet compromised our imaginations; we still ate unenriched bread and hamburgers with real beef in them; great movies and a reasonable chance at great politics were still possible; people fucked less but enjoyed it more, partly because sweat, a real aphrodisiac, had not yet been ultra-banned. Because the American Dream depends on wacky shiftings in time and reality, anyway (John Wayne's great roles nearly always took place in the historical past, for example, yet he always embodied the year his picture appeared), all that's needed to set things right is for a

superintelligence, a superwill, to jump into a time warp and roll the cameras differently, get the Big Movie going again. Tangible benefits will include the hegemony of real American-entertainment moguls like Louis B. Mayer over real-estate brokers like James Aubrey, and a speeding up of the current slow progress toward androgyny, which will control the population problem, which will affect the wage/price spiral problem, which will help cure inflation!

The best joke is the substitution of the names of the Supreme Court Justices who voted to leave to each community the right to decide what is or is not pornography: Burger becomes bugger, Rehnquist becomes prick, Powell becomes testicle, Whizzer White becomes pussy and Blackmun becomes asshole. Myra is thus a rehnquist-teaser and powell-cutter who likes to burger naïve youths in their blackmuns in order to keep her whizzer white. The descriptions of how she does this, however, rub humor raw; by the time Myra totally suppresses Myron and becomes Maria Montez, we're kind of rooting for the Chinese Catering Service. But wouldn't you know, Vidal's last words are: "!sevil aryM"

•

A Few Pages More:

Sinema: American Pornographic Films and the People Who Make Them (Praeger) by Kenneth Turan and Stephen F. Zito. The most complete obsessive's guide to a history of sex and the cinema this side of Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert. Did you know, for example, that one of the reasons Russ Meyer's *Immoral Mr. Teas* was so sexy was that Russ sussed out the True Secret of Cheapo Eroticism—namely, that there should be no attempt to rationalize nudity, no shot at aesthetic justification, etc.? The naked women are there to entertain the audience, as in a grindhouse. There's no passion, no contact, just aching. The message is: You'll never make it, buddy, so just go ahead and beat your meat! This is oddly liberating and makes for—ahem—existential comedy.

The book is also a wealth of first-rate interviews with such New Wave porn personalities as Marilyn Chambers, Mary Rexroth, Harry Reems, Radley Metzger and Gerard Damiano.

Hot to Trot (Knopf), a novel by John Lahr. Big (young) Man at Network is so programed he can feel life only by setting dial on Monster Movie and keeping it there until King Kong shoves horny hand through screen and shatters face. Oh, sure, all themes are reruns, but not all execution is accurate, like this.

Babe (Simon & Schuster), a biography of Babe Ruth by Robert W. Creamer. Any book this meticulous shouldn't be so unbelievably pro; it bespeaks the kind of failure of imagination Teddy White keeps dumping on us.

—JOHN LOMBARDI

Hook a party for money

The crowd that jammed Longshoreman's Hall at Fisherman's Wharf had come to ball with the hookers, but the excitement peaked at the limp fund raisers' Foreplay Party earlier that afternoon. **The First Annual Hookers' Masquerade Ball**

was thrown by COYOTE, the San Francisco–based hookers' union. A poster decorating the hall captured the commercial apple-pie theme HIRE A HOOKER, BUY A PIECE OF AMERICA. But the mood

of the ball that was billed as "the social event of the year for heterosexuals, bisexuals, trisexuals, transsexuals, nonsexuals and other minorities who feel they are discriminated against" was struck by the king-sized drag queen who greeted a friend by lifting her bridal gown and flashing his whitewashed cock. The friend clasped it, handshake style, and they hurried inside. Many didn't. The list of highly touted no-shows was impressive. Joan Baez wasn't there; nor were the Pointer Sisters or Tommy Smothers. Someone *did* unmask Vaughn Meader, beneath a lion-tamer's costume, and everyone was forced to endure a recap of ten-year-old Kennedy impersonations. The ball was not unlike a circus: Half the ladies had beards, and the second most frequently asked question (after "Are you *really* a hooker?") was "Is that a real tit?" There were enough nuns, priests and cardinals to stage a papal convention. Not to mention the real artists: the belly dancers, mimes, jugglers and play-for-payers.

The winner of the costume contest won a night with Margo St. James, chairmadam of the evening. Most went away with less. Long before closing, the barkeeps were pouring only ginger ale and the entertainment had petered down to a volunteer fire brigade heroically determined to bestow a plaque on Margo, who, wiser than some of her fans, had vanished. For all the high-priced talent, it was definitely an off night.

—GENE KLINGER

The Hoagy Carmichael of rock

For the past half dozen or so years, a singer-songwriter-pianist named Randy Newman has been composing and singing songs of perceptive poetics and brilliant black humor, songs that stand out amid the slag of the Seventies as Bob Dylan's did in the Sixties. Newman's songs are short but long on irony—though he is also capable of a wry romantic poignancy, typified by *I Think It's Going to Rain Today* (which Judy Collins recorded) and much of his work in the late Sixties.

Those were the days when Newman wrote of easier times in Middle America, of the consciousness of a *Dayton, Ohio—1903*, when the air was clean and folks were nice to you. But even then, he was exploring the exploitation and ironies of life today, and increasingly his songs tend to reflect a side of him that is both sardonic and surreal.

His characters lie around on beaches in their graduation gowns and get run over by beach-cleaning men (*Lucinda*), do fast-talking public-relations trips for the slave trade (*Sail Away*), sit in smokehouses down South and don't say nothing, don't do nothing, don't know nothing (*Wedding in Cherokee County*). Their concept of "political science" consists of dropping the Big One to "see what happens," and their god smiles down on the whole mess and bemusedly tells mankind, "You must be crazy to put your faith in me."

Dave Van Ronk once dubbed Newman the Hoagy Carmichael of his generation. Some call him an enigma; others are less generous. But on a pap-ridden pop scene, where quality has never been much of a selling commodity, Newman's superb craftsmanship is finally beginning to count.

Good Old Boys, Newman's first go at a "concept" album, is a brilliant synthesis of the searing and the softly sympathetic that attacks moral superiority on both sides of the Mason-Dixon and delves deep into the Southern psyche. "What has happened down here is the winds have changed" sets the scene for a song about the Louisiana flood of 1927. But, in a less literal and larger sense, the winds of man's insensitivity to man and the flood tide of life's ironies have changed little, and these are what Newman continues to concern himself with.

Though a longtime resident of Los Angeles, Newman's origins are Southern and he has retained a certain sympathy for the cracker proletariat. Avowedly apolitical, preening himself on his noninvolvement in any cause or group endeavor, from cub scouts on, Newman nevertheless is rankled by the universal racism he attacks in *Rednecks*, the opening cut of his last release.

Newman's subtleties will never appeal to the mass audience of boogie babies with Pop-Tart tastes, but that's their loss. Neither will his ragged voice win any awards; but its very lack of vocal polish forces concentration on his marvelous phrasing and the content of the songs themselves. Funny on the surface, they are bittersweet beneath, as if their composer cried and chuckled simultaneously.

The rise of the coffee-table comic book

This is the year comics go respectable. Here are three new anthologies, full of "worthless trash," bound for your coffee table. Lookit, here's *The Young Lust Reader* (And/Or Press), grappling with questions of girlhood, womanhood, impotence (gulp) and assorted teenage horniness as perceived by Jay Kinney and Bill Griffith. Then, right next to it, *The Apex Treasury of Underground Comics* (Links). The paper on this one is recycled, which means that it looked better in the original. But there's plenty of R. Crumb, lots of Jay Lynch (like the *Nard 'n' Pat*, above), some good Gilbert Shelton, Art Spiegelman and more examples of the genre supposedly killed by the Supreme Court. And over here, for the over-the-counter crowd, is *Origins of Marvel Comics* (Simon & Schuster), a puff piece by Stan Lee, with the first appearances of Spider-Man, The Thing and the rest of the Marvel superheroes. Lee says a lot of nice things about himself, but the art (mainly by Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko) is way below Marvel standards. Neal Adams and Jim Steranko, for example, are missing, yet they had much to do with the Marvel style.

Marvel Comics figures courtesy Simon & Schuster; *The Young Lust Reader* panel © by Bill Griffith and Justin Green; *Nard 'n' Pat* © 1974 by Jay Lynch, world rights reserved.

A low-key, intelligent and admittedly lazy family man, Newman sees none of his characters as his alter ego; yet all reflect the shadows lurking in the left field of his mind. An avid reader, he found himself fascinated several months ago by a plodding treatise on indirect military strategy—a book so boring that Newman was incredulous at his absorption in it. But is this so perplexing? Newman himself takes the indirect attack musically, his points couched in brilliant black humor but cutting clean and deep. It's taken long enough, but victory seems in sight as Newman comes creeping from the shadows into the light of wider appreciation. Like a character out of his *Old Kentucky Home*, Newman has finally turned the corner and is doing fine.

—LYNN VAN MATRE

Whose what's on first

From Aaron's-beard to Zorn's lemma, with illuminating stopovers at Jacob's-ladder, Maxwell's demon and Volta's pile, it's all there in **Whose What?** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), a perfectly swell reference book by Dorothy Rose Blumberg.

Whose What? is a listing of all the things in the universe identified as someone's something, like those five examples in the first sentence. *Whose What?* will tell you that Aaron's-beard is a perennial herb of the saxifrage family, that Volta's pile is the world's first electric battery, devised by Italian physicist Alessandro Volta (1745–1827) and that Jacob's-ladder is either a ship's ladder that goes from the deck to the rigging or an herb of the phlox family. It will also tell you about Zorn's lemma and Maxwell's demon, but I won't.

—JON CARROLL

The return of World War Two

You could get impatient. Even irked. European film makers whip out World War Two like it was some stylish surgical scar, a Christiaan Barnard original, maybe. By now, the Third Reich has surpassed both Faust and Theseus as subject matter for art. Hitler would be gratified.

Best of all, though, are films about the so-called French Resistance. Pure fantasy; *macho* with a beret. When Frenchmen tell you that half of France joined the underground in World War Two, they mean that the Métro was still running. A hooker resists more plausibly. And for the same reasons.

Louis Malle's rural teenager, **Lacombe, Lucien,** can't get into the maquis, so he signs up as an apprentice Gestapo agent—which, circa 1944, is like rowing out to the Titanic. In those days, Vichy France was a round-robin tournament of *J'accuse*. You resisted mostly your next-door neighbor. The Gestapo subcommandant, her IN box cluttered with

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stool-pigeon correspondence, says, "One man even wrote to denounce himself." Pierre Blaise, Malle's authentic peasant actor, has the livid, starchy countenance of a foot-wide won ton. Before your very eyes, he will behead chickens, poleax rabbits, slingshot finches. It must have been a gamy set. As you might guess, this gives him excellent references for the Gestapo. Power goes to his private parts. Lucien clumsily terrorizes/woos a Jewish family, father and daughter. They don't know whether to laugh or be scared windless. It's an initiation film. Boy turns man, with little noticeable improvement. A *bar mitzvah* of sorts: Congratulations, today you are a fascist.

Lacombe, Lucien is long. Actually, as in Watergate, sheer duration becomes evidence. You accept because it's still there: persistent, well acted, shot in pastels that suggest old, scraped-over Melmacware. Malle offers no opinion. Anyhow, you need intelligence to qualify for free will and Lucien is just so much brutish energy. A chicken, a Jew—it's all the same to him, except that a Jew is somewhat more useful in bed. There are people like Lucien, innocent terrors, and it's good to be reminded of that, especially nowadays, when war is examined with such heavy Jesuit moralizing. Lucien can't be hated. The sophisticated Jewish father understands that. He finally gives himself up, preferring Auschwitz to peasant conversation. The film keeps coming at you: off tackle, a few trap plays, no fancy aerial game. It's not an exciting work, but it does have the authority of craftsmanship and meticulous documentation. Malle is cunning. He knows when to shut up.

Liliana Cavani doesn't. Her Nazi souvenir, **The Night Porter,** pretends to be wholesome, take-out porno, of the brand Colonel Sanders might package if he ever needed to diversify. It features Charlotte Rampling, period. Rampling must be the participle of some sexual code word. Her young/old face and body are fascinating, sensuous as skeletons in a *danse macabre*. Even topless, she's topless. You gotta figure that when she lost her cherry, it was a prune. Charlotte plays this concentration-camp alumna who got her early sex training from SS house doctor Dirk Bogarde. Eighteen or so years later—Vienna, 1957—she wants more, which has to be the longest gap yet recorded between foreplay and orgasm. Bogarde is doing *The Servant* again, but by now he's bored with it, as, Lord knows, he has a perfect right to be. His quirky, effeminate performance could pass for vintage Peter Lorre in a negligee. *The Night Porter* means that (A) the Nazi regime had its good side for thems what can appreciate that sort of thing or (B) the Nazi regime had its bad side for the same people. Cavani must have a groin pull from so much straddling.

There is a thematic parallel between Dirk and Charlotte, Lucien and his Jewess: two women who want their zones occupied. But Malle trusts his material, while Cavani pimps for schlock relevance. She sounds like that phony caveat on S/M hard-core magazines: "Only for Serious Students of Sexual Pathology." You get the standard cabaret types, sashaying, talking in goose steps.

It must reassure Europeans to know that they were overrun in 90 days by an army of drag queens and loonies. Cavani does

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best with still lifes, she can frame handsome tableaux, but when her characters have to do difficult things—wave, maybe, or cross their legs—it's home-movie time. Dirk and Charlotte end up besieged, starving, in a tiny apartment, a setting, incidentally, where Cavani's camera, another tiny apartment, seems most comfortable. You need Kitty Litter to absorb it, yet *The Night Porter* has been ringing them up on Broadway—due chiefly to that neat poster ad of Charlotte with suspenders for a bra. Believe me, it's not worth $3.50 to see Bogarde get rampled.

We liked *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* too much. It gave Buñuel a fat head. **Le Fantôme de la Liberté** is the sequel and, like all sequels—panty hose, Aristotle Onassis—it's a big letdown. Of course, there are brilliant scenes. Buñuel probably produces an artistic cardiogram. Take the magnificent john sequence. Six evening-dressed jet setters, jet-sitting on toilets, pants down, around a vacant dinner table. Right? Got it? Then one man rises, flushes politely and excuses himself to eat in a small white room that says OCCUPIED on the door. The inversion holds truth. Which do you handle with more *sprezzatura*, a dump or a plate of spaghetti Bolognese? But half the gimmicks reminded me of pre-*Rhinoceros* Ionesco: "feelthy" French postcards of the Arc de Triomphe; cassowaries and chickens in the bedroom; "missing" children who help search for themselves. Might as well hire Jacques Tati to make *Birth of a Nation*.

It all means: There is no freedom for the middle class. No freedom for the film, either. A flipped coin could plot better. Character A meets character B; scene with B; B passes C in the street; scene with C; etc. It's a simile for the associative mind undisciplined by selection. In *Discreet Charm*, Buñuel's shadow line between fantasy and commonplace was subtle, infuriating, the way your kid's odd socks disappear. There was a literalness to the absurd. *Le Fantôme* (retitled, in babu French, *The Phantom of Liberté*) can be rejected. It's too broad. The bourgeois knows that there are no toilets in his living room. If artistic genius makes Buñuel superior to the middle class, he'd better start watching out for cassowaries. An attractive mistake. And, let Him be praised, no army-surplus Nazis. —D. KEITH MANO

How not to be bored by birth

How many of us have been bored by overzealous friends laying Lamaze on us while their new baby gurgles in the next room? Despite all the natural-childbirth propaganda, the actual process of pregnancy and birth still seems mysterious and scary; pictures of a naked woman *pregnant* are still somehow shocking or distasteful, still objectionable to the Puritan ethic. (Does *Screw* run pictures of women giving birth? Would Al Goldstein run photos of his wife on the table with her feet in the stirrups?)

Along comes **Birth** (Harmony), an easygoing scrapbook-style book that

personalizes the whole process with lots of interviews, photos and drawings. Caterine Milinaire, the author, has conducted extensive interviews with 20 people about their recent birth experiences—from film actress Camilla Sparv, who just wanted to be knocked out and see the baby the next morning, wrapped up like a gift from Tiffany's, to women who used breathing and exercise classes to prepare for a hospital delivery without drugs, to the author, who had her baby at home in Santa Fe. A section of lovely color photos shows Caterine, in woolen knee socks and a nice comfortable-looking purple T-shirt, lying back on a bed scattered with colored pillows, smiling and laughing as baby Seraphine makes her entrance into the world.

Sections of *Birth* are devoted to making pregnancy a sensuous time for both mother- and father-to-be; taking care of the body; and the father's experience. It's a living book that takes childbirth out of the closet and makes it seem the ultimate experience. Which it just may be.

—CAROL TROY

Sensuality in the cinema

In movie circles, English critic Raymond Durgnat has lately been assuming the reputation of a one-man library. Already a dozen books by him have appeared in as many years, on subjects ranging from directors Luis Buñuel and Georges Franju to actress Greta Garbo and Hollywood comedies. His latest heavy job to appear in the U. S. is on Jean Renoir. Two more—**Sexual Alienation in the Cinema** and **The Strange Case of Alfred Hitchcock**—are just out in England and, hopefully, will be here soon.

Sexual Alienation is a sequel to Durgnat's kinky and original *Eros in the Cinema*, a freewheeling survey that dealt with such matters as "the Shadow of the Divine Marquis" over *King Kong* and Jerry Lewis and *Samson and Delilah*. The newer book takes us right into the Seventies: everything from Andy Warhol and *Persona* to *Midnight Cowboy* and *The Graduate*, with a lot of interesting and lesser-known flicks (Samuel Fuller's *Shock Corridor*, Noel Burch's *Novitiat*) illuminated along the way. Sensibly and unpuritanically, Durgnat sees sex as interconnected with all the parts of the head, not just with an appendage below the waistline.

He has a giddy way of packing everything into his paragraphs—conducting simultaneous tours through sociology, aesthetics, politics, theology and eroticism without ever bypassing our gut reactions to what we see on a screen. What *he* sees is largely what the film reveals about its audience: the myths and common images binding spectator to celluloid. Sometimes he'll go off into a smoke screen of jargon or overlook the odd fact or punctuation point that might keep him fluid or comprehensible. More often, he's discovering surreal inventions within the most mundane movies or else cracking a more arcane work to show you precisely how and where it's human.

In *The Strange Case of Alfred Hitchcock*, he's venturing into territory where many commentators have strayed before him: Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Rohmer and Rivette have already staked out sizable claims. But Durgnat's Hitchcockery is completely his own. Treating in depth such early British films as *Blackmail* and *The Lady Vanishes* along with such later triumphs as *Rear Window* and *Vertigo*, he sees his countryman as a Cockney—an artist/entertainer who chronicles distinctly local habits. This man's Hitchcock is a mass of fascinating contradictions. Like Durgnat himself, we wind up seeing him as many different sorts of people, all at once.

Durgnat is proof that good criticism needn't be dull.—JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

SATELLITE

Taxes: refining the French collection

PARIS—Paying income tax in France is about as heretical a concept as dining without wine; it just isn't done, especially as you get richer.

That realization hasn't escaped the French tax man, who has long tried to trip up tax evaders by checking out their "apparent signs of wealth" and then estimating how much income they must be raking in to keep up their standard of living.

Early apparent signs of wealth included bicycles and balconies. The list is changed every few years to keep abreast of new status symbols and their inflating values.

A new list has just been published by the French tax authorities, and its hair-splitting categories suggest that they may yet succeed in finding more of the estimated ten billion dollars in undeclared corporate and individual revenues that have annually eluded their grasp.

The law not only adds new signs of wealth but also increases the value of most signs. It is mind-bendingly Byzantine.

Among the new signs are motorcycles over 450 c.c. The fact that they are signs of wealth, while motorcycles with smaller engines are not, brought anguished howls from bikers wanting to know *why 450*?

A finance-ministry official explains, "The figure 450 wasn't arbitrary. A motorcycle of that size begins to cost as much as a car. And cars are already listed as signs."

The taxable motorcycles are valued at cost during the first three years and at half price thereafter.

There is no withholding system in France. Taxes are based on annual earnings and are paid in three installments each year. Income is reported on questionnaires similar to those used by the IRS in the United States, except that the French forms require the taxpayer to declare his possessions. To this list the tax man applies his schedule of apparent signs of wealth, which this year will include:

Membership in golf clubs and hunting clubs. These are valued at twice the cost of membership dues (the rationale being that you'll spend at least that much on incidentals and equipment, since guns and golf clubs are costly items in France).

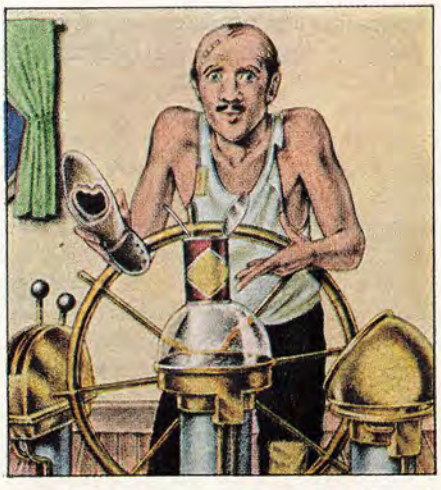
Sailboats over three tons. Previously, only sailboats over five tons were included.

Riding horses (if at least two are owned and they are at least two years old). Heretofore, only race horses were considered signs of wealth. Now they are broken down according to type, with several new distinctions, for evaluation.

The Frenchman who owns horses or boats is in for a mind-boggling experience if he tries to determine how wealthy his property makes him seem in the eyes of the bureaucracy. For example, the appraisal value of a sailboat is automatically quintupled if it is registered in "any country that has no tax-fraud treaty with France."

The tax officials have nearly tripled the estimated revenue needed to employ maids, tutors or governesses. Each French maid used to be valued at $1800 a year; now her upkeep is pegged at $5000 a year.

Cars and homes have always been signs of wealth. A car is valued at cost the first year, with 20 percent off the



second year and ten percent off each year thereafter for the next four years. A residence is evaluated at three times its rental value.

The finance-ministry official says that the system is easily misunderstood. "Only fifteen hundred people were audited last year because of a discrepancy between the signs we noted and their reported income. Just because someone has a motorcycle or any other sign does not mean that the taxpayer will be considered wealthy or liable to audit. For we look at the ensemble of the declaration; it's only if the income reported bears little relation to the signs that the income is 'reconstructed.' And now we do that only if the reconstructed income is at least six thousand dollars."

But he doesn't explain that if a person *does* report more than a few signs, his taxes can be mercilessly raised. Once a taxpayer's reconstructed revenue hits $12,000, and once there are four or more signs (other than one's home), the value of one's total income can be automatically boosted 20, 40, 60, 80 or even 100 percent.

The tax man says, "We certainly don't expect the French people to change their leisure activities because of these changes in the tax laws."

But one angry legislator has done just that. Jean Filippi, 69, a radical-left senator from Corsica, announced that he was quitting golf and switching to rowing a boat. —SETH GOLDSCHLAGER

Chastity belts: safe at any speed

LONDON—Englishmen in the habit of slipping a hand up their girlfriends' skirts are getting a nasty shock these days. Instead of warm flesh, they are meeting cold steel in the shape of a reproduction of a 13th Century chastity belt, complete with padlock and key.

The man responsible for frustrating the British nation is 51-year-old Robin Hugessen, who, together with his wife, Anne, runs a small chastity-belt production company outside London. Demand has been so staggering that the Mark IV chastity belt—hammered out by a bewildered local blacksmith—is now being exported to 30 countries, including the Virgin Islands.

On the home front, however, Hugessen has a problem in the shape of Her Majesty's Customs and Excise. He is currently battling with them over the question of Value Added Tax, a fiendish European sales levy of ten percent covering just about everything except life's essentials. Hugessen claims that his chastity belts are contraceptive devices ("We even give a nine-month guarantee") and are therefore *most* essential. "I would like to see them provided free under the

National Health Service at every Family Planning Center," he says solemnly.

Her Majesty's Customs views the matter differently. "These . . . er . . . belts," said a spokesman with more than a hint of embarrassment, "are classified as 'minor articles of apparel.' As far as we are concerned, they are therefore taxable. Whether or not they *should* be taxed is quite another matter and, happily, nothing to do with us."

Hugessen has had this battle with the authorities before, back when the purchase tax was in force. Then, after an energetic campaign, which caused questions to be asked in Parliament, he managed to get the tax reduced by passing his belt off as "safety equipment." This time the officials seem to have lost their sense of humor. —ANNA MOTSON

Big Meg makes waves

CANBERRA—Margaret Whitlam, wife of Australia's prime minister, Gough Whitlam, is a lady Australians either like or loathe. Whichever way, they can't ignore her.

Big Meg, as she's called (with reason: A former champion swimmer, she's a strapping 6′2″), is not what you would call your ordinary, run-of-the-mill first lady. A trained social worker and newly fledged journalist, she very much leads her own life, directing a chain of government-operated hostels, writing a weekly column for a national magazine and hosting her own Sunday-night celebrity talk show (*With Mrs. Margaret Whitlam*) sponsored by a washing-machine manufacturer on a commercial channel. And, though she's hardly the antipodes' answer to David Frost (Frost was a recent interview subject on her program), she's intelligent and articulate.

On more than one occasion, though, Margaret's verbal agility has put her up shit creek—or as Australians would have it—beyond the black stump. She landed there when she told a press conference that she was for the legalization of marijuana "because medical friends have told me that it does no more harm than drinking and that it is nonaddictive, so we should differentiate between that and hard drugs." She has also come out strongly in favor of abortion-law reform, wages for wives and nonnuptial sex. She says, "I was in favor of marriage when I married, but I don't know that I would be today." She has topped a nationwide poll as the Most Admired Australian Woman (in spite of her husband's falling popularity, due to such governmental woes as rampant inflation and spiraling unemployment), but she has also, not too surprisingly, been accused of using her husband's position to boost her own public personality. She developed a neat putdown for that one early in the game. "Oh, *that*," she said. "That's just an accident of marriage."

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make the 55-year-old Margaret a sitting duck for unkind cartoonists; but in person, she is a handsome lady about whom it has been written that she has "a stirring sort of rugged sexuality."

The prime minister of Australia obviously thinks so, too. In a recent TV interview, when the topic somehow got around to working wives and running homes, Mr. Whitlam was asked if Margaret, in the flush of a number of new careers, was ever guilty of neglecting her duties in running The Lodge, Australia's White House.

"Certainly not," said the prime minister adamantly. "She's good in board and she's good in bed, and you don't ask for more than that." —MOLLY JOHNSON

People 1: Faith

PARIS—The Prince and Princess de Baroda form a unique team in the international jet set: a mother and son who look like perfect twins, with the same rotund face, burned-pumpkin complexion, kohl-lined eyes and blue-black upswept hair; the same sinuous, duck-waddle walk; and identical costuming, traditional Indian gear of jewel-colored saris and high-necked Nehru jackets, swathed like Christmas trees with necklaces, ear pendants, brooches, bracelets and uncounted rings. Both, too, are known by their slogan: "You will see what you will see."

A couple of years ago, Princess Mother Sita Devi popped the phrase on Prince Rainier, and the ruler of the kerchief-sized domain was so enchanted with the promise that he made her a citizen of Monaco. This favor had been granted just once before in the principality's history—and then only after services had been performed—to the barrel-shaped ex-king of Egypt, Faruk.

Princess Sita Devi became a permanent Monte Carlo fixture, attending numerous charity galas and spending every spare moment at the *trente et quarante* and roulette tables in the casino. But, beyond her gaming losses, the princess made no substantial investment in Monaco from the $75,000,000 jewel horde she had allegedly brought out of her native Indian state of Baroda, the unspoken substance behind the "you will see what you will see" promise that Prince Rainier had swallowed. The day came when the local deluxe palace, the Hotel de Paris, was compelled to refuse her highness accommodations due to the outstanding bills she had accumulated. The Barodas, mother and son, quietly retreated from Monaco, moving to a Paris residence in the supersmart suburb of Neuilly.

Now it was Prince de Baroda's turn to be the family breadwinner. Trading on the family name and his mother's jet-set repute, princie wangled himself a job as pants salesman at the chic men's haberdashery, Renoma. But even here, amid the printed leather pants, brocade suits and splashy silk shirts, Prince de Baroda and his jewels and his Indian gear made no impact.

After leaving the haberdashery, princie launched a career as a pop singer, mounting a night-club act in which he lip-synched to popular records. Unfortunately, he had no technique or voice and was unable to follow a tune when it was prerecorded. Another failure for "you will see what you will see."

Despite these two consecutive failures, princie still had one big flop left in him. At the end of the winter of 1973, all Paris newspapers and gazettes carried the news: Princie de Baroda was to add to the glamor of the City of Light by joining in a night-club venture of his own. His Highness would wear his jeweled uniform, greet guests and even concoct some of the *specialties de maison*—such as a dish of scrambled eggs, noodles and toast called *croque princesse*—with his own beringed hands. The club would be called Princie's and enjoy a prestigious Left Bank location.

A few weeks after the flashy opening, Princie de Baroda bowed out of the night-club business, and the complaints of his former "partner," Guy Leclerc, echoed those of the Monaco establishment toward the prince's mother. "Princie never made a financial investment," says Leclerc. "He just approached me with the proposition to bring in a lot of customers and receive in return a percentage of the take.

"His offer seemed reasonable, and I fell completely under the spell of that Baroda family slogan, 'you will see what you will see.' But what I saw was all negative. Princie not only brought no trade whatsoever, he caused even my oldest, most faithful regulars to stay away. He added no animation at all.

"Princie's only activity consisted of demanding his agreed percentage of the take every morning. He would not leave the premises before we paid him his nightly rake-off. Then he would leave in his mother's huge old Rolls-Royce. Despite the big publicity furor he created, he nearly sunk our joint."

At last report Princie de Baroda had gone back to his native India, reportedly in an attempt to wangle employment with the state tourist ministry. And no doubt to tell Mme. Indira Gandhi that "you will see what you will see."

—LAWRENCE SANTREY

People 2: Morals

RIO DE JANEIRO—Moaçir Bellot, 50-year-old police chief of a rough suburb called Caxías, has become a legend unto himself, thanks to his stalwart dedication to upholding public morality. One of his better-known moves on behalf of the commonweal was the summary shooting of 225 dogs because they had been caught fucking in front of innocent school children. On another crusade to preserve childhood innocence, Bellot arrested men found strolling in school neighborhoods, on the outside chance that they were sex perverts.

Commissioner Bellot takes his moralist mission much more seriously than he does his duties as police chief. On one memorable occasion, he was busy protecting the early-to-bed crowd from a noisy wedding procession (100 guests were arrested) while an escaped convict, who had sworn to Bellot that he would avenge the death of his brothers, proceeded to carry out his bloody promise.

During his legendary reign as police chief of Cabo Frio, a fashionable beach resort near Rio, Bellot banned bikinis on women, bikinis on men, long hair and late-night strolling. He once walked onto a film set, stopped the action and ordered his henchmen to shave the heads of the director and the actors. He interrupted a church street processional to remove several miniskirted girls from its midst and then placed himself in the church doorway to shunt women wearing low-cut dresses or pants. And he arrested a poor, ignorant farmer who had been swindled by a con man, on the ground that "anyone who falls into the clutches of a con man is just as much a con man as the con man himself."

"I make a point of being square," Bellot is fond of saying, "because a square is a geometric figure that cannot roll, and these newfangled styles are rolling either straight to jail or straight to the abyss [the polite way of saying hell in Portuguese]. If styles are allowed to continue in this direction, someone will come up with the bright idea of a nude style and everyone will go right along with it. You can't be too careful, because you have to remember that fashions are dictated by homosexuals."

Bellot's personal life is as exemplary as his public pronouncements. His wife, Nilda, reports that on his days off, the commissioner never sets foot outside the house. He reads very little, never goes to the movies, scorns music, abhors soccer and doesn't drink or smoke.

Bellot had made a bundle in real estate before joining the Rio police force in 1964. As he had no financial worries, his sole motive for entering the law-enforcement field was a desire to set the world straight, or, as he puts it, "seek the best for society." This crusade has caused him to be kicked out of municipality after municipality when disgruntled residents draw up petitions for his ouster. But, despite the transfers, the continual railing of local newspaper editors and a Brazilian Supreme Court conviction for abuse of authority, no one has yet succeeded in making him resign from the force. Moaçir Bellot is still on the case.

—LORAL GRAHAM

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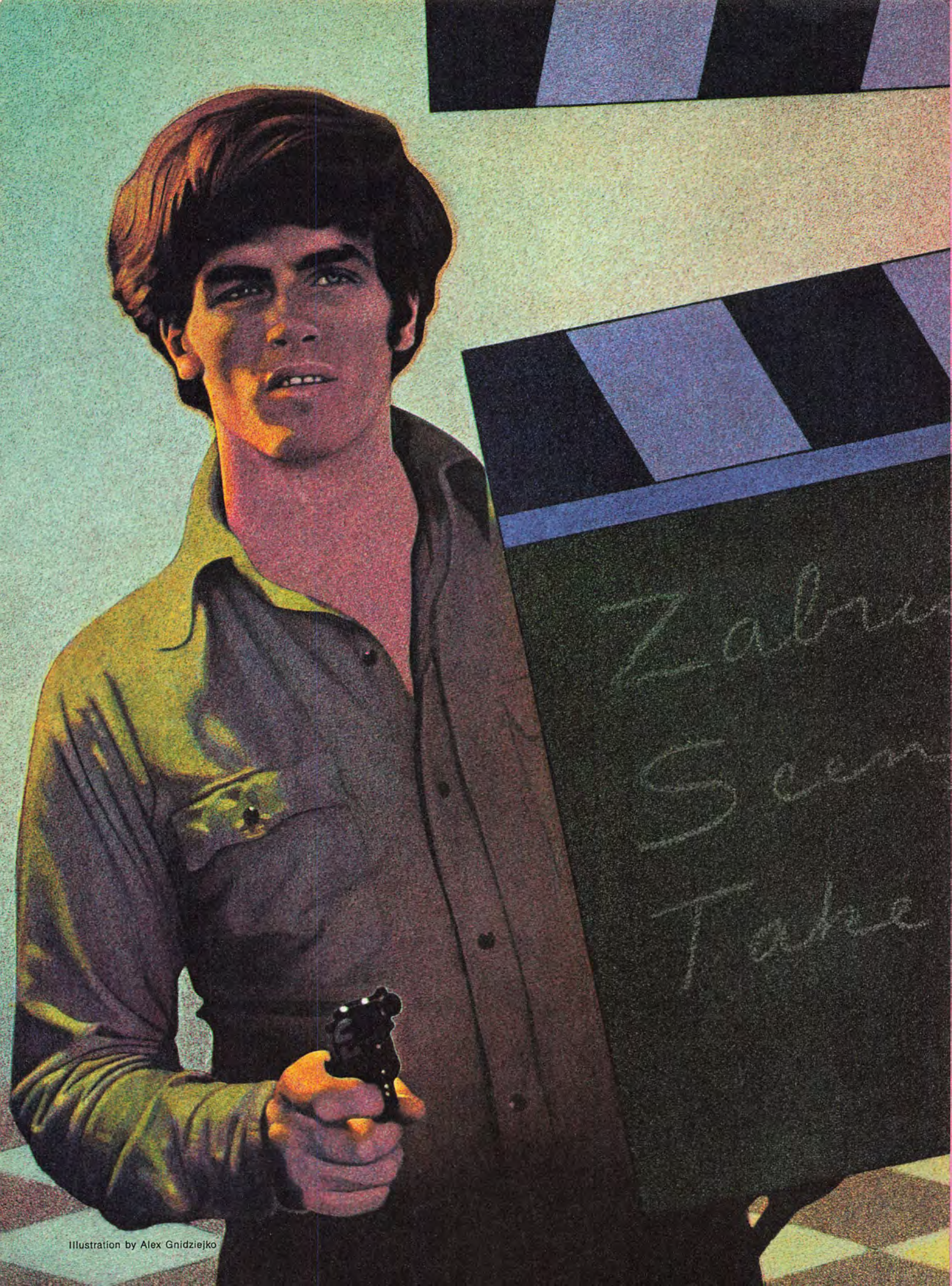
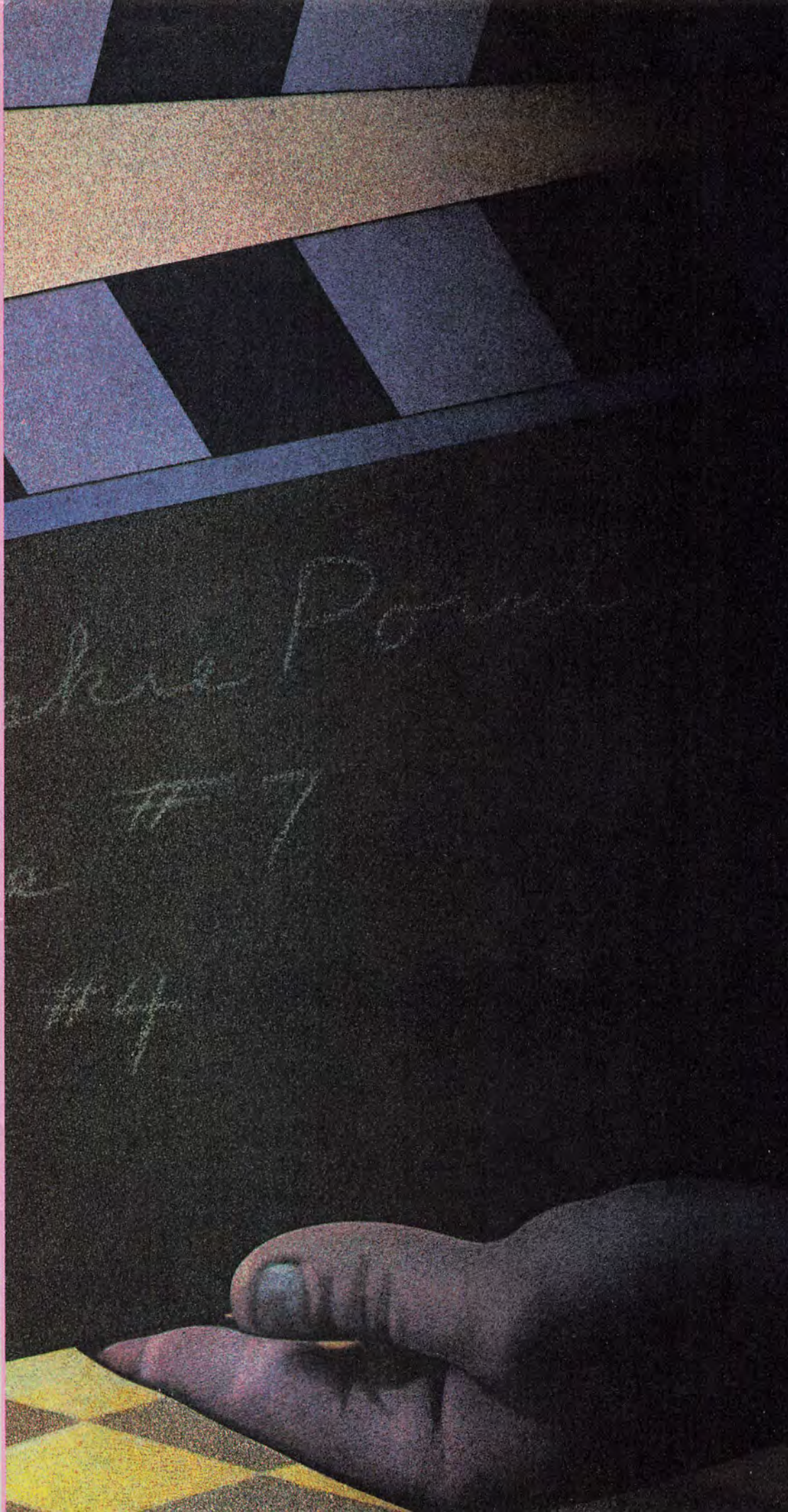


Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko



THE TWICE-TORN SOUL OF MARK FRECHETTE

ANTONIONI MADE HIM A STAR, MEL LYMAN MADE HIM A BELIEVER AND THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS PUT HIM IN JAIL

ARTICLE BY JULIA CAMERON

A gaudy single-prop plane darts through the layers of smog blanketing Los Angeles. It is painted the patterns of a mind-twisting acid flash and it flies unsteadily. No surprise: At the controls is amateur pilot Mark Frechette, who is accused of killing a cop. His mission is to return the stolen plane to the site of its theft. He accomplishes this with the dispatch of a suicidal homing pigeon. As the plane taxis to a halt amid a covey of cop cars, it is riddled by gunfire. So is Frechette.

Next, another scene starring Frechette: He and two friends, Sheldon "Terry" Bernhard and Christopher "Hercules" Thien, decide to make a withdrawal from the Medical Center branch of the New England Merchants National Bank in Boston. Shortly before closing time, they step through its doors, pull guns and announce a robbery. Simultaneously, a quick-footed teller triggers an alarm that rings only at police headquarters. A responding officer first mistakes blue-shirted Thien for a guard, then trips and falls flat on his face trying to disarm him. A second officer, arriving just in time to see the first pitch forward, shoots Thien twice, point-blank. He crumples to the floor, Frechette and Bernhard drop their guns and the

MARK FRECHETTE *His tough-but-sensitive face appeared on the covers of* Rolling Stone *and* Look. *He was hyped as the new James Dean; posed as the young rebel.*

money and Thien dies before reaching Brigham Hospital, just across the street. A bullet had plowed through his heart.

Both scenes belong in a movie. The first one is from Michelangelo Antonioni's film *Zabriskie Point*. The second, however, is for real. It took place on August 29, 1973. But there was something *unreal* about this scene, too, because the bank the young men held up was their own, a neighborhood branch where their commune had banked for years. The guns they brandished all contained empty cartridges in their first chambers, something the police could not possibly know. It seemed like an ordinary robbery at first, foiled in the attempt, but when all the facts were in, it made no sense at all.

To unravel the Mark Frechette story, we must return to the summer of 1968, an eventful season, with riots at Columbia, the assassination of Robert Kennedy and the televised furor of the Democratic Convention. It was also the heyday of the underground press, and one of the Boston underground's best-known papers was a sheet called the *Avatar*. For a while, its pages were full of politics and Gene McCarthy, but then the *Avatar* suddenly went through what many people thought at the time was an odd—indeed, an inexplicable—change. The *Avatar* found a god and became religious. The paper began to talk about a man named Mel Lyman, although it also found time to mention Michelangelo Antonioni, fresh from Italy, ready to shoot a film, *Zabriskie Point*, about the violent revolution he saw coming in America.

The *Avatar*, as we shall see later, had quite an influence on Mark Frechette. For the moment, however, let us listen to what the paper itself had to say about the Italian director and his new-found star:

> Antonioni's search for the perfect SDS cop killer extended across the land; it was a small but well-noted event of the summer. Hundreds of young actors lined up in front of places like the Electric Circus in New York to be poked and questioned and tested to see if the part could really be theirs. It was said the Great Director was looking for someone with the incisive intellect of a Marxist grad student and the personal attitude of an Algerian bomb thrower.
>
> Meanwhile, oblivious to the hopes of so many of his contemporaries, 20-year-old innocent Mark Frechette stood anxiously on a downtown street corner in Boston, engrossed in an argument between a sailor and his date at a bus stop. The girl was getting nasty and bitchy, as young girls do, and Mark was getting frantic waiting for the sailor to finally assert his manhood and belt the dumb broad across the mouth.
>
> As the argument intensified, a horror-stricken busybody in a fourth-floor apartment took a flowerpot in hand and prematurely ended the dispute by braining the sailor with a potted geranium. The insensitivity of this intrusion caused so much indignation in the idealistic Frechette, he shook his fist at the fourth-floor window. "You motherfucker!" he screamed.
>
> Suddenly, he was grabbed from behind. "How old are you?" his accoster wanted to know. "I'm twenty," Mark said, bewildered, trying to figure out what was going on. The man shoved Mark into his limousine next to a pretty young girl. "He's twenty and he hates!" he exclaimed gleefully.

And so, in a fateful moment, Mark Frechette found himself on his way to a screen test, fame, fortune and Michelangelo Antonioni.

Before long, Frechette's tough-but-sensitive face appeared on the covers of *Rolling Stone* and *Look*. He was hyped as the new James Dean; he was posed as the young rebel, head cocked to one side, eyes hooded and glittering with menace. He had been picked up from a street corner and made a movie star for the megaton rating of his flesh anger.

But, with disconcerting ease, life has a way of imitating art. This story is being written in Los Angeles, and Patty Hearst is still at large. In New York, meanwhile, they are casting a movie about her abduction, which its makers claim is based on a novel published a year before the abduction occurred. When Antonioni cast his two unknown leads in *Zabriskie Point*, he said, "This story could have happened to them." At that time, this notion angered the then-pacifist Frechette. "This movie is not about me," he insisted. Five years later, he sat in a dingy prison cell, explaining his motive for the armed robbery as a "need to commit a personal revolutionary act."

For his part in that "revolutionary act," Mark Frechette has acquired a new residence. It lies 20 miles to the south and west of Boston on flat plains ablaze with purple flowers. Weeds, the natives call them, and do not know their name. But they know the name of the square and ugly structure that rises in the middle of those flowering plains. They call it MCI Norfolk—Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Norfolk. Mark Frechette and some 600 other inmates live behind its walls. These are topped with triple strands of barbed wire and are tall enough that it takes the sun an extra two hours to scale them.

"The days are OK," Frechette observes. "It's just that they're so short. The nights are what get to you."

We are talking in the prison's staff library, a dim rectangle lined by volumes on law and medicine.

"Take last night," he continues. "They stabbed this guy right underneath my window. I could hear it happening. It was a personal grudge over dope or something. Had to be. If it had been racial, there'd have been more trouble by now. If it had been an execution, the guy'd be dead. When it's one of those, they use razors and make maybe 200 tiny little cuts, so there's nothing they can do before the guy bleeds to death. This was a regular stabbing. The guy might live.

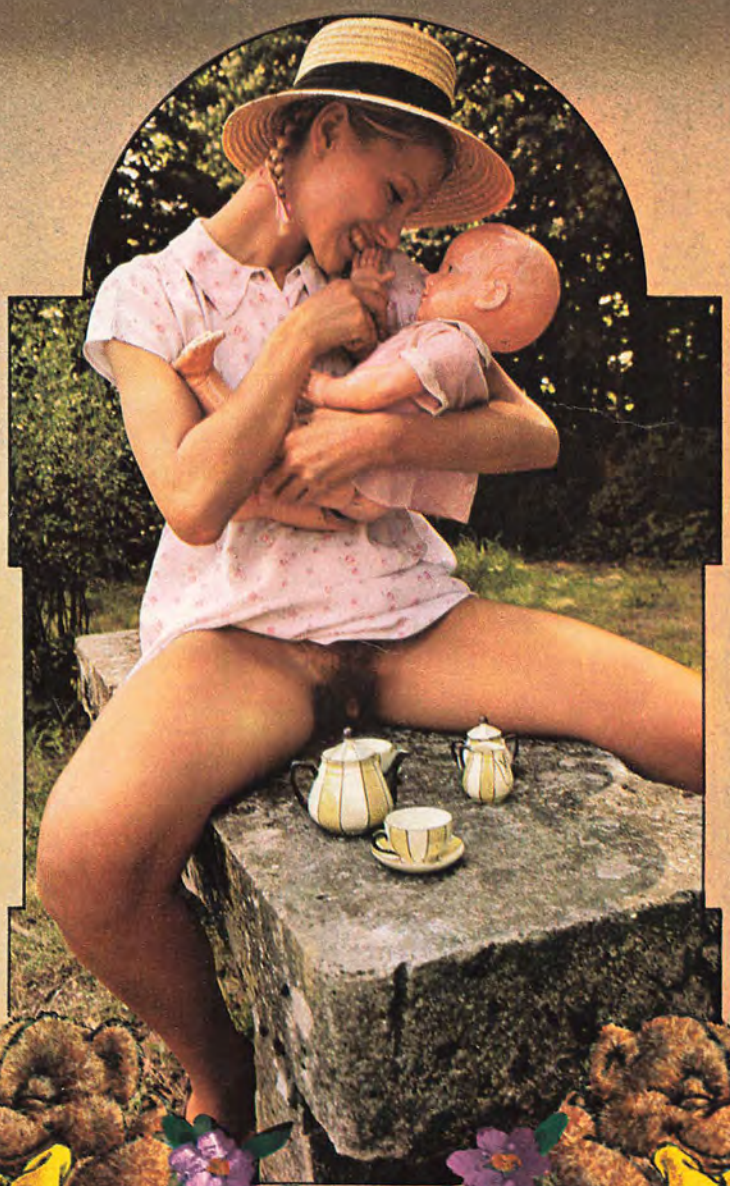
"From last night to this morning, they haven't even cleaned it up," Frechette complains. He is wearing typical prison garb, a knit shirt and blue jeans, on which he squeamishly scrubs his hands as he talks of the gore. "His blood is still all over the walk. I saw it on my way into breakfast and it looked like it had spurted out in regular streams. What kind of people are these that can leave a guy's blood all over the sidewalk? That's something worse than carelessness. That's inhuman."

His voice sounds much younger than his age—26—and much more vulnerable than his appearance would suggest. This is a twice-jailed prisoner: the man who is imprisoned by bars and the man who is imprisoned by the boy. He turns away and stares out the window, tearing the filter from a Winston before he lights it, complaining that it's not a *real* cigarette, like a Camel, then explaining that little bit of *machismo* by saying, "You see, I learned to smoke on Camels."

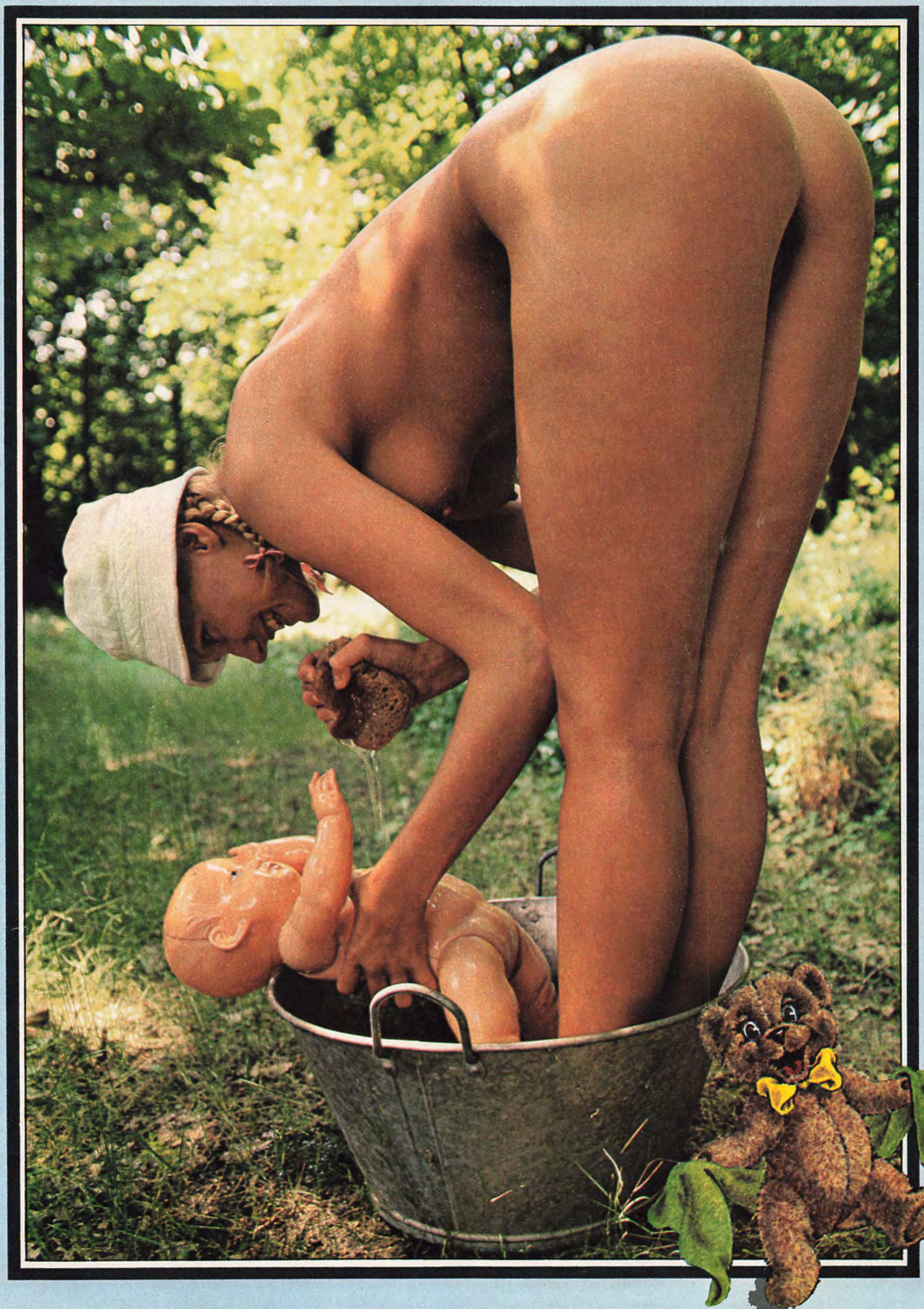
It is easy to picture Frechette learning to smoke, not just *starting* to smoke. He acts all the time. He protests that he will not be acting when he leaves jail, that he doesn't care about acting now and that he never really has; nonetheless, smoking that cigarette, he *is* James Dean. Telling the story of a bus trip to Washington for J.F.K.'s funeral, his voice grows orotund and mournful—and he *is* Orson Welles. Whenever he talks about what he calls "the real America," by which he means chiefly rural America, dust-bowl America, both his accent and his syntax change: Then he's Woody Guthrie tellin' the simple facts about simple folks 'cause it's real important to talk plain sometimes. . . .

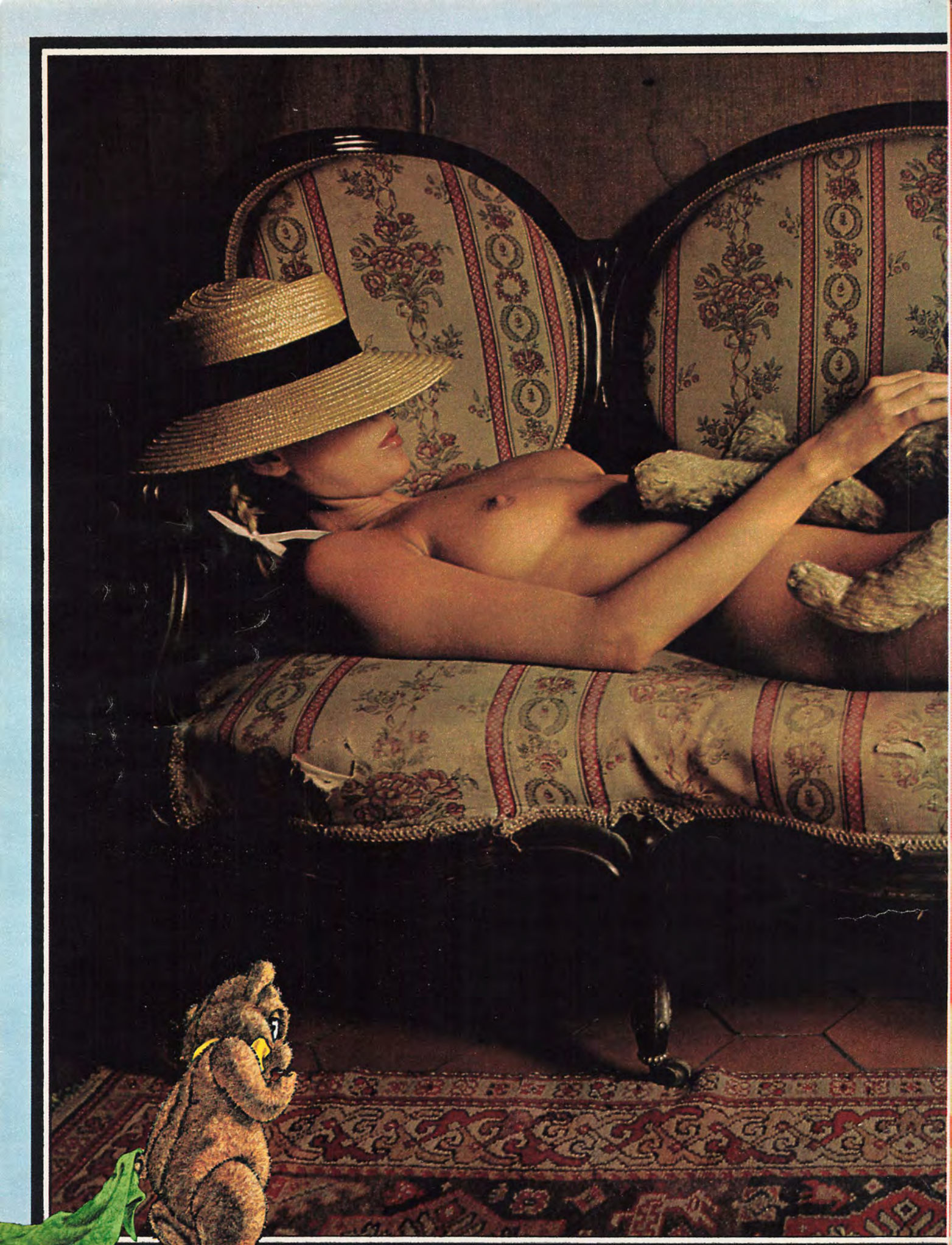
It is the brightest of days, but even so, the prison is dark inside. Many of its windows look out of one wall and onto another. *(Continued on page 100)*

Teddy Bear's PICNIC

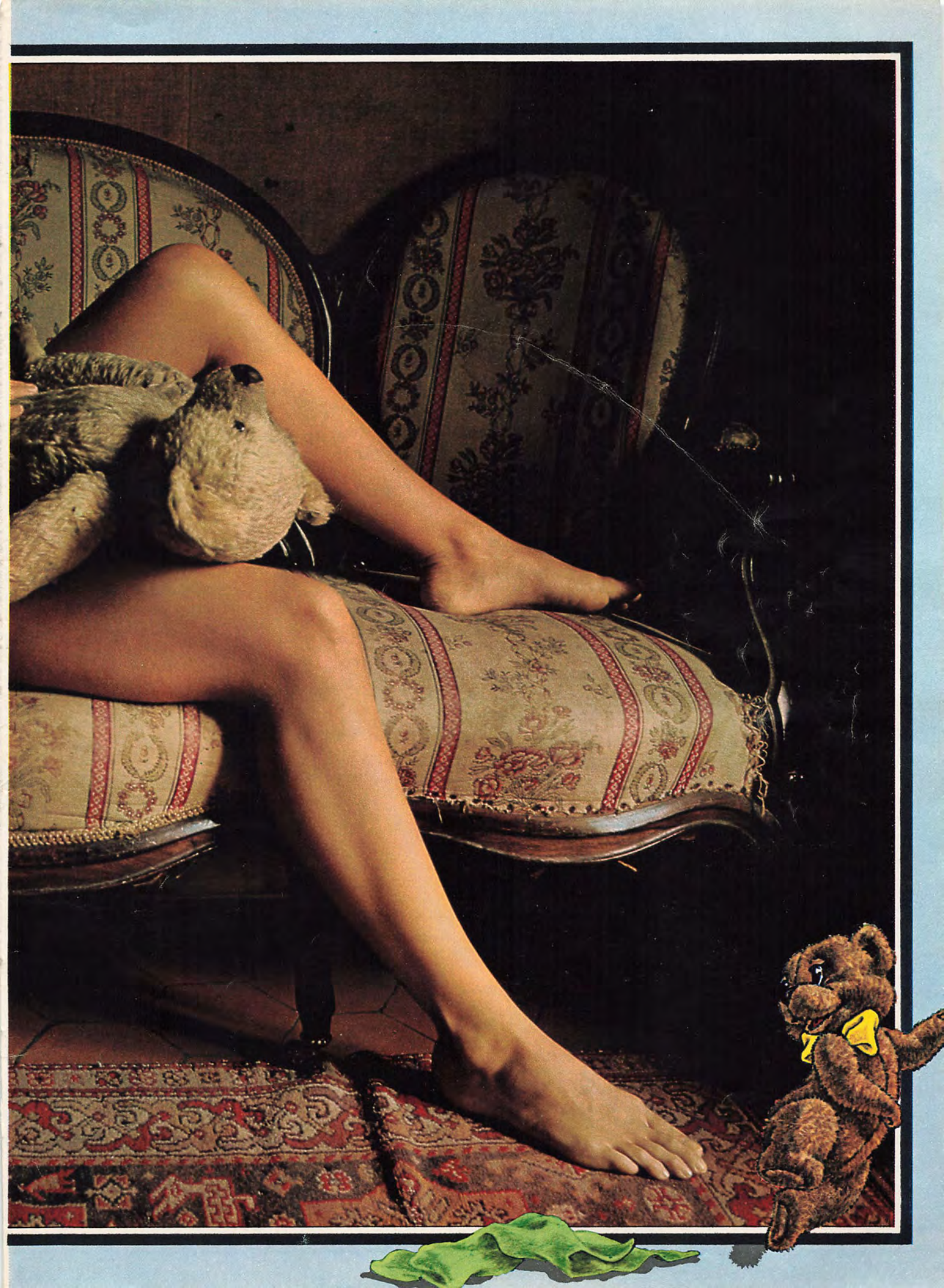


Teddy Bear was walking in the Great Forest one day when he happened to meet his friend Robin Christopher. "Hallo, Robin," said Bear, "is that a sort of doll you have?" Robin thought for a moment. "This is my Barbie," she said, "and we're going to take tea together, and then we're going to take a bath." Bear, who had wanted to take a bath with Robin ever since he had looked up her dress when they were hunting Hephalumps together, tried to think of something brisk to say. He was still thinking when Robin stripped off her chemise and stepped into the tub with Barbie. Perhaps, thought Bear, I could sort of casually *fall* into the tub, and then Robin would be ever so worried and try to dry me off and give me soothing things to eat and maybe let me spend the night. But then he got all muddled by thinking of how very tall Robin was with her clothes off, and finally he made up a sort of hum about it: "Rum tiddle tot, there certainly is a lot; rum tiddle tee, I hope there's enough for me." Robin heard the hum. "Silly old Bear," she said, touching her nipple with the back of her hand.





"Eat your heart out, Eeyore," said Bear.



Bear liked being indoors, because everything seemed so much more *possible*. He was still considering the possibilities when Robin said, "Bear, I think Barbie is going to make English water. Perhaps I shall, also." Bear covered his eyes and, being a bear of very Fine Emotions (as he liked to remind Piglet), sang a hurried song about Not Paying Attention. Barbie said nothing at all, which made Bear quite quivery with emotion, because there was nothing Robin liked so much as a good chat. "Come on, Teddy, it's time for vespers," said Robin, and they all trundled off to bed. (Bed! thought Bear.) "Let's all ask for something special," said Robin. (Something special! thought Bear.) Bear could not contain himself any longer and told Robin he wanted something *before* bed: some honey from Robin's honeypot. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends," said Robin. (Our ends! thought Bear.) Bear (although he was very sorry later) suddenly wished that Barbie could be sold to the cat-food man. She was kneeling between a bear and his ends, thought Bear. If only Owl were here! And just as Bear was thinking how lovely it would be if Owl could be there, telling him what to do, without actually *being* there, vespers ended and Robin stood up. "Bear," said Robin. "Bear," she said, "Barbie will sleep in the chair, and you will sleep here and here and over here and—good Bear—just here." Later, Bear made up quite a good song about his night with Robin Christopher, but he could never sing it to Piglet.

Photography by Jeanloup Sieff

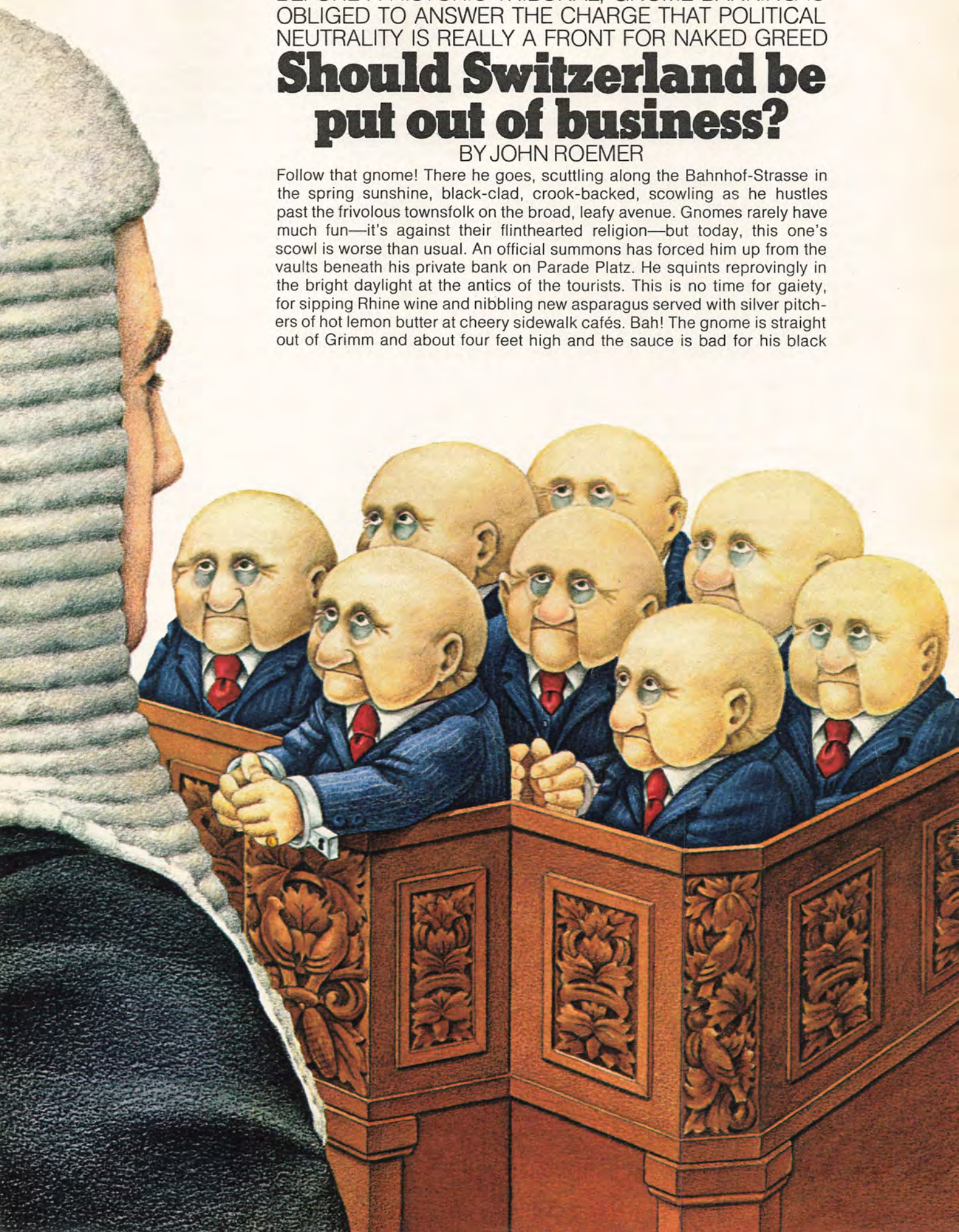
Illustration by Christy Sheets Mott

BEFORE A HISTORIC TRIBUNAL, GNOME BANKING IS OBLIGED TO ANSWER THE CHARGE THAT POLITICAL NEUTRALITY IS REALLY A FRONT FOR NAKED GREED

Should Switzerland be put out of business?

BY JOHN ROEMER

Follow that gnome! There he goes, scuttling along the Bahnhof-Strasse in the spring sunshine, black-clad, crook-backed, scowling as he hustles past the frivolous townsfolk on the broad, leafy avenue. Gnomes rarely have much fun—it's against their flinthearted religion—but today, this one's scowl is worse than usual. An official summons has forced him up from the vaults beneath his private bank on Parade Platz. He squints reprovingly in the bright daylight at the antics of the tourists. This is no time for gaiety, for sipping Rhine wine and nibbling new asparagus served with silver pitchers of hot lemon butter at cheery sidewalk cafés. Bah! The gnome is straight out of Grimm and about four feet high and the sauce is bad for his black



SHOULD SWITZERLAND BE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS? *British politicians bitterly blamed Swiss bankers for promoting the pound's decline by enthusiastically dumping large amounts of sterling.*

heart. And besides, today the unthinkable happened.

It came this morning by messenger, the pestilent summons, bedecked with wax seals. Bad news: a subpoena, writ large in Gothic letters, provoking in the gnome a monumental attack of dyspepsia and constituting an ill-timed interruption in his daily financial dealings. Not that there's ever a good time to drag a gnome away from his 24-hour timezone traumas, which involve tracking sequential stock closes on four continents in order to buy Eurodollars low in Brussels, dump Asia dollars short in Singapore, bid down the zloty black market in Warsaw and feed a few rumors through the telex to pull off a profitable churn of the international heavy-hydrogen exchange. Things fall apart when the gnome's out of his electronic lair, but a subpoena like this is to be ignored only at great peril. So the scowls deepen as this fabled diminutive subterranean clambers aboard the first-class coach in the Zurich Hauptbahnhof for a three-and-a-half-hour ride to Geneva and his date with destiny.

As the train speeds across the magnificent Swiss landscape, the gnome sips a *Mineralwasser* and contemplates the ordeal to come. Imagine the combined *shrek* of an impeachment trial, law-school finals and a session in tax court. It's going to be worse than that: nothing less than gnome judgment day, scheduled to be gaveled into session at three P.M. sharp in the Grand Hall of the Palais des Nations before the august, periwigged jurists of the International Existential Tribunal.

Somehow, unbelievably, it's come to this. Today, they've snatched this representative gnome from the clutches of fiduciary stewardship, from the computer terminal, the Quotron readout, the unnatural monetary acts performed on obscure currency markets, the zany fluctuations of the 110-billion Eurodollar crap game, the cold-blooded cables dealing with all the deviate get-rich hustles. Today, at 3:30 P.M., just as the European markets close, they're going to hoist the whole idea of gnome banking into the huge mahogany dock at center stage in the vast pillared courtroom and mount a historic planetary debate on the momentous question: Should Switzerland be put out of business?

Outrageous! Gnomes required to disclose their intimate banking secrets, compelled to argue (from an extremely shaky moral record) their continued value to mankind! The gnome puffs furiously on his Havana and feels his empurpled dewlaps quiver with rage. That noxious subpoena contains not only an insulting indictment full of gross detail but also a list of antignome witnesses—wage-slave civil servants, treasury agents, Interpol investigators, bank examiners, financial journalists. Virtual paupers all of them, bereft of the breadth of monetary outlook necessary to appreciate gnomic operations. Mmmmmm, not a bad line. The gnome jots it down. Who *are* these people? One name on the list jogs his memory: Paul Erdman. He's the young *Amerikaner* who ran that bank in Basel that went bust. Served him right. Went to school in Basel, too, and wrote that snotty doctoral dissertation about U. S.-Swiss economic relations. We tried to suppress it, but he published it anyway. Understand he writes novels now. Wonder if he knows anything about that bogus portfolio we sold to the Panamanians . . . or the time we nudged Upper Volta into receivership . . . or that Herstatt Bank business. . . .

Unhappily for gnomedom, Erdman and his fellow Existential Tribunal witnesses know a lot. Nowadays, a high-noon sun glares down upon the murky subject of Swiss banking practices, a result of the recent public interest in global economics. Double-digit inflation is a sure-fire attention getter, and it's not gone unnoticed that the Swiss economy hovers about a bargain-basement four percent. Even before the subpoena, the gnomes felt threatened and exposed, after a decade of blissful and profitable obscurity. They'd been happily out of sight since those disquieting days in 1964, when their ancient enmity with the bowler-hatted bankers of the City of London last surfaced.

The Swiss-British feud goes back at least to 1848, when London meddled in Switzerland's Sonderbund crisis, a sort of civil disorder that led to the Swiss position of neutrality during the Crimean War. More than a century later, Swiss bankers were anything but neutral on the question of the pound sterling. There are always profits to be made when a currency's value moves significantly on the European money exchanges. British politicians bitterly blamed Swiss bankers for promoting the pound's decline by enthusiastically dumping large amounts of sterling in Frankfurt, Brussels and Paris. "The gnomes of Zurich are at work again," British economic minister George Brown howled as the pound slid. The gnomes finessed their exposure by publicly offering a fast half-billion dollars in bail-out money via the International Monetary Fund at Basel. Then they attached conditions that furious British officials rightly saw as internal meddling on the Sonderbund model. The British, the gnomes insisted, would have to raise taxes, lay on import surcharges and cut social-welfare programs in order to qualify for the half billion. "A scheduled increase in pensions for the elderly was inflationary and would have to be omitted," the Swiss coolly told Brown, "and let's knock off this talk of gnomes." Brown and Britain swallowed hard and complied and got the money. The pound stabilized, the pensioners spent a chilly winter and the gnomes got richer and went back underground.

The British, however, have never forgotten this humiliation. Among the first to testify from the Existential Tribunal's witness chair will be two gentlemen from London. Their evidence will be fitted into a vast mosaic of malfeasance, to be erected in the courtroom by the Existential Prosecutor.

The prosecutor's lead-off witness is in proper pinstripe. He relates the tale of a Lloyd's Bank branch in Lugano, the Swiss banking city near the Italian border, where the gnomes were appointed to manage the facility and deal in currency. Somehow, it seems, unauthorized and unrecorded foreign-exchange transactions were slipped past the London home office for several months by those ambitious gnomes before they were outmaneuvered by the market. The loss to one of Britain's biggest banks: $76,000,000.

In the dock, the gnome shrugs. He's not much impressed. His Lugano brethren were always felt by gnome headquarters in Zurich to be a little flaky, only semireliable, perhaps infected with the economic incompetence that festers just across the border in Italy. At any rate, he knows there's worse to come.

The Lloyd's banker is followed on the witness stand by a British historian, whose testimony goes straight to two central charges against gnomery: the use of political neutrality as a front for naked greed and the unholy lust for gold. The historian tells of how Belgium, menaced by the Nazis at the start of World War Two, shipped a large part of her bullion reserves to Britain for safekeeping. Unfortunately, a cruiser of the French navy was selected for the task at almost the same time as the Pierre Laval government agreed to collaborate with Hitler. The cruiser was abruptly ordered to steam past Southampton and sail on to Dakar, a French Colonial port on the west coast of Africa, where the cargo could be off-loaded and clandestinely moved back north through France to the Reichsbank in Berlin. There it was melted and recast into ingots stamped with the German eagle—and sold to the gnomes, who paid 378,000,000 Swiss francs and asked no questions.

After the war, the gnomes weren't exactly good sports about returning the purloined *(Continued on page 107)*

Hip in the Seventies

BY JOHN V. LOMBARDI

Hip died the night you glanced up and noticed that Ed Sullivan had let Elvis Presley into the room. Mom and Dad beamed approval, kept on making payments on the television set and didn't get worried until things accelerated past cars and surfboards into acid, junk and voluntary poverty. In those days, the only hip goal was to be different, to spit in the eye of the past. Nobody worried about downshifting. Now it's boring to go on trying to be hip, in the face of *The Village Voice*, *Women's Wear*, *New York Magazine*, Columbia Records, *Vogue*, *Rolling Stone*, NET, Atlantic Records, Bloomingdale's, Earth Shoes, Peter Bogdanovich, Warner Bros.' Records, Hunter Thompson, Cinandre and Henry Kissinger. In a world of Mass Hip, exclusivity is everything, but the trouble with exclusivity is that, like Cheap Jeans, it just keeps shrinking. A style as ugly as platforms, for example, the thick, dangerous, high-stacked cork sandals that killed hip writer Lillian Roxon (she fell off them), should never have gotten out of the gay venues in Greenwich Village. Yet I've seen them on shining 14-year-olds in the Cherry Hill Mall in suburban New Jersey and on otherwise sensible-looking 60-year-olds on Oak Street in Chicago. The manufacturers of platforms think they sell because they make you look taller and feel very light, but all my weird friends and I wear them because they make you look taller, feel very light and are so bizarre they can't possibly be popular. Similarly, a girl who lives next door recently came back from Greece with thousands of horrible flat plastic sandals in basic John's Bargain Store colors—Slime Green, Used Prophylactic Yellow, Measles Red and Stillborn Baby Blue. It took her about two weeks

FORGET STACKED HEELS, PIERCED EARS, JUNGLE SHORTS AND MARTIAL ARTS. GO TO A TEA DANCE AND JOIN THE STRATEGIC SLOWDOWN

Chu Chu Malave socks it to the ultrahip

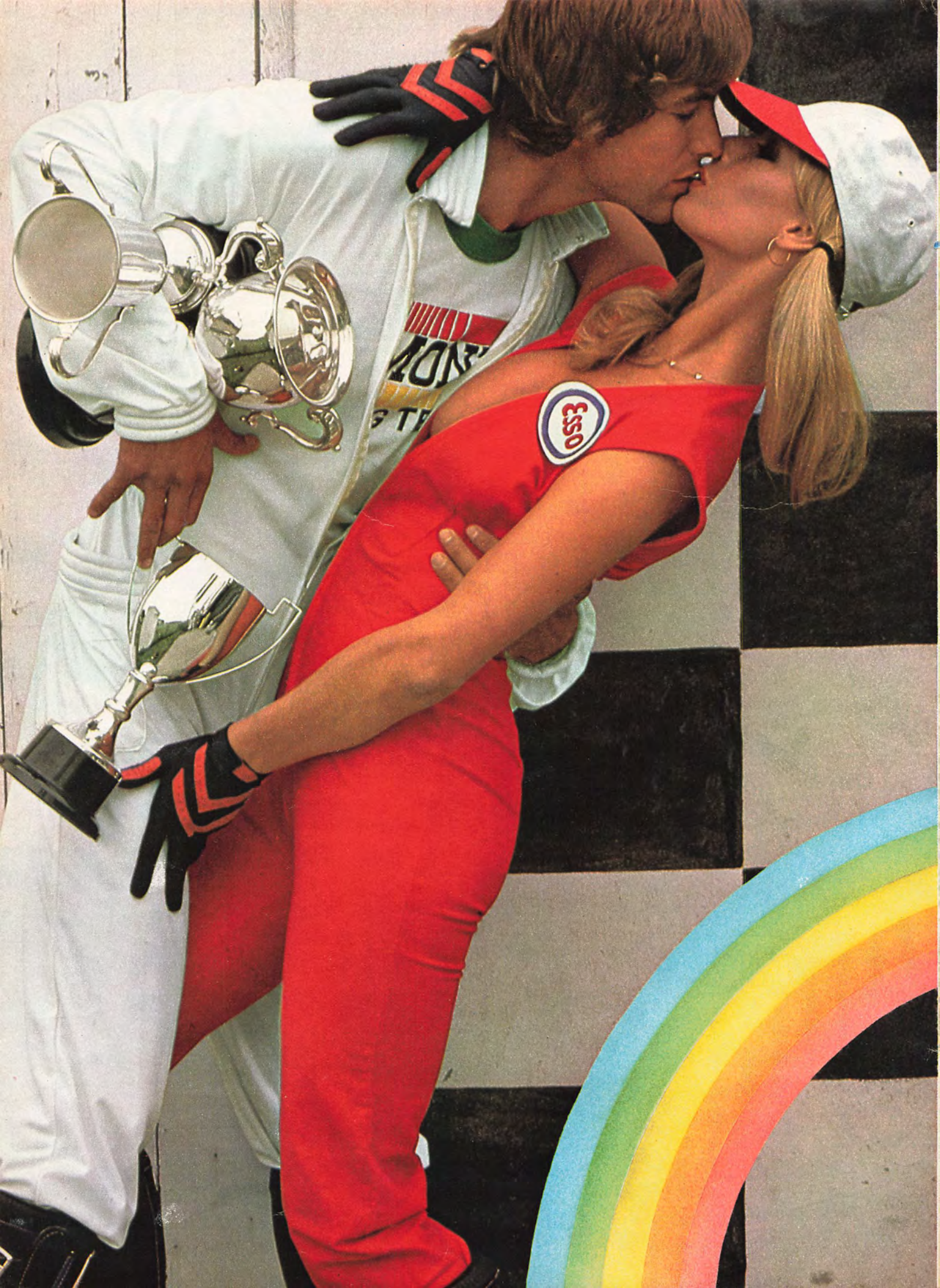
to sell out, and a West Coast boutique-chain owner has commissioned her to go back for more.
Just trying to be different is futile. You feel defeated before you start. A couple of years ago, it was startling to see a boy wearing an earring. Then that escalated into the *sauvage* look: four holes in each ear lobe, war paint, corn-row hairdos, pierced noses with rings, bones and jewels stuck in, teeth filed to points. . . . Ken Kesey once offended a black gas-station attendant who proudly flashed an orange-and-green false front tooth by flashing his own red, white and blue flag-motif false tooth. "I outniggered him," Kesey said.

Now you can't do that anymore. What's worse, you don't want to. Blacks are so out they're as embarrassing as your old dad sitting around in his underwear; both are victims of overexposure. The last hip thing blacks had to show us was pimp style, and after Joe Namath copped that, the lights went on. The same fate has befallen most everything that's come since: Those who thought they could find hip by getting back to nature soon found the trails clogged with hikers wearing Steamroller clodhoppers, Deaf Smith overalls, R.A.F. jungle shorts and Dee Cee flannel shirts and staggering under Elephant World backpacks

WHY IS THIS CROWD HIP?

crammed with Organo-Love cereal from the Sons of Manson Farm Commune; those who meant to get back to nature sensibly, by staying in the city and coming into contact with it on weekends, didn't count on all those other ten-speed bikers and Frisbee champions in the park; men and women no longer afraid or ashamed of loving their own sex experienced the heady breath of hipness for about six months back in—as they never tire of joking—1969, before Gay Lib discovered bullhorns. Yoga and martial-arts classes cost too much and are too crowded. The same is true for groovy haircutters' shops and trips to Senegal and Afghanistan. You have to stand in line to get into Thirties movie musicals, any French film and most X flicks. There are Gauloises and Gitanes ads on the subway walls, next to the words of the prophets and the Equal Opportunities for Militant Minorities rally posters. Even though he looks like a canary, Barishnikov is as popular as Nureyev, thereby ensuring that the ballet will soon be as chic as the Fillmore was. . . .

So how do you fight all this? The only thing to do now is to be behind. Since Mass Hip is still accelerating, really hip people are stepping off the treadmill, joining a kind of Strategic Slowdown, not competing at all. Slowing Down means *(Continued on page 134)*


ESSO

SPEED GEAR

From the 24 Hours of Le Mans to the Race of Champions at Brands Hatch, from part-time grease monkey to full-time Grand Prix star, everyone is suiting up in jump suits, the very racy look for spring. It's sturdy, functional, bright and sexy. All you do is zip in and you're home free. Left: His white nylon racing suit ($100) is custom-made by Larry Le Gaspi for Moonstone, cotton T-shirt from Les Leston Products, London, and Yamaha boots ($66) from Wheel Sport Center, New York. Her lipstick-red, skintight stretch jump suit ($65) is from Kamali, New York, cap and badge from Les Leston and stretch Isotoner gloves ($14) by Aris. Below: His and hers brown cotton jump suits ($120 each) by Ronald Kolodzie. The cups are for loving.

A MAN AND A WOMAN... AND SOME VERY RACY CLOTHES

COVERALLS AREN'T REALLY WHAT THEY SEEM...

Above left: Easing some of those pre-race butterflies with an enthusiastic mechanic, he wears a green cotton jump suit ($30) over a racing T-shirt, both from Les Leston. Her hot-pink coveralls ($20) are by Viceroy. Above right: Sometimes the action is on the side lines, especially when the side lines are such a soft and pretty pink. His pants and vest ($164) are of a quilted bright-orange nylon by Ronald Kolodzie. Her matching pastel-pink racing suit ($120), also by Ronald Kolodzie, is worn with her white-leather bowling shoes ($20) by Blatt Bowling and Billiard Corporation. She's warming up for a hot Formula One trial run, hoping to win a regular position. She knows that if a woman wants to make a little money these days, she can

follow the lead of Italian Formula One racer Lella Lombardi. Denis Hulme followed Lella around a few practice laps and later said, "I'd never have known it was a girl. You have to have big balls to handle it." Though she seems to lack some of the equipment, our heroine is prepared to try her best, because she's in it for more than money. She also wants to lose weight. She read about Jackie Stewart's losing eight pounds in an hour and a half of driving in a Grand Prix—it wasn't all sweat, either—so she wants to get in there and be richer and leaner. Make-up for this section by Barbara Daly. Hair by Oliver of Leonard of London. Shot at Brands Hatch Race Track, Dartford, Kent, scene of the English Formula One Grand Prix.

A man and a woman look good together when their interests run along the same lines... and they look especially good when their interests lie in speed. Above: John David Rinaldi has custom-made their white cotton racing suits (his, $150; hers, with tap-dancer's shorts, $150). Below: His Nomex racing suit (the fire-retardant uniform of Grand Prix drivers) comes in blue with white piping ($75), her Nomex in yellow with black piping ($75), both by Speed Sports Uniforms, available at California Speed and Sport Shop, New Brunswick, New Jersey. His Yamaha Grand Prix boots ($66) are available at Wheel Sport Center. Midas Muffler scarf available you know where. Right: Matching Yamaha coveralls ($29) and boots ($66) from Wheel Sport Center. For cool hands, Nomex fire-retardant gloves ($17), from California Speed and Sport.

VICTORY...
SHE TASTES SO SWEET
IN A RACING SUIT

the Great
ELEPHANT SCR

Illustration by Dave Willardson/Bob Zoell

AN EXCLUSIVE INSIDE REPORT ON THE WILDEST, CRAZIEST, MOST OUTRAGEOUS, EXTRAVAGANT, EXPENSIVE, OUTLANDISH AND SEXUALLY LIBERATED PARTY IN THE HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD

A SHORT STORY BY RALPH NOODLE, WITH NICK KAZAN

You can only stay silent so long.

I have kept the silence for six months and endured vile slander. I must now break a covenant that is almost timeless in order to defend my name.

My name is Ralph.

I come to the defense of the name Ralph because of THE GREAT ASSHOLE BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR YA NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT IN YOUR LIFE ELEPHANT SCREW GUN PARTY. You have probably heard of this party. THE GREAT ASSHOLE BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR YA NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT IN YOUR LIFE ELEPHANT SCREW GUN PARTY took place on October 12, 1974, and, according to Earl Wilson, was attended by 20 percent of the Important People in Hollywood, as well as 400 Beautiful People who are not particularly important and 117 representatives of the news media whose beauty and importance could be called into question.

I say the party took place on October 12, but of course that is oversimplification. True, the party began and reached its repulsive nadir on that date; it was, however, without end. On its second day, it moved to R. J. Wagger's estate, then to Candy Burgen's, and so on, and as far as I know, it's still going and will never stop. The reason the party will never stop is that "The Committee for TGABYBDYNSALIIYLESGP" has a waiting list of 14,593 residents of the greater Los Angeles area, each of whom is eager to have the party at his *(Continued on page 120)*

Simply VICKY

On the road no more

She visited the farm her uncle had left her, intending to stay a week. That was a year ago, and she does not know when she will leave. "Uncle Jacques was my last blood relative, but I hadn't seen him in a couple of years. He was from the old school, you know, always wearing that black beret and drinking cognac in the café on Saturday night. I don't think he quite approved of me." But the farm is hers, nonetheless—and a welcome change, she admits. The previous year, Vicky had lived on the road, roaming Europe on a motorcycle. "It began as an adventure. I would take odd jobs along the way, earn some money and then ride until the money ran out. I'd sleep in the cheap student hotels or with friends I would make on the way." And it seems to have done her no harm. "No, I had luck with me. I know I looked very sexy, what with the leather gear and motorcycle boots, but I didn't have any real trouble. Oh, some name calling, perhaps. Once, as I was riding through a village in Belgium, a few old women in the square insulted me. The usual thing; tramp, whore, and one old hag even—my Flemish isn't very good—but I think she said something like 'seductress of young boys.' That made

She loves the touch of petals

me laugh. I am not usually the one doing the seducing." A learning experience, no doubt. "Oh, yes. I learned how to live without being so blasé. When I was modeling in Paris, I was indifferent about it most of the time. The competition is incredible, and the things some of the girls have to go through just to get a job. But I was lucky there, too. My lover at the time was also my agent, and he kept the—what do you call the birds?... yes, the vultures. He kept the vultures away." It seemed like a lot to leave behind for the uncertainties of the road, but the 22-year-old beauty didn't see it that way. "A girl I know had done it. And when I saw her again, I could not believe it was the same person. She was so sure of herself. I decided then to try it. Even so, I put it off for months. Then I discovered that my boyfriend was seeing some tramp, so I broke off with him. And of course the modeling soon stopped. So, I thought, why not? I had a little money saved and I just went. But it wasn't really so daring. Many times I would meet some nice boy who would want a ride and we would travel together. Once, I picked up a truly wonderful Swede. He was going to the Swiss Alps for the summer." But that was a while ago, when life was the road. Now she is a woman of property. There are many acres to be tended and a lovely old French farmhouse in need of repair. "Yes, and I *have* made some changes. Do you know what my uncle was growing? Cabbages! I hate cabbage. I planted flowers instead. I sell them to a dealer who sells them to the merchants all over Paris. I like to think that many men are making love each night because their sweethearts were won over by my flowers. A nice thought, is it not?" Very nice. And perhaps the thought has carried, because the rigors of the farm

Produced by Jean Demachy/Photographed by Francis Giacobetti

are not apparent on its owner. "Oh, I am naturally healthy, but I try to keep fit. I do some of the chores, some planting, and I keep my garden. I love English roses. Is that strange?" Nothing seems strange anymore. And it must be a more colorful livelihood than growing cabbages. "Ha! I hardly make enough to support myself. So I take a modeling job whenever I can. The innkeeper in the town offered to let me sing if I wore a scanty costume, but I have a terrible voice. And the men might get the wrong

idea. I am not, uh, go-go, you understand. But I make out." No doubt, but it seems a lonely life for a girl. "Well, a few of my Paris friends come to visit now and then. Sometimes men, sometimes women, and we have wine, cheese, onions and sausage and we talk about old times. Most of them, I think, come because of my farm. The acres of flowers may not be worth much on the market, but they are beautiful to look at. Sometimes, I walk through the fields to a little hill, where I take off my clothes and just lie among the flowers. I don't know, it makes me feel relaxed and excited at the same time. Sometimes very excited. There is no one for miles, and I get goose bumps. It is very sexy. Once in a while, I'll hire a boy to do the chores just so that I can go to the hill. When I return, he will get a few francs and something to eat. I love it." And she seems to mean it. "I have the roses and the fields, a roof over my head and some good friends. And I make myself happy. What more is there?" Indeed. Even Uncle Jacques might approve of her now.

oui

CONVERSATION WITH

PAUL MORRISSEY

The director of *Heat*, *Flesh*, *Trash* and *Andy Warhol's Dracula* finds New York excessive, thinks the point of movies is to lie and wants you to know he is not a figment of Warhol's imagination

Paul Morrissey began his professional career as Andy Warhol's assistant, on such films as "My Hustler" and "Lonesome Cowboy." Gradually, Morrissey's role grew from that of a technical advisor to that of a leading creative force. In 1968, after Valerie Solanas shot and hospitalized Warhol, Morrissey took the directorial reins himself. In making "Flesh," a paeon to street hustler Joe Dallesandro, Morrissey stayed within the Warhol Factory aegis. Indeed, he treated producer Warhol much as MGM directors had treated Louis B. Mayer: The personal vision belonged to Morrissey, but the general feel and atmosphere of the film came from Warhol's milieu.

When "Flesh" was released, Warhol, Morrissey and company were considered underground film makers. In those last years of the Hollywood code, the underground was providing the American public with home-grown screen sex. Between their high-art imprimatur and their low-drug exoticism, Warhol's films were the most widely discussed and financially lucrative movies coming out of that movement. The time was clearly ripe for the underground to surface, and many people looked to Warhol to provide the impetus.

But it was actually Morrissey who made the move. Unlike Warhol and his lesser-known colleagues, who were openly experimental, Morrissey was primarily interested in entertaining. In a move that startled critics, Morrissey married the traditional American narrative film with the camp aesthetic practiced by the Factory cast. The conjunction resulted in what one critic called a cinema of friction. Here was this comedy, with all these weird, funny people doing outlandish things, the kind Carole Lombard did in the Thirties. Then, suddenly, there was this needle, and you knew it was really going into a girl's arm. It didn't matter if there was actually junk in the syringe or just water: What was important was that the actors weren't faking it. Hollywood could never go this far.

Every Morrissey-directed movie has starred Joe Dallesandro, America's first ambisexual star. "Flesh" and the two films that followed—"Heat" and "Trash"—were about the problems of being beautiful; only the sex object, instead of being a starlet, was street-hustling, drug-infested Joe. It could be said that Morrissey not only invented bisexual chic but also brought us our first popular impressions of fashionable impotence and counterculture overdose. It didn't take long for the hip to filter down to the mainstream. While Warhol's later movies (such as "Women in Revolt") remained limited to a coterie, Morrissey's gained mass appeal. When asked what his role was as producer of "Heat," Warhol replied, "I go to the parties."

Last year, Morrissey went to Europe to film two horror features, "Flesh for Frankenstein" and "Blood for Dracula." They marked a sharp departure. Joe Dallesandro was still around (complete with his Queens accent but with a somewhat beefed-up musculature), camp was still in evidence, but the films were now full of special effects, blood and gore. It gave them wide international appeal.

Morrissey has made it as a director, but Warhol remains far better known. In order to boost the box-office potential, Warhol's name appeared above the titles when "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" were released in the States. Morrissey wasn't perturbed—whatever it took to sell the films was all right with him.

Jonathan Rosenbaum interviewed Morrissey in Paris, shortly after the director had completed his latest films. He described being greeted at the door by Nico, one of the original and most durable Factory regulars:

"Nico entertained me with comparisons of Paris and Los Angeles, while Morrissey served me an orange soda from his refrigerator," he said. "Morrissey enjoys talking—the interview was nearly a monolog—and he speaks in a slightly nasal tone, a cross between Brando and the Bronx."

Morrissey is a 37-year-old Army vet, who underwent 16 years of a Catholic education. He is renowned for being outspoken. His political ideas seem to differ widely from those of the people in his films. He believes in censorship, he is an avowed monarchist and, politically, he could be considered slightly to the right of John Wayne. But it is in movies, not politics, that he has made his name, and we began by asking him about his most recent movie successes.

OUI: There's a noticeable difference between your early movies, such as *Trash*, and your latest ones, *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* and *Andy Warhol's Dracula*. Is it true, as some critics contend, that you've gone from the underground to the surface?

MORRISSEY: Each time I make another film, I want to change, but I don't want to change that much. It's mostly a question of adapting. I never optioned scripts to agents to show to actors, which is the conventional film-making system in the U. S. I've always made independent films in an independent way, and I know it would be nice to preserve some of that: casting them myself, writing the stories myself, having a say in as many things as possible. But I've come to the conclusion that by doing things that way, you become isolated from a lot of things—certainly from the rest of the film business. Critics, especially the New York critics, treat this independence with contempt. They prefer to deal with known quantities like scripts they can evaluate, directors they can find an easy way of talking about.

OUI: But it's because you are *not* a known quantity that your films have been distinctive. Wouldn't you say being so independent has been an advantage?

MORRISSEY: Certainly. I think the films I've made have been different. Their strong point is that they are very rich in characterization, even though they're not commercial. I still enjoy all the films that I made with Andy Warhol. What Andy hit upon was that characters were

PAUL MORRISSEY *"Having real sex in a movie is silly, like really killing animals. What's the point? The purpose of a film is to tell stories. The purpose of the camera is to lie."*

vanishing from films, characterization was disappearing and was being upstaged by a lot of cinematic claptrap. Andy completely eliminated the claptrap. He just turned on the camera and left the room.

OUI: What were your and Warhol's respective roles in your early films together, such as *My Hustler* and *The Chelsea Girls*?

MORRISSEY: I just understood what Andy was doing and helped him do it. Andy usually operated the camera. I always did the lights, organized the film, got the actors together, told them what to do. We never *ever* told actors just to be themselves. That's a lot of crap. The people who've tried to copy Warhol have always gotten it completely wrong, except for Norman Mailer. He understood that you take people and put them into acting situations, trying to make them lose a consciousness of acting. By eliminating written dialog and camera changes, you lose the artificiality of a commercial movie. You get something different.

OUI: You said that Warhol turned on the camera and left the room, but that certainly isn't what you're now doing in your films. Isn't there a lot less improvisation and accident in your new films than in your early ones?

MORRISSEY: No, there's just as much, but it's edited down, so you don't see the gaps where nothing's happening. Those gaps are interesting in and of themselves, but they make the films much less accessible. My films are a blend, more or less, of what Andy hit upon and of more conventional film making.

OUI: But so many of Warhol's early films, particularly *Sleep* and *Empire*, have no characterization. They are directors' films at best and inside jokes at worst.

MORRISSEY: Nobody looks at *Empire*, the 24-hour Empire State Building film. Even Andy's never looked at it. I assume it was done to provoke journalists. But consider *The Chelsea Girls* and *Bike Boy*; there you have performances and characterization.

OUI: So your definition of a good film is one with strong characterization. You must have liked *Last Tango in Paris*.

MORRISSEY: No. I think it's a very poor film. It has a self-indulgent performance by Marlon Brando—full of his bargain-basement psychoanalyzing and notions of life and death. For a number of years, he was the best actor alive, and then he didn't want to be that anymore. He wanted to become intellectual. He kept looking for films that had something important to say. Bertolucci is still one of the most talented directors in Europe, but I say that because of *The Conformist*, which is a really superb film. Pauline Kael and many others went into ecstasy over *Tango*. They found it the definitive statement of contemporary sexuality. I just don't think that young girls get emotionally overwrought by older men, at least not so much so that they have to shoot them. That's excessive. It's melodramatic and soap-operatic.

OUI: Mailer criticized the film for having simulated sex. Do you think that makes any difference?

MORRISSEY: No. Having real sex in a movie is silly, like really killing animals. What's the point? The purpose of a film is to tell stories. The whole purpose of the camera is to lie.

OUI: But a lot of people feel that your film *Heat* is a much more accurate and truthful portrayal of Hollywood than what one ordinarily expects.

MORRISSEY: Well, realism and naturalism are always to be sought after. Any kind of theatrical fabrication is a valid thing. But people have always had this crazy idea that we were interested in making "real" films. Andy, in all his film making, never tried to presume that anything he was doing was real—it was always a film, and the format and stylistic devices always called attention to this. The theatrical part of it was prominent, but by eliminating written dialog and camera changes, you lose the artificiality of a regular movie. The result is something different.

OUI: Well, you and Warhol started making films in an environment that was certainly out of the ordinary. Because of the campy nature of the Factory, your films had an aura about them that led the audience to believe that they were seeing a very special and bizarre slice of life. What's happened to the Factory scene now?

MORRISSEY: The Factory isn't what it was, but then again, what was it to begin with? Basically, it was a figment of journalists' imaginations. Andy did a lot of painting in a big loft, and the phone would ring and someone would answer, and instead of saying "Andy Warhol's loft," he'd say "Factory." Journalists imagined there was a lot of hippie-commune filth sitting up there taking drugs and getting in front of movie cameras. It was always a fictionalized thing. Andy still has a loft where he does his paintings. And whereas years ago the phone would be answered by the people who were hanging around, now Andy employs people to do that. Otherwise, there isn't much difference. Andy doesn't make films anymore, but he makes a lot of video tapes, and he tape-records people and photographs them. But that's always been a hobby with Andy. He hasn't changed a bit.

OUI: The Factory scene was a kind of miniature Hollywood, with stars like Joe Dallesandro, Holly Woodlawn, Viva Superstar and Ondine. If the Hollywood studio system were still operating, would you want to work in it?

MORRISSEY: Oh, yes. I always like to quote Bette Davis, who said, "I don't think there will ever be a better system for making films." The studio system wasn't some idiotic director's or producer's or critic's idea of how a good movie should be made. It evolved naturally out of the growth of the film industry, as an integral part of why films are made and why people go to see them. Audiences go to see people they like. Great stars are the true artists of film because they've understood who they are and have managed to render themselves truly. For example, what John Wayne has done is not to analyze a character—the piece of paper, the script that he's got—but rather, he has taken his own personality and kept it exactly the same for each film, in the same way a great artist keeps his personality in all the paintings he does. This is frowned upon by critics, because they believe it's not acting. Actually, it's the best kind of acting.

You read a good book because you meet characters you like, not because of plots or philosophical notions. The novel no longer exists because authors don't introduce good characters. As the writing of critics became more important, it influenced the people who wrote novels. Basically, the novel thrived only when it was an individual thing between the writer and the reader. In the film world, the critics became *very* important, and suddenly directors were being influenced by what the critics were saying. Making a film for an audience was considered second-rate, pandering. When you lose characterization, you get directors' films or writers' films. Then you lose your audience. People stay home and watch TV, because there they can see characters. Nowadays, there's no longer a film industry in America. We have a very fickle public that's told in advance what it's supposed to see: *Love Story*, *The Godfather*, *The Exorcist*. Whether the film is good or bad is immaterial; people have the notion that if the film was a best-selling novel, everybody's read it and therefore everyone should see it and talk about it the next night at the pizza parlor.

But for me, it all comes back to character. I think the films that stand up are the ones you remember because you like the people, like Katharine Hepburn in *Alice Adams*, Vivien Leigh in *Gone With the Wind*, Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront*.

OUI: Would you ever consider taking well-known stars such as these and using them in improvisational situations? Robert Altman *(Continued on page 112)*

THE GREAT MYTHS OF OUR TIME

Myths, in their original incarnation, were stories invented by our ancestors to explain how the world worked. They encompassed all observable phenomena, and the ancients developed plausible constructs to fill every gap (we call these constructs God, or Buddha, or Jonathan Livingston Seagull). The guesses turned out to be wrong, but they were much more interesting than the facts, which often had long names and could not tap-dance. So the myths of today, particularly widespread in the savage underwear of adolescence, resemble the original myths, in that they are much more interesting, and easier to pronounce, than the truth.

Presenting, then, the cultural history of our earliest misconceptions, fragments of a mistaken cosmology: the Very Greatest Myths of Our Time. You'll quinge with embarrassment at how many you believed....

THE CONSEQUENCES OF MASTURBATION

☐ Masturbation will: cause acne; drive you crazy; make hair grow on your palms; cause your fingers, hands, and/or genitals to drop off and your hair to fall out; make you go blind.

☐ Excessive masturbation will enlarge the penis.

☐ Women who masturbate excessively during adolescence can never be satisfied by heterosexual sex in later life.

☐ Each man has only a limited supply of semen and it should be saved for procreative purposes; once it's gone, it's gone and can never be replaced.

THE SEXUAL ACT ITSELF

☐ The only thing men want from a date is a good lay.

☐ Boys don't respect girls who put out.

☐ All women subconsciously want to be raped.

☐ Eating eggs will make a man more potent.

☐ Having intercourse with a woman during her period can cause impotence or disease.

☐ Your eyes look different after your first lay.

☐ Married men make the best lovers.

☐ Married men never masturbate.

☐ A multiple, heavily spasmodic, ultradeep vaginal orgasm "feels different" from the so-called *clitoral tingle*.

PHYSIOLOGY

☐ Wearing a hat regularly will make you bald.

☐ Swallowing come gives girls a mustache.

☐ Applying come to your skin will improve your complexion.

☐ Fucking will clear up acne.

☐ If you are losing your hair, shave it off completely; it will grow back fuller and stronger.

☐ If you crack your knuckles as a child, they will be swollen and gruesome when you grow up.

☐ If people are terribly frightened, their hair will instantly turn white.

☐ A hairy chest is a sign of virility.

☐ Baldness is a sign of virility.

☐ People who have a second toe longer than the big toe are compulsive liars.

☐ People with close-set eyes are usually stupid.

☐ A high forehead is the sign of a wise person.

☐ Piano players have long, delicate fingers.

☐ A person whose eyebrows meet is either a maniac or a werewolf.

☐ Your height measurement should exactly equal the distance from finger tip to finger tip when your arms are extended.

OCCUPATIONAL PRACTICES

☐ Cooks in all-night diners jerk off in the food.

☐ Having sex the night before the big game will debilitate an athlete.

☐ There is honor among thieves.

☐ If you mention a no-hitter while it is in progress, the pitcher will blow it.

☐ Publicity firms pay cabbies, waitresses et al. to spread the word about their clients.

☐ You can tell an undercover cop by his shiny shoes.

☐ Truck drivers know the best places to eat on the road.

FOOD AND ITS PREPARATION

☐ Vegetarianism makes you peace loving and docile.

☐ Spam is made from pigs' assholes.

☐ Rattlesnake meat tastes just like chicken.

☐ You can't freeze cheese.

☐ An ice tray filled with hot water freezes faster than one filled with cold water.

☐ When you break an egg to fry it, you should remove that gummy little white strand on the yolk, which is rooster sperm. Otherwise, you could get a hormone imbalance.

GIRLS WHO DO IT AND GIRLS WHO DON'T

☐ Girls who wear circle pins are virgins.

☐ Girls who use tampons are not virgins; virgins use pads.

☐ Girls who wear patent-leather shoes are promiscuous, as they are anxious for men to catch a glimpse of their crotch reflected in their shiny footwear.

☐ One way to determine a girl's virginity is to check her lipstick tube: If it is worn down at an angle, she is *not* a virgin and will do *anything*.

☐ The shy, silent type is a guaranteed lay and a real tiger in bed.

☐ Small-breasted girls are more promiscuous than large-breasted girls.

☐ Women who like to ride horses are horny as hell.

☐ Skinny women are more passionate than fleshy ones, as their nerve endings are closer to the skin surface.

☐ Divorcees, stewardesses, nurses and Scandinavian girls are all hot to trot and will hop into the sack with you at once.

CATHOLICISM

☐ Nuns are bald.

☐ Nuns don't wear underwear.

☐ Nuns sew their vaginas shut.

☐ Priests rely solely upon wet dreams for sexual fulfillment.

☐ There's a vault in every convent where they bury aborted embryos.

HOMOSEXUALITY

☐ All homosexuals simper, have limp wrists and call each other darling.

☐ Men who cross their legs at the ankles are queer.

☐ The secret homosexual-recognition code, known only

Illustrations by Kinuko Y. Craft

to gays, is to wear something green on Thursdays.
☐ Faggots don't like baseball and never go to games.
☐ It is impossible for a boy to go through a British private school without having several homosexual experiences.
☐ Popular fashions are unflattering to women because the clothing designers are all women-hating faggots.
☐ All prostitutes are lesbians.
☐ All prostitutes are frigid.
☐ All women's liberationists are lesbians.
☐ A good fucking by a heterosexual male will cure a lesbian of her ways.
☐ Homosexuals avoid hard physical labor.
☐ All lesbians are built like truck drivers.

DRINK AND DRUNKENNESS

☐ A mixture of Coke and aspirin will make you drunk.
☐ Drinking beer in small quantities—with a spoon, through a straw or from a shot glass—will make you drunk much faster.
☐ If you coat your stomach with olive oil or milk before a party, you will not get drunk.
☐ If you drink alcohol while standing up, you will get drunk less quickly.
☐ An aspirin taken before retiring after a night of drinking will prevent a hangover the next morning.
☐ If you drink a glass of water after an all-night wine binge, you will get drunk all over again.

DRUGS AND DRUGGEDNESS

☐ The more seeds, the better the marijuana.
☐ If you put marijuana seeds in cooking oil and prepare them like popcorn, they will pop and get you stoned when you eat them.
☐ Smoking baked banana peels will get you high.
☐ Drinking a large quantity of nutmeg dissolved in water will get you stoned.
☐ If you poke two holes in a rotten pepper, place a cigarette in one hole and inhale the smoke through the other, you will get high.
☐ The record sleeves of certain Sixties LPs were dipped in LSD.
☐ If Hindu mystics take LSD, nothing happens.
☐ The Nazis invented Methedrine.

THE SEXUAL ORGANS

☐ You can judge the size of a man's penis by: the size of his thumb; the length of his middle finger; the size of his feet; the distance between the tip of the middle finger and the lowest place on the palm that it can reach.
☐ Women with large mouths have large vaginas.
☐ Oriental women have horizontal labia.
☐ If a man bathes his balls in ice water every morning, he will become a superstud.
☐ Tight pants or underwear will, if worn long enough, cause impotence and sterility.
☐ A woman can use her vaginal muscles to clamp down on her lover's penis during intercourse and make it impossible for him to pull out; this phenomenon is known as *penis captivus*. The only way the couple can then be separated is by having very hot or very cold water thrown on them.
☐ A man with a circumcised penis makes a better lover than one with the foreskin intact.
☐ A man with an *un*circumcised penis makes a better lover than one with the foreskin *removed*.
☐ A man will not get an erection in a nudist colony, because *everyone* is walking around naked all the time.

CONCEPTION

☐ You can't get pregnant if you make love standing up.
☐ If the woman does not achieve orgasm, she will not get pregnant.
☐ If a boy French kisses a girl, she'll get pregnant.
☐ All women get their periods at the same time.
☐ A girl can get pregnant by bathing in a tub in which the previous male occupant has masturbated.
☐ A mustard bath will abort a pregnancy.
☐ The rhythm method works.

DEATH AND AVOIDANCE OF SAME

☐ If you talk on the telephone while sitting in the bathtub, you will be electrocuted.
☐ If you urinate on the third rail of a subway track, you will be electrocuted.
☐ If you swallow fruit pits, the fruit will grow inside your stomach and you will die.
☐ If you eat cheese fondue and wash it down with ice-cold beer, the fondue will turn as hard as cement in your stomach and you will die.
☐ An untreated wood splinter under the skin can cause paralysis and death.
☐ If you bite your fingernails, the parings will become embedded in your vital organs and you will die.
☐ If you jab the lead end of a pencil under your skin, you will contract lead poisoning and die.
☐ If you cut yourself in the web of flesh between your thumb and forefinger, you will contract lockjaw and die.
☐ Swallowing gum will cause your intestines to become stuck together, and you will die.
☐ The inside of golf balls is poisonous, and if you touch it, you will die.
☐ If you are dreaming about falling and you complete the fall before you awake, you will die.
☐ Every time you sneeze, your heart skips a beat and you are as close to death as you can be without actually dying.

☐ You can contract cancer from eating well-done charcoal-broiled steaks.
☐ You can survive any airplane crash by sitting in the tail section.
☐ Your whole life flashes before you as you are dying.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCES

☐ The history of America, past, present and future, exactly parallels the history of Rome.
☐ There is *one flaw* in Marx's theory that invalidates the whole thing.
☐ The peace sign is actually an ancient pagan broken cross symbolizing atheism.
☐ A Russian autopsy in 1945 determined that Adolf Hitler was missing his left testicle.
☐ Whores in Saigon put ground glass in their cunts to castrate American GIs.
☐ A unit of U. S. Army deserters fought alongside the Viet Cong during the Vietnam war.

TURNING WOMEN ON

☐ Girls watching animals mate are reminded of sex and become hot and horny themselves.
☐ If you take a girl to a *(Continued on page 132)*

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE SWINGER

BY CHRIS HODENFIELD

Ronnie Wolf and his wife used to keep a diary of all the couples they'd swung with. Thing is, after 100 couples, life seemed a river of bodies and bedrooms and the diary didn't much matter anymore. It's been 14 years now and the total has drifted past 500, maybe 1000. He's divorced, but he keeps on going to swing parties, "just as religious as all get-out," he says, grinning like a goat.

It was through a classified ad in one of the old gamy scandal tabloids ("couple looking for good time") that he found the first couple. Two years ago it seemed only natural to start his own magazine. A nice lark for a California fireman. Lord knows, he had the addresses. He likes to give the impression of being the archduke of swingdom, of knowing every crotch in creation.

Wolf (his bogus moniker) looks too worn for 37, his blond-bearded face a road map of debauchery. He has ironic eyes and he slugs down a lot of coffee when he meets people at his rendezvous, a California roadhouse, where he talks of strange sin in a low voice. His white shirt is open to the waist, showing a T-shirt. He wears red pants and has a Cadillac parked outside. Snuggling next to him is Mary, his "bottom lady." A quiet girl in a print dress, she smiles a big crooked smile,

the kind you could open bottles with.

Two years ago, Ronnie pulled 200 names out of his cumbersome address book and enrolled them in his swing magazine, *The Players*. He printed it in his garage at first, and by issue three he had national distribution. By four, he was making money.

"There's a lot of money to be made in sex. I figure there's got to be at least 2,000,000 swingers in Los Angeles."

That so? Any class structure?

"Hell, no. We got lawyers, teachers, oil-field workers and a state-supreme-court judge, though he's not from California. You don't believe me? He runs his old lady's picture right in the magazine. Hey, I've got a select little swinging group of 2000 people."

Ronnie is presently getting kicked off the fire department for his ways, but he cares not. He shares his house with seven women; why should he care about the outside world? Sex is like any addiction. "These are the girls I swing with," he'll say. "I don't have to go out and look for any strange stuff."

Something's missing. We need a motive.

He smiled blankly. "I just keep going. Maybe in a month's time I go to half a dozen parties—just as religious as all get-out."

It takes a certain knack to write a successful swinger's ad, a definite flair for self-advertisement. Take the guy who ran this ad in *Swing* magazine, a small Southern California tabloid:

> Young w/m, 22, into sadism, masochism, fetishism, pederasty, fellatio, cunnilingus, bondage, onanism, electrical stimulation, necrophilia, bestiality, dope, masturbation, incest, macramé, homosexuality, cannibalism, dirty pictures, French kissing and lollipops, wants to meet people with same interests.

Next week the guy was delirious. He phoned the

LONG-DISTANCE SWINGER *Proponents of swingdom point out that their clients are all members of the idle rich, who discovered swinging not from a magazine but from their neighbors.*

editors and heatedly ordered: "Don't run my phone number anymore, I'm getting calls from all these weirdos."

The swing-magazine phenomenon has risen from two hotbeds: the underground press and the pornography circuit. It would be nice to classify swingers as either bohemian or straight, classic or kinky—but it just won't wash. Swingers like to say that they are man elevated to baser elements.

The local sex sheets are generally outgrowths of underground papers. They serve an urban area for maybe four bits and mix teeming classified ads with nickel-candy porn. In California these papers sell on the street.

The slick magazines, selling for three or five bucks, are another world. They are sold only in porn stores and are strictly ads. They look like car-accessory catalogs. Some people even run pictures with their ads: The women arrange themselves in clumsy cheesecake, as if preparing for a cervical examination; the men stand in front of their cars, bunching up their muscles like leftover broccoli. In either tabloids or magazines, swingers have a prescribed language. Their features are coded. Chicks are Bi and the guys are usually Hung. Maybe she is Suckulent and he is Safe. They are Discreet. Maybe they like Greek (hindward) or Roman (orgy-porgy) or English (the lash) or French (indeed). Or simply Versatile.

Or how about water sports? (Friend or enema?) Then they're probably big in B/D and S/M (bondage/discipline, sado/maso). If they are A.C./D.C., that might be good news for cross-dressers and TVs (transvestites). Threesomes and moresomes are invited, but no phonies or fatties. No pros. No mustaches. No kooks. Must be clean. I'm an Aries, no Scorpios. Whites only, or equal-opportunity couple. No single men. Husband may watch. Generous men only, need assistance (hookers). Teachers needed. Pupils demanded. ("Have you been a bad boy?") Send one dollar for photo.

They are not very conversational. Never tell you their favorite TV show or anything. Just a mess of needs and phobias.

The world of swing magazines runs the gamut from *Singles News Register*, an arrow-straight tabloid out of L.A. for "just folks" (sample ad: "Hi, I'm Pete, 24, 5′9″, 140 lbs. Seek attractive, King James Bible–believing Christian. No divorcées") to the *Berkeley Barb*, whose ads cater to the San Francisco thriving bondage scene (ad: "YOU ROTTEN SCUM! If you can plead humbly enough, I might permit you to attend me. Call Alexandra, IMMEDIATELY").

The business of lonelyhearts advertising and mate hunting goes back to mail-order wives. Even during the Eisenhower Administration you could find a white-slave trade in any big-city paper, probably listed under "STRICTLY PERSONAL." Businessmen and widows signed their ads "Disillusioned." Hookers signed their ads "Art models." Hi, stranger, why be lonely? Dear Miss Lonelygroin.

Sex ads first appeared in the *Los Angeles Free Press*, the premier underground sheet, in 1964. It all began innocently enough. Some student advertised for a female roommate. At the same time, in Camden, New Jersey, a swinging executive named Frank Mason began a newsletter for local swingers, called *Select*. It now has a fully computerized operation with a circulation near 100,000. It's a nice notion: Computers take over the world of mail-order sensuality.

In 1969, the birth of *Screw* magazine touched off a rash of sex papers and changed the whole ball game. The spent remains of the underground press are now almost all kept alive by sex ads. It's a revolution sponsored by massage parlors.

Proponents of swingdom are quick to point out that their clients are all members of the idle rich. Or at least well-paid suburbanites. Just couples trying to save a marriage. People who discovered swinging, not from a magazine but from the neighbors.

The couples, a noted doctor told us, are often those who missed out on premarital sex and have since been convinced by Madison Avenue that they missed life's choicest fruits. The men, said a pert little gal who has experimented broadly, are generally guys in their 20s who either are very shy or have just gone through a trauma. These categories do not include the colorful fringe people, the excrement hounds, the paper-doll cutters and white-bread eaters.

Peter and Suzanne Heck discovered soon after they began *Swing* magazine that it sold best across the archconservative flatlands of Orange County . . . and they saw crewcuts and Frostee-Whips and double-knits and P.T.A. members climbing out of station wagons, arguing about the baby sitter, and this was the second or third marriage and this is the only way we're gonna save this marriage, honey. . . . So, the Hecks crammed their paper with psychological justifications for swinging, and it sold.

Marvelous thought. Orange County as the citadel of swing. ("MY NIGHTS OF SHAME IN WHITTIER.") Perhaps these are the grope fiends whose ads clearly state no dope or long-hair sonsabitches. No way-outs. No hopheads.

Anyhow, said Peter Heck, hard-boiled sensualist, sex papers foster only swapping, not swinging. To him, wife swapping is just the mating dance of whooping cranes.

"There are three kinds of advertisers," said wife Suzanne. "There's the person whose fantasy is taken care of when he sees his or her ad run. Then there are the couples. And, finally, the real strange people who are looking for even stranger people. We know one guy who runs ads like: 'Dominant man looking for submissive slaves.' And he gets answers from all over the country! He gives people orders, in return, by long-distance telephone. Like, he'll order someone to go out and seduce his best friend. And he'll do it and report back."

The same gentleman found that lightweight aluminum boat chain is ideal for bondage. Less muss and fuss. He sells it by ad.

Then there was the Creative Cunnilinguist. "That's how he advertised himself," Suzanne said. "He thought he was in a shady business. Merely a lap dog. Then he stumbled into a houseful of airline stewardae. They loved him and passed him from room to room. He thought he had died and gone to heaven."

Mickey and Susan (surnames mean nothing in the legion of the condemned) help edit the L.A. *Star*, a one-handed mag. They run ads in their magazine. "We like to ball our readers as well as liberate them," they say. Mickey was once an advertising man, a regular John Bircher, and he says his now-long brown hair is falling out due to yesteryear's hair spray.

He and Susan, a quiet blonde who never meets your eye, happily publish pictures of themselves in highly compromising positions. They are quite locked into the flesh trade.

Susan also runs her own private ads: "Bi chick looking for same." She'll get about 35 replies and she'll meet about five of them. Some are nice, she says; none are really gross.

But the city's full of horny guys. About 100 heavy breathers will also pounce, phoning her and demanding to know just why in hell she wants another woman. *You've just been meeting the wrong men, baby. Here I am, toots, try me.* Mickey thinks this is a funny thing to happen to a woman just getting into other women.

Swing ads are both hard-core and soft-core. The *(Continued on page 114)*

"Gosh, Sabu, now I can see why you're called the elephant boy!"

Like a Living Doll

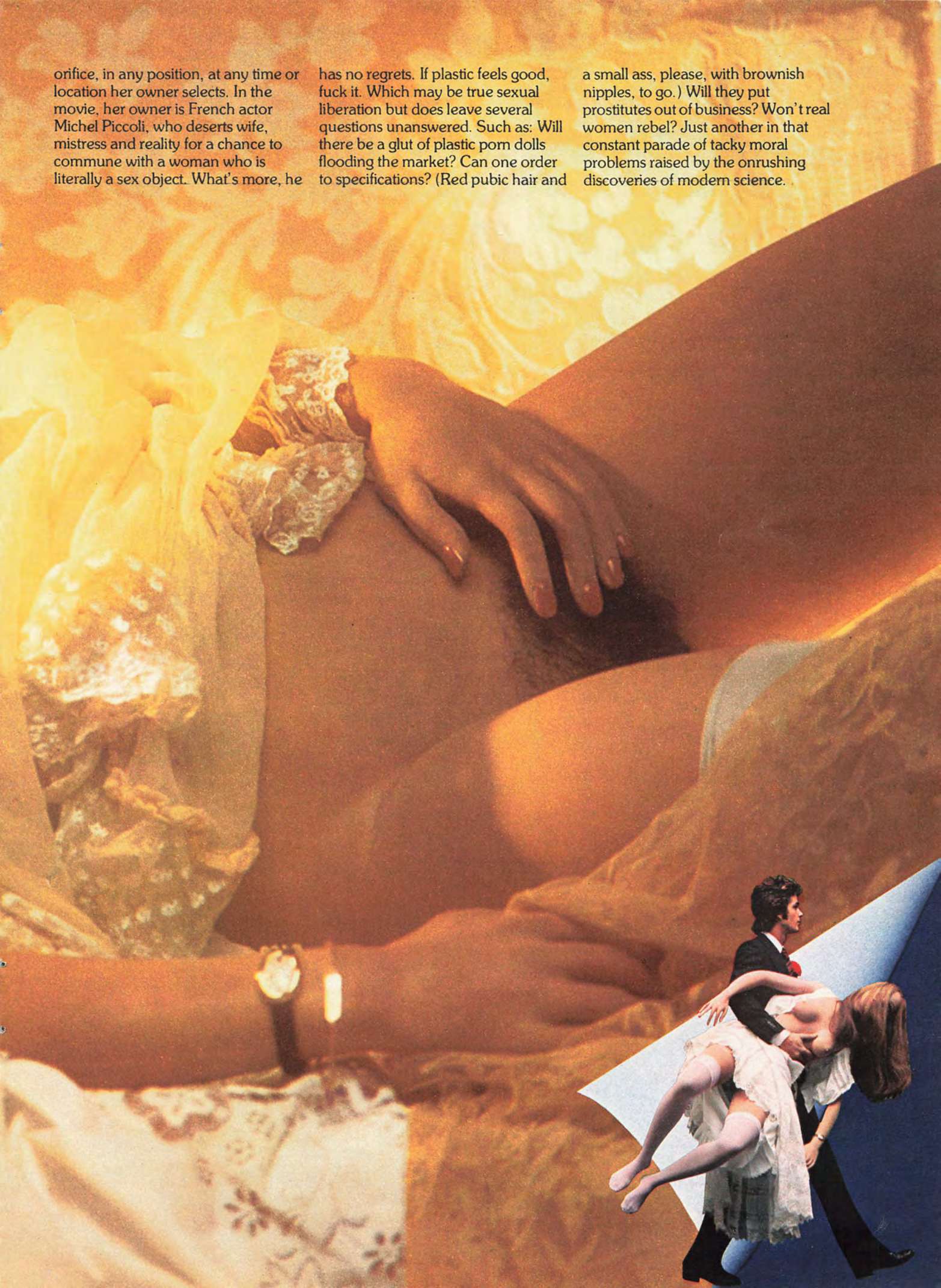
PERFECTION
COMES IN MANY GUISES:
OUI DISCOVERS
THAT YOU CAN REALLY GET WHAT YOU WANT

Photography by Frank Gitty

Silent on the couch throughout the afternoon, she is a photographer's dream. Pouty-mouthed, pink-skinned and with the firmest breasts in France, she is the stuff of which dreams are made. She's a fantasy lady and that's no metaphor. The girl on these pages is not a professional model. In fact, she isn't a girl. She's an almost living doll, conceived and executed by moviemaker Luis Berlanga for his film *Life Size*. And while she neither walks nor talks, she is perfectly capable of sex—in any

If She feels good, take her away...

orifice, in any position, at any time or location her owner selects. In the movie, her owner is French actor Michel Piccoli, who deserts wife, mistress and reality for a chance to commune with a woman who is literally a sex object. What's more, he has no regrets. If plastic feels good, fuck it. Which may be true sexual liberation but does leave several questions unanswered. Such as: Will there be a glut of plastic porn dolls flooding the market? Can one order to specifications? (Red pubic hair and a small ass, please, with brownish nipples, to go.) Will they put prostitutes out of business? Won't real women rebel? Just another in that constant parade of tacky moral problems raised by the onrushing discoveries of modern science.



GREG
KING

THE UNDER-THE-HILL GANG

BJORN BORG AND JIMMY CONNORS LEAD A YOUTHFUL ASSAULT THAT HAS SHAKEN UP THE TENNIS ESTABLISHMENT AND WILL CHANGE THE GAME FOREVER

BY MAURY Z. LEVY

When it was over, and it had only just begun, Björn Borg showered, put on his jeans and combed back his long yellow hair. He wiped the steam off the mirror near his locker and stared very closely into it. It was a minor operation. While other players worked long and hard to get rid of leg cramps and backaches, Borg's major medical problem of the day was eliminated by a tight squeeze from the thumb and the index finger of his right hand. The pimple popped quickly.

Eighteen-year-old Björn Borg was ready to meet his public now. He walked out onto the sun porch directly above the terrace dining room at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, Queens, just an E train from Manhattan. The older members, the ones with the jackets and the ties, the white shirts and the polyester pants, didn't quite know what to make of him. They had seen young stars come to conquer the U. S. Open before, but all these girls and all this noise. Some of them shook their heads over their bloody marys. They weren't quite sure that tennis was ready for this yet.

On court 23, the clubhouse court, they had to stop the match when Borg appeared on the porch. Dozens of girls, who had come from Long Island just to get a look at him, started to scream and wave and jump up and down. Borg didn't wave back. Mick Jagger wouldn't have waved back. He just stared at them, and an evil little smile broke out on his face. This wasn't so bad. In England, at Wimbledon, they had tried to tear him apart. There had been hundreds of them, and he had needed a bunch of bobbies to clear his path, pick him up and deposit him at center court.

After his brief appearance before his fans, he walked back into the players' lounge. "I think I've grown up a lot," he said. "The girls used to really get to me. But I have other interests now. I want to be the top tennis player in the world. I want to make a million dollars. You can't do that if you're out at a party all night. You can't do that if you're always running around. I need nine hours' sleep and at least two hours' practice a day. There just isn't time for anything else."

Like it or not, the kids are taking over this game, and they're bringing with them a certain magic that tennis has never seen before. They've stormed the country-club walls and given the game back to the people. According to newspaper estimates, 20,000,000 people are now playing tennis in this country. A lot of them are playing in schoolyards or back lots or wherever there's enough room to slam a yellow ball over a three-foot-high fish net. And just like Borg, most of these kids are hitting the two-fisted backhand, a shot that has become the symbol of the revolution, though it is still very much frowned on by the purists. The kids in the streets finally have some stars they *want* to emulate. Somehow, you never saw a ten-year-old kid with a $4.95 tennis racket saying, "OK, I'll be Rod Laver and you be Ken Rosewall." But now the heroes wear their hair long and they don't wear white anymore. Tennis—and don't repeat this too loud—is no longer a sport of the upper-middle class.

These days, you get to the finals of a big tournament and it's no longer the predictable match-up of Laver and Rosewell or Newcombe and Smith. There's almost always a Borg or a Jimmy Connors or a Guillermo Vilas standing in the way. And on the female side, there's always a Chris Evert. Connors and Evert have been just about unbeatable; Borg walked off with both the French and the Italian Open and a half-dozen other major championships; Vilas ended up in four consecutive finals on the Association of Tennis Professionals tour; Billy Martin knocked off top-seeded Stan Smith; and Vijay Amritraj, who came out of nowhere, even without the scary serve of a Connors or the blasting backhand of a Borg, is considered by many of the older crowd to be the most complete player around, a guy who can't kill you with any one move but who can wear you down with consistency. And these kids aren't hot flashes who will fade away: They're going to dominate this game until the next batch comes up from the schoolyards to knock them off.

The older players, the ones born before 1950, aren't taking it so lightly anymore. They are worried men and women and they are singing some very worried songs.

"About ten years ago," John Newcombe says, "when I started playing professional tennis, I figured I'd really found myself the easy life. I thought I'd play tennis half the time and just loll around the rest. Well, it hasn't quite worked that way. I've become like a top gun in the Old West. Like Billy the Kid, I guess. Every young kid on the way up figures he's got to beat me to get there. So now I'm always playing. I've got to defend myself. I'm playing World Championship Tennis, World Team Tennis,

Illustration by Greg King / SketchPad

TENNIS *You're supposed to shake hands with a racket, but Björn Borg chokes it to death. You're supposed to have a very fluid motion when you swing. Borg is about as fluid as oatmeal.*

Association of Tennis Professionals meets and some other tournaments. I'm really hustling my ass off now. It's hard to keep up with these kids. There are just too many tournaments, too much traveling. This is not an old man's game anymore; it belongs to the kids now."

A few years ago, Borg's favorite reading was Walt Disney comics. Now, sitting alone in a crushed-velvet club chair, he was absorbed with a Swedish magazine that had a lot of pictures of naked blonde women in it. Sometimes he would get invited into one of the backgammon games, but mostly he would sit off by himself and read and sometimes smile and rarely talk. He usually had more time on his hands than the older players. At least a few minutes, anyway: Most of *them* had to shave every morning.

A lot of those older players (to Borg, anybody over 21 was so classified) just couldn't figure him out. He is a very unlikely looking leader of a revolution. Arthur Ashe, whom Borg had destroyed a few times on tennis courts around the world, walked in, wearing one of his endless collection of safari suits and matching beads, and looked over at the kid with the ice-blue eyes and the faded blue jeans.

"I don't know what it is," Ashe said. "I've never seen a well-dressed Swede."

Borg rarely does what is expected of him. According to the experts, he really doesn't do anything right except win. He holds a tennis racket the way Richie Havens holds a guitar. You're supposed to shake hands with a racket; Borg chokes it to death. You're supposed to have a very fluid motion when you swing; Borg is about as fluid as oatmeal.

Connors walked over to him, the bowl mark still fresh on his head from a recent haircut. "How's it going, Borg?" he asked.

"Good," Borg says.

Snappy exchanges like this tend to bother some members of the working press who cover tennis tournaments. The army of the Children's Crusade is not the most quotable crew in history. Borg doesn't talk much at all. Vilas talks a lot, none of it in English. Martin is still a gawky high school kid. Evert is usually too busy putting on her make-up. Amritraj says things like, "Eeen my cuntree, de tennees bowl eez sacred." It is a good thing for the press that Connors has the reputation of being such a prick.

But Borg, no matter how little he says, no matter what he does—and he doesn't always do so well—still gets attention. Especially from the little girls, his groupies. Tennis never really had anything like this before. Sure there were always the hangers-on on tour; sure there were always the quick lays, but it used to be a very up-scale thing, not unlike the sport itself. This wasn't ice hockey. The girls didn't meet the players in sleazy little bars in New Jersey. They met over cocktails in some very proper places. And when they finally got down to business, you can bet the last thing to come off was a pair of Pucci panties.

Barbara is a brown-eyed girl with hair that reaches her waist. She is small and still very young by most standards. The A's of her Adidas T-shirt barely bulge. She comes from a place called Malverne, on Long Island, where everybody has a half-acre lot. At Forest Hills, she spends most of her time at the clubhouse gate trying to hustle tickets from anybody who walks by. She wants to see Borg.

"I never liked football players," she says. "Too many muscles. Nothing up there, you know. But Borg, just the way he moves turns me on. He's just so exciting out there. Yet he's so smooth and cool about everything. He never gets scared or anything. This is really the first time I've gone after anybody but a rock star. Robbie Robertson was in New York a couple of weeks ago with The Band. He's built like Borg, lean and smooth. I think he likes me."

Barbara, who said she was 16, wasn't the only one after Borg's ass at Forest Hills; she was just the most persistent. When the official at the clubhouse gate still wouldn't let her through after about a half-dozen tries with phony passes, when all her waving at Borg on the sun porch didn't work, she decided to stalk him down where he lived. She found out that most of the players were staying at either the Summit or the Roosevelt in Manhattan, which is where she spent most of the nights of the rest of the tournament. Barbara was a pioneer in her field, that of tumbling into bed with the nearest superstar. Most of the girls she knew would give their right arm, not to mention their left and right legs, to jump into the sack with Loggins or Messina or somebody from Pink Floyd. But a tennis player was something else again, a new notch in her clear-plastic belt.

Which is not to say that the youth movement in tennis has brought with it an onslaught of loose morality for everyone. God, no. Evert is still a virgin. There is documented proof of this: His name is Jimmy Connors. And Jimmy Connors still loves his mother, even though he's not too big on apple pie. His mother is the one who almost broke him and Chrissie up. She doesn't like his spending all those late nights out with her. She brought him up to be a tennis player, not a stud service. She could have raised a race horse for that. There would be plenty of time for sex when he got older, but first he had to become the best tennis player in the world. That was the game plan, and no little girl with bows in her hair was going to screw it up, either figuratively or literally.

Ilie Nastase, Connors' friend, would kid him about it all the time in the clubhouse. "Hey, Mr. Superstar," Ilie would say, "your momma gonna let you out to play tonight?" Connors would chuckle and blush. Here was Connors the legend, the soon-to-be millionaire, the number-one-ranked men's tennis player in the world, grounded by his mother on a Saturday night.

It would have been laughable except that Chrissie Evert didn't think it was so funny. She really wanted to get married, though a lot of people couldn't understand why, at this point in her career, at this moment of perfection. There was still so much to be won. It was no time for her to settle down. It would be like Secretariat's retiring to the farm after the Preakness.

Chrissie and Jimmy were the big story at Forest Hills last year. Both were at the top. Both had just won Wimbledon. Both were getting married, to each other, in November. At least that's what was planned. Chrissie couldn't make it through a press conference without being asked about the wedding. And always her face would get stiff and she would stare back and answer coldly, Yes, it was still on for November.

No, it wasn't. Right after Forest Hills, they announced that it would be put off until December, maybe later, maybe permanently. It was a decision that had been made during the two weeks of Forest Hills. Jimmy's mother was trying to call the whole thing off. Not that she really had anything against Chrissie. It's just that her boy had been promised to that racket a long time before. This got Chrissie very upset, so upset, some people said, that it affected her game. She struggled through the quarter finals, only to lose it all in the semis. Her concentration seemed gone.

Chrissie is used to getting her way. At 19, she's the best female tennis player in the world. It was all very well planned. She was raised in a tennis family, brought up to play tennis like a little windup machine. Some people—some of the older players, for sure—fault her for that, for being so mechanical about the game, so unemotional. She's a machine, all right, but she's a devastating and precise machine, a machine that wins.

Julie Heldman, one of the older hands on the tour, who also has deep roots in a tennis family, has been annihilated by the Evert machine a few times. "A lot of the women on the tour don't like her," Heldman said. "A lot of them think she's a spoiled brat. Well, maybe she is, but she's still a kid, you know. Christ, if I won that often, I'd *(Continued on page 116)*

BRIGITTE
AND
THE BIG
BITE
Ms. Streubel
Dared All in Writing
Flesh Eater

Sin began
when
Adam's lips first
touched
the breast of Eve.
There was
no apple.
—STREUBEL, 1970

"The feeling at first is overpowering, ultimate, like opening your legs to a demon lover." Brigitte Streubel is speaking of poetry. "I am a physical poetess," she says, "trying to express in words the subtle mysteries and consuming lusts of the flesh. I sometimes think a cannibal would be the ultimate lover." One would be foolish to argue. Since her poems were first published in a German underground newspaper, the striking 26-year-old blonde has become a celebrity to the young and somewhat of a headache to the Bonn government. Her sexual allusions to certain cabinet ministers are at times painfully obvious. "They are silly at best," Brigitte contends. "In a country where prostitution is legal and open, where *any* type of sex one wishes is easily available, they feel embarrassed. Power, at its core, is also an expression of lust. A cabinet minister is the social equivalent of a satyr." We wonder why that would upset anybody. Perhaps it is because she fits her poems so well. When her first slim volume of collected works, *Flesh Eater*, was published last summer, she posed for the dust-jacket photo gently holding her naked breast (the opening photo of this series). One critic wrote: "Ms. Streubel was born out of her time. The pagan virtues she extols, physically as well as metaphorically (as one can see from her photograph), are something from the distant

The warrior has
strong hands
and a savage heart.
I dream of him
with longing. . . .
—STREUBEL, 1972

There is beauty
to desire,
subtle in its poses,
glorious
in release.
—STREUBEL, 1973

past: a world without sin, because no act is considered sinful."

"Yes, the critic is right. I am a pagan. My mother was French, my father German Ancient enemies. Perhaps it was the mixture that makes me feel more Teutonic than German, I do not know. Whatever it may be comes out in my poetry. It is the truest part of me. Don't you see? Even my posing for your magazine is poesy. Physical poetry. An immediate expression without words. Perhaps I should have been a photographer." Perhaps. Yet it is uncommon for a woman to be so outspoken in her passions. "That is what my lovers think. They also do not understand. It is the mind, not the body, that is the root of passion. Through my poetry, I attempt to show the beauty of carnality, the virtue of joy. When these are evident, the difference will be understood." What difference? "That between coupling and mating." Yet you never use the word love. "It has been used to death. It is there, but better understood unspoken. In Hamburg, where I live, on the famous Street of Women, one can feel the shame of the women and of the men who use them. The law has really changed nothing for them. Pleasure is no longer a crime, but it is still a sin." We are impressed. Her next book, she tells us, will be a novel (working title: *The Diary of Eurydice*). "It is a twist on the Orpheus legend. Eurydice wishes to stay in hell because she has fallen in love with the spirit of a Phoenician warrior." Of course. ■

Produced by Jean Demachy/Photographed by Francis Giacobetti

Gershon Legman doesn't TELL DIRTY JOKES...

BY JOHN VINOCUR—"You goddamn *Time* guys, you're all alike in your blue shirts," Gershon Legman is complaining. "Praising Marlon Brando. The primitive. A man of culture does not fuck a woman up the ass, I don't care what the script says." I remind him that I'm from OUI, not *Time*, but he doesn't care. Irritation has set in and he's into a supersulk. Crossing one leg of sloppy white duck over the other, scratching at the white stubble on his face and pulling his Wonder Warthog T-shirt down over two and a half ripples of precardiac gut, Legman looks like an irritated baker on a cigarette break. Can this be the world's greatest scholar of the dirty joke? It's easier to see the aging Prometheus who, having written *Love and Death: A Study in Censorship* (maybe the first book to elucidate the 20th Century paradox: Sex is obscene, violence and sadism aren't), found himself hounded abroad by McCarthyite enemies, leading in impotent rage in the brier-patch boonies outside Antibes, where now we sit in his tiny brick studio—financed out of an inheritance from a horse-trading Hungarian uncle who made a bundle during a World War Two glue shortage. Alongside the studio is La Clé des Champs—The Key to the Fields—a beat-up two-room house, like a French sharecropper's cabin, where he keeps his young wife, his fourth, and several barefoot, frequently naked children

Illustration by Peter Lloyd

GERSHON LEGMAN *"I don't like jokes at all. After they get that nervous laugh, they're depressing. I'm a poor raconteur and I never laugh. This wife has seen me laugh once. It upset her."*

who speak no English, yet whose French comes out with atrocious American accents. The children have the run of most of the Legman property, marked off by Poppa with wooden seltzer-bottle crates. The only place they must ask permission to visit is the studio, housing, as it does, one of the world's great private collections of erotica (after Legman's death, it will be divided among the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Kinsey Institute) and a life's-work assemblage of 60,000 dirty jokes—cataloged, annotated, analyzed and cross-referenced.

The jokes are the raw material of Legman's massive two-volume study, *Rationale of the Dirty Joke*. The first series, published in a celebrated Grove Press edition in 1968, sold 17,000 copies at $15 a hardcover pop, then went into paperback and four foreign languages. It is an 800-page mastodon of lay Freudian analysis, convoluted footnotes and learned allusions, gynecological and obstetrical admonitions and attacks on comic books, vaginal deodorants, circumcision and Philip Roth—all laced around stories of dirty-talking parrots, precocious children and newlyweds who put condoms over their heads. The second volume, also 800 pages, but this time on the themes of castration, homosexuality, smegma, snot, toe punk, maggots and fecal meals, sits in loose-leaf binders on the studio shelves. It is this volume that is in large part responsible for the vast underground reputation Legman enjoys among archivists, folklorists and scholars. It also explains his bad humor. Nobody wants to publish the book; but Legman the truth teller will not change a word of the manuscript, not alter even the almost unreadable *croûte* he's baked around the jokes. The volume is, he thinks, the ultimate explanation of the only humor that counts, the kind that offends people the most.

For the moment, he is digressing magnificently on how origami once saved his young ass in Georgia. It is a story I have had to wheedle out of him.

"I walked out of *Last Tango*," he says. "I find anal intercourse dirty and unpleasant. You know what convicts are always saying to the pretty young boys who get thrown in with them? They say, 'Your shit on my prick or your blood on my blade.' I know. I was in Georgia one time collecting ballads and jokes and I got thrown into the tank. I was just out of my teens and I suppose I had some sex appeal. I knew what was going to happen to me if I didn't act quickly.

"So, to distract the glowering rednecks, I started tearing paper from my notebook and folding it as fast as I could. Birds, swans, trees—all with a bit of patter to explain the origins of origami. It didn't work exactly as I had expected, but it scared them to death and got their minds off my ass. People were banging on the floor and shouting for the jailer to come. Then they cursed him out for putting a nut case in with them and said they wouldn't stand for my corrupting the tank. I was moved into solitary, which is how I escaped pederastic rape."

Behind Legman, a flashback photo of himself faces the morning unsmilingly. And no smile lights the corners of his mouth when he remembers the dispute of Talmudic minuteness that pre-empted his resignation from the U. S. Origami Association over a badly bent corner. Not even jokes make Legman smile much. For years, he has been turning people off by grimacing at their punch lines. But he has gone home and written them down, because, like origami, "jokes create an arsenal for you, a defense to turn away some attacker."

In the introduction to the second volume, Legman returns to the catalytic moment in his childhood: "At the age of ten, at William Prescott Public School number 38 in Scranton, Pennsylvania, I was held down spread-eagled after school by the larger boys in my class, and the Hebrew letters for the word kosher were written on my head with the juice squeezed out of the horse-manure balls left behind in the streets. I was then informed that I had killed Christ and that I ought to be killed myself and would be if I continued to get better marks than they did. The horseshit balls were then stuffed into my mouth."

Legman had already been clipping jokes from *Literary Digest*, pasting them on both sides of paper and then arranging them by subject. He had also been recording the Johnny-told-the-teacher jokes he heard from his sister. Now, instead of running, he spewed the jokes back at his Christian neighbors. But the situation was beyond humor. The jokes were only a means of stopping the horseshit. "I don't really like jokes at all," Legman says. "After they get that nervous laugh, they're depressing. I'm a poor raconteur and I never laugh. Maybe a little titsatibitsa laugh, but yokchatabotcha, hah-hah-hah—no. This wife has seen me laugh once. It upset her."

Can it be Legman's destiny to have escaped from Scranton Polacks and Georgia pederasts only to fall into the hands of New York publishers? In 1953, a psychology-book publisher named Henry Schuman read a short article by Legman on scatological humor and commissioned him to write a book on the general subject of dirty jokes. That was the beginning.

"One of the chapters I wrote was on food dirtying, or what I call the defiling of the mother. I try to make a correlation between food and the mother's breast. If you have problems about your mother, you're going to have food and digestion problems. Hence jokes about 'people who jerk off into the mashed potatoes.' Schuman said, 'That would be a great title for a movie.' That should have been a warning to me. I had another one, too. He had told me his own favorite joke. It had to do with a $500-a-lay whorehouse where the customer's cock is put on a plate and heaped with ice cream, almonds and cherries. The girl starts to eat it, but the man stops her, saying, 'At these prices, I'll eat it myself.' So Schuman read the manuscript and said that it was great but that the food-dirtying chapter had to be rewritten because it was too strong for America. I wrote back, asking, 'Is it too strong for America or too strong for you, Henry?' "

Legman has since made $8000 in look-see money. "Publishers extrapolate their anxieties onto the country and they assume the country isn't ready for what sticks in their own craw. The publishers always pick a different chapter as offensive. One guy told me that the shit-jokes chapter was too much and that we should cut it out completely. Two people have told me that the chapter on castration jokes is unacceptable. One said that it was unscientific, the other said it was nauseating. Who do you believe? Editors come and go. If you are going to let your balls be twisted by these people, in six years you stand a very good chance of having your balls twisted by six different editors. My balls are not made of brass."

•

Lunch break. For a man who doesn't drive, Legman knows an awful lot about rental cars. "So they stuck you with a Simca," he says, recommending here a downshift, there a little braking. I am reminded of a passage from John Clellon Holmes's piece about Legman in America: "It took me a long time to realize," Holmes says, "that people went away from Legman—their psyches stripped naked, their defenses in tatters, their nerves in that odd *hum* of exhaustion—feeling somehow incalculably better than they had when they came. For there was an aura of total freedom about him, of honesty without mercy, of having nothing to lose, that made you realize that your usual social armor was unnecessary, slightly silly, an impediment—even as he hacked away at it like some psychiatric Genghis Khan."

At lunchtime, I was already feeling the hacking and the "odd *hum* of exhaustion," but not expecting to feel "incalculably better" later. Legman is testy and lively. He *(Continued on page 126)*

HANKY SPANKY

HOW CLASSIC FRENCH PORN PULLED DOWN ITS PANTS AND LEARNED TO LOVE THE WHIP

The slap of the hand, the red of the buttocks. Spanking, as a friend of ours once said, can be fun. Americans have tended to restrict this activity to the privacy of the home, pretending that spanking was solely a means of punishment. The English, never ones to let a private pleasure escape a public institution, put spanking in the schools where it belonged. Rather than walk around with the telltale pink hand, British spankers invented the cane. The French, bemused as always by their cousins across the Channel, put their spankings between covers and onto cards. These wonders were sold over the counter to the French public, who know a good erotic drawing when they see one, and sneaked under the counter to the British. Spanking prints reached a peak at the turn of the century, when naughty notions first came into bloom, and continued well into the Depression. A few of the best were offered at a private sale to our editor on his last trip to Paris while he was standing next to the Eiffel Tower. The novels that accompanied these illustrations were set at boarding schools, private mansions or other suitably secluded spots. Innocent Miss Bottomthrob would arrive and be instructed in her duties. Sooner or later, she would do something wrong: You know, eat the salad with the wrong fork, forget to curtsy when the mistress walked by, improperly conjugate the verb *se coucher*. In all instances, the punishment was the same: girl bent over, skirt went up, panties were pulled down. That revolutionary aristocrat, the Marquis

Left: the proper relationship between teacher and pupil. You will note that both seem to enjoy the pedagogical experience. Right: an evening's entertainment at *Mme. Clerval's Boarding School*, a novel of the 1920s. This demonstrates the dangers of too much activity with an open hand.

WHETHER BY WHIP, BY PADDLE OR BY HAND, A PROPER SPANKING IS BOUND TO STING

de Sade, had long ago informed the French public how to spare the hand without spoiling the ass. These spankings were administered by whip. At first, the young innocents would cry, but as their bottoms tingled in the first full flush of post-punishment *tristesse*, they learned to love the whip. They anticipated that first tantalizing stroke as it was gently pulled across the flesh, squirmed as the light overture beat its inevitable rhythm and longed for the tough, hard finish of the implement's other end. Best were the final four strokes, given with the whipper's own naked hand. The girls began to beg to be restrained. They longed to ride to town in order to select the perfect riding crop. The masters sometimes refused. Cruel masters. Happy girls. One of the best known of these novels was *Souvenirs of a Russian Dancer*, whose heroine is offered to a rich household: "They gave me as a toy to their daughter, who was ten at the time. I was immediately initiated into the use of the whip. My mistress gave one of the oldest girls the order to lift up my skirt and gave me five or six violent blows on the buttocks. They started to burn like hell. After that amusement, the demon undressed me in order to more fully appreciate the value of her new toy. She examined me from my hair to my toes, asked me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue. Then she felt my arms and legs, measured my thighs and buttocks. Finally she gave me two more blows with her nervous little hand, which reinforced the burn on my bottom. As I was putting my clothes back on, she ordered one of the girls to lift my skirt and blouse. She wanted me to know what I could expect if I made the slightest mistake." Later, she tells us, "Married women would whip me while their husbands would hold me tight between their legs. Sometimes they would switch roles. Thus would they reanimate the dying ashes of their marriage, at the cost of my bottom."

Now, class, 1,2,3: picture postcards during the Thirties: Bottoms are round, rulers are straight. The intersection of two geometric concepts causes the color red. 4,5,6: In which we learn that the anticipation of a good blow can be as pleasurable as the spanking itself. 7 through 12 are taken from the novel *Tamed By the Whip*, in which young ladies (and one lucky man) confront flesh and leather. Note the delicate whip marks in numbers 8 and 9, the protective covering in 7 and the delighted expressions on the faces of those with the stinging hand.

1

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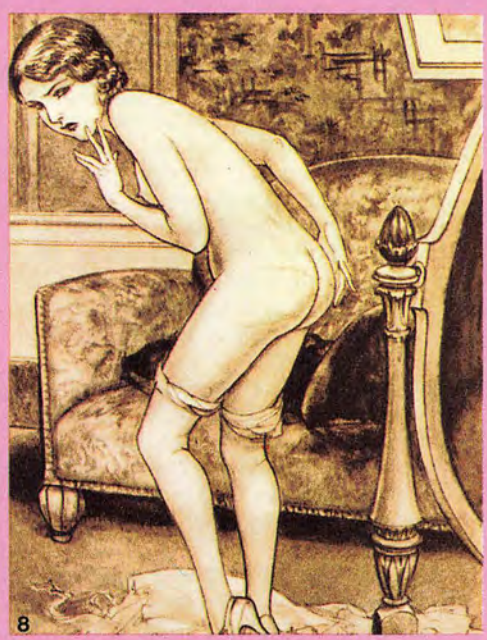
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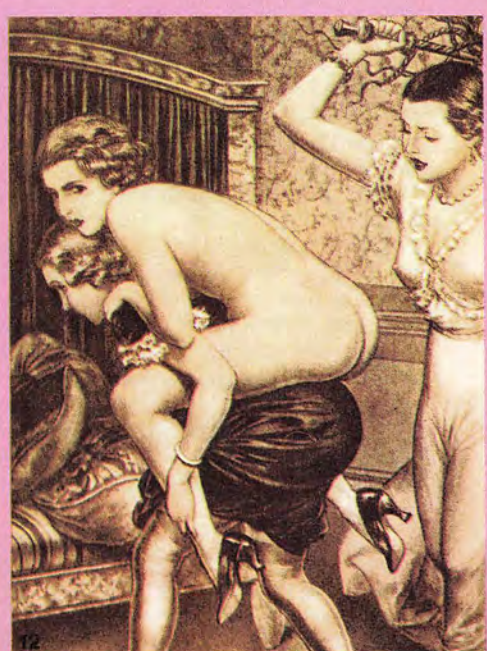

12

MARK FRECHETTE *Mel Lyman's doctrine is that "painful recognition" is healthy. Frechette's only problem, as he sees it, was applying Lyman Family standards to an ignorant world.*

(Continued from page 40) Frechette is standing near one such window and his back and shoulders, silhouetted against the square of dirty light, appear to have an overpadded bulk, like a zoot suit from *Guys and Dolls*. Compared with MCI Walpole, the neighboring maximum-security lockup, MCI Norfolk has little violence, but it is violent enough. Frechette's size is his best protection. His body has lost the frail angularity it had in *Zabriskie Point* and gained in its place the exaggerated musculature of a *Playgirl* pinup. Frechette attributes this change to the prison diet, mainly starch, and a weight-lifting regime he pursues to let off steam. Whatever its origins, whatever its protective worth, he carries this new body awkwardly, as though it doesn't quite fit. He moves almost in slow motion, settling into a chair, crossing his arms or a leg; he might be wearing a space suit for the time it takes. His head and shoulders seem to have met by accident. The head that tops his large, slow shoulders has a boyish face with chiseled features that change rapidly and delicately from mood to mood. The mood, as he stares out that window to the prison gardens beyond, is cynicism.

It is a prison policy that all inmates be "gainfully employed," and for some, like one old-timer in Frechette's cell block, that means long hours gardening. For others, it means scrubbing out latrines, mopping halls or doing the prison laundry. For Frechette and his partner, Terry Bernhard, it means K.P. duty, which keeps them gainfully employed some four hours daily. To fill the rest of his day, Frechette has set himself a regular program of reading. Characteristically, there is an element of dramatic irony, even narcissism, to his literary choices. Sitting in prison, he reads about prison. He has read Solzhenitsyn straight through and clearly sees himself as the prototypal Solzhenitsyn hero, the political prisoner. It is a not surprising self-image for someone who came of age in the Sixties.

"We robbed that bank for the money," Frechette jokes at first. "Why does *anybody* rob a bank?" He's got a point, but it's a phony one. *Nobody* robs his own bank for the money, and Frechette's face was too well known for anonymity; Boston just doesn't have a surplus of resident movie stars. "Actually, it was a symbolic robbery," Frechette explains. "At least it certainly worked out that way!" He laughs like a little kid at his own joke; then, suddenly, he is deadly earnest.

"I am afflicted by a political conscience. We did it as a revolutionary act, an act of political protest. We had been watching the Watergate hearings on television and we saw John Dean tell the truth and we saw Mitchell and Stans lie about it. We saw the American people sinking deeper and deeper into apathy and we felt an intense rage. They did not know the truth and did not want to know the truth. We knew the truth and wanted to show it to them. Because banks are Federally insured, robbing that bank was a way of robbing Richard Nixon without hurting anybody."

Viewed from his perspective, his jail term springs less from the fact of a single, bungled crime than from the more heroic fact of steering a collision course against a decadent state. There is no cause to doubt the sincerity of his claim, but there were other factors involved. Most important among them was Frechette's faith in the teachings of a man who sets great store in honesty and "doing up front" what your heart tells you is right; a man who understands the importance of subtle power relationships; a man who gained great influence over little tribes of followers in many corners of America—Melvin Lyman.

It is Mel Lyman's doctrine that confrontation and "painful recognition" are very healthy things. Mark Frechette believes that. Frechette's only problem, his only error, as he sees it—and a colossal one, at that—was in applying standards of the Lyman Family to an ignorant and imperceptive world.

He should have known better. In fact, once upon a time, back in the days before he accepted Lyman's teachings, he did know better. As he remembers his first exposure to Lyman's ideas: "I thought, 'What nonsense! The nerve of some people!' "

But now Frechette has with him a copy of Lyman's book, *Mirror at the End of the Road*, which he strokes as if it were a living thing. "A lot of people here have gotten into Melvin's book," he volunteers. "It never sold well outside—it was never publicized properly—but it's doing well in prisons all over the country. And a lot of people here are getting into Melvin's music as well. Terry and I play Melvin's music all the time, so there's a lot higher energy level in our two cells than anywhere else in this joint."

There's a lot higher energy level in Frechette when he talks about Lyman. His features glide into the realm occupied by wonder and awe. His voice gains momentum, volume and an evangelical cadence as he paces the room, gesturing dramatically, as though by sheer, raw, emotional energy he would telegraph belief in Melvin Lyman. "Last night, I listened to some of Melvin's music," he exclaims. "I'm talking about *The Road* tape Melvin made last spring! That tape was the antithesis, the total, diametrically opposite side of the universe from that guy's getting his guts spilled under my window. I listened to it and I was free!" For a moment, Frechette looks like freedom incarnate. He stands with his legs spread, arms akimbo, head thrown back defiantly and eyes flashing. "I was carried right away!" he concludes.

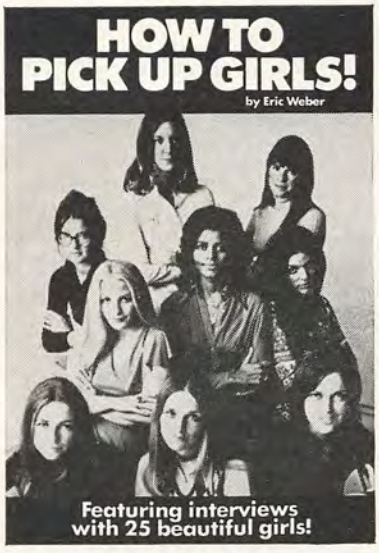
That much is obvious. What is less obvious, to anyone but himself, is why Mark Frechette was carried away by Melvin Lyman in the first place. The most startling fact about Frechette's formative years is the resemblance they bear to many other people's. Born in 1947, one of four children in an upwardly mobile Roman Catholic family, Frechette did well in grade school, less well in junior high and dropped out entirely his senior year in high school. After that, he drank a lot and ran around enough to get something of a reputation with the local (Fairfield, Connecticut) authorities. He met a girl, got her pregnant, married her and got her pregnant again. They had two fine sons and a lousy marriage. The wife, Betsy, moved out, then moved back again. They fought. He felt trapped. He couldn't—or wouldn't—hold a straight job. He wanted freedom. She wanted security. It's a classic story except for one twist: At that point, Frechette discovered Melvin Lyman.

"It was a very confused time for me," Frechette remembers. "But I guess it was a confused time for everyone—at least politically, with the war and all. Everyone was searching for something, and I felt that I had been searching for a long time. Since Kennedy's death, really. I was looking for something and I didn't know what it was and I didn't even know for sure that it existed. Then I ran across an article Melvin had written and, later, I realized he was telling the truth, the absolute truth, and that meant something to me. I was grateful to him and wanted to express my gratitude, but I didn't have a way. I needed a chance to show him."

To hear Frechette tell it, there is nothing at all odd about such a conversion, nothing at all odd in such an intense feeling of gratitude to a total stranger. Yet many people read Lyman's *Avatar* articles and were not converted. Most experienced no overwhelming sense of gratitude. Frechette himself has probably hit on the real explanation for his own openness to Lyman: "Maybe you have to be all the way down to see the truth in it." What with parent trouble, law trouble, wife trouble and money trouble, Frechette had reasons to be all the way down. In fact, he had nearly *every* reason to be all the way down.

Mark Frechette wanted a way to show Lyman he was grateful, and in his sudden discovery by Antonioni, he got a chance to show Lyman and everybody

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!



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MARK FRECHETTE *When kidded that he makes Lyman sound as though he glows in the dark, Frechette snaps out of his reverie. "Maybe he does!" he says. "Maybe he does!"*

else. Frechette was a convert waiting for his audience with God. A few days before he left Boston for the *Zabriskie Point* set, the audience was granted.

Lyman welcomed the nova movie star warmly. "Melvin was sitting in the kitchen and he said, 'Hi, I'm Mel,' just like that. I filled him in on what was coming down and offered to try to get him a line on some used cameras. I remembered an ad from the *Avatar* that said they needed some movie equipment." Frechette pauses and leans a little closer and his voice softens with reverence or emotion. "We talked for a couple of hours. Melvin talked about films, about how great films were made, about films he had made and that he wanted to make. At one point, I stopped and said, 'What's that humming?' I mean, my ears were absolutely ringing. Melvin laughed. The whole room was full of his spirit."

When kidded that he makes Lyman sound as though he glows in the dark, Frechette snaps out of his reverie with a laugh. "Maybe he does!" he says, chuckling. "Maybe Melvin does!"

This is no joke. As Antonioni learned, belief in Melvin Lyman is a very serious matter.

There are catchier names for a guru and there are gurus who look and act a good deal more the part than Lyman. True, Lyman made the cover of *Rolling Stone*, but hardly in the haloed light in which Frechette saw him. Although the article was titled "The Lyman Family's Holy Siege of America," Lyman was portrayed as an unholy mind fucker, an antichrist more in the Manson tradition than in the Biblical one. The article read like a roll call of an updated Inquisition; it seemed that Lyman's victims had suffered unspeakable horrors and been permanently sent around the bend. In fact, they had simply been scared out of their wits and their money by that oldest and most effective weapon in the arsenal of religious sects, *guilt*. For you must understand, to his followers, Melvin Lyman is more than a guru. He is a god.

Back in 1965, when Lyman began to gather a community around himself, he was known to the world as a banjo player and a harpist of the first order and to his friends as a slight but charismatic man who suffered from bad teeth, frequent bouts of bowel trouble, woman trouble and depression. A coterie knew him as a member of the Jim Kweskin Jug Band, a performing group that, coincidentally, included a singer named Maria Muldaur. The band was revered by folk-music freaks, and it never occurred to any of them that Lyman (or Muldaur, for that matter) would have a wider success. Ten years later, Lyman is the leader of a devout personality cult numbering into the hundreds. To his friends, who have become his followers, he is known as a messiah, a savior suffering these days from bad press and frequent bouts of misinterpretation and repression. "Of course he's God," says one longtime follower. "I can't *explain* Melvin," says Frechette. "He's a perfect being, that's all."

For a decade now, Lyman has been the hub of an ever-widening circle of people whose lives revolve around his. Many people, having once entered his orbital field, find it difficult to pull free even if they want to—which many do not. In some cases, a tug of war develops between the Lyman Family and the natal family. It is not an even match. "The Lyman Family *is* my real family," says Frechette. "Sometimes, blood doesn't work out to be as thick as it should be."

In 1968, Lyman and his close friends, white intellectuals every one, moved from the ivory tower of Cambridge academia to a different kind of tower, in the very heart of Roxbury, Boston's black town. Frechette made that same pilgrimage. Unlike much of Boston, which is robust red, Roxbury is riddled with decaying wooden tenements, gangrenous greens and grays, the colors of neglect and malnutrition. Many of the tenements are abandoned; their empty windows stare blankly above porches that sag like the jaws of the very old and helpless. Above all this looms Roxbury's own scenic wonder: a watchtower thrusting 70 feet from atop Fort Hill. Viewed quickly and at a distance, the Fort Hill tower appears as a solitary stone sword, ancient and Arthurian. Its point thrusts down, buried deep in the bosom of the hill, while its massive hilt juts skyward, waiting for the giant hand that will wrest it from the stone. Viewed more slowly and closer at hand, the tower is a cylinder of pale stone darkened by grime and topped off by a knotty crow's-nest that bristles with awkward angles. It has at its base a small A-frame magazine, which it overwhelms entirely. Rising from that magazine like a cathedral steeple grafted onto a chapel, the tower dominates the cluster of houses at its foot as completely as cathedrals did their small cathedral towns. Those are Melvin Lyman's houses.

Built in 1775, the watchtower is a remnant of the Roxbury High Fort, critical to Revolutionary defenses during the siege of Boston. Two centuries later, the hilltop is once again a fortress. Within shadow's range of the ancient watchtower, a stone wall looms between "the world" and the Lyman Family complex, a maze of interconnected houses. Much time was devoted to the building of that wall. It is made not of brick or of ordinary fieldstone but of boulders. It stands twice the height of a tall man. Make no mistake: It is a serious wall.

Behind that wall is a different world from the one that most people know. The Lyman Family underscores its otherworldliness in a number of small ways. The members do not, for example, keep daylight-saving time; so, for half a year, the Family clocks run an hour slower than world time (as they call it). Even allowing for that difference, the Family keeps no schedule as most people know it. Lyman exerts a tidal influence on his followers that allows him to make waves whenever—and however—he chooses. Depending on the cycle that he sets, the Family's brutally long workday might start at any hour at all.

Within Mel Lyman's world, no detail, however small, escapes his attention. His eye is on the sparrow and his followers are on their marks, ready to race down whatever path he sets for them. Sometimes there is a ban on procreation; sometimes, a ban on conversation. Sometimes Lyman's directives seem capricious—regulating the number and frequency of his followers' showers, for example; other times, they seem unconscionably cruel, as when he separates lovers.

Disparate types of people choose to live as members of the amoeboid Lyman Family, rather than go it on their own "out in the world." Some of these are weak personalities, dependent and just plain scared. For them, the Family provides an encapsulated universe as cloistered as any convent or monastery. Others are strong personalities, and for them, the Family functions as a base of operations and a secure fortress between forays to the outside. Pretty much across the board, Family members are xenophobic and insular. The world outside *their* world becomes a threat whenever it approaches the wall.

Although it is a definite tossup as to whether the Lyman Family finds the outside world more threatening or vice versa, almost from its inception, the group has aroused curiosity and fear in outsiders. While people watched and wondered, the Lyman Family turned itself inward, incubating the Lyman philosophy as it would a golden egg. That philosophy—hatched on the waiting world through the *Avatar*—first appeared as a whimsical mixture of wit and *Weltschmerz* but soon took on the tone and trappings of wisdom.

In its early days, the *Avatar* was a scrappy, street-fighting paper whose hawkers' supplies were often seized by the authorities. ("FUCK, SHIT, PISS, CUNT," read one *Avatar* pull-out.) But, by the time Mark Frechette encountered the paper in the spring of 1968, it had been largely taken over by the Lyman Family and was devoted chiefly to Lyman's own

LASSALVY

MARK FRECHETTE *If Antonioni really wanted to make a movie about America, Frechette reasoned, what better American than Melvin Lyman? What better theme music than Lyman's music?*

writing. It was better art-directed and less raunchy. It was also, in the view of the non-Lyman staffers, totally irrelevant. Banding together, they printed an issue with no mention of Lyman but retaining the *Avatar* logo printed ass backward. In retaliation, the Lyman staff members seized every issue and sold them for junk. Having effectively broken their opposition, they resumed publication as *American Avatar*, to underscore Lyman's total control. In no time at all, the paper was transubstantiated into Sacred Writ.

Chief among its commandments were honesty, frankness, openness and a belief in the worth of direct confrontation—"laying it on the line" or "putting it up front," in Sixties jargon. It had been "up front," for example, to seize the offensive *Avatar* that ignored Lyman. It was honest, not fascist, to "lay it on the line."

Within the Lyman Family itself, this code was so rigorously enacted that it had the purgative effect of either shaping people up or washing them out. Dropouts returned to "the world" with stories of mind-warping games and humiliating penances. It seemed that "direct confrontation" with the Lyman Family scared a lot of people, and rumor, being rumor, scared many more by proxy.

On the other hand, a lot of people scared the Lyman Family. If this seems unlikely, consider the fact that the declaration of Lyman's divinity divides most outsiders immediately into two camps: those who think he is a dangerous heretic who should be burned at the stake and those who think he is a dangerous nut who should be locked away. Neither response is an appropriate one in the eyes of a Lyman worshiper. Neither is easy to handle tactfully without being on the defensive against a perceived threat. And so a pattern emerges in which the Lyman Family either cloisters itself away from "the world" or enters that world overaggressively, with a show of martial colors to the enemy. Which brings us back to Mark Frechette, crusader, and his holy war to convert Michelangelo Antonioni, a nonbeliever.

•

Just below Mount Whitney, in the heart of Death Valley, there is a stark and primitive place, so sterile, so monochromatic and alien that it appears lunar. It is a dried lake bed that stretches as far as the eye can see—a sandy, negative sea. By day, it is a glaring anvil. At night, a glacier without ice. At dawn and at dusk, its weird rock formations cast sinister shadows, as gnarled as a crone's fingers. The slightest wind causes sand and shale to shift with a sidewinder's hiss. This is Zabriskie Point.

The place is not easy on the nerves, and many of the crew who traveled there with Antonioni remember the grating irritation of the place. They talk of heat and cold and a fine sand in everything and over everything and over everybody, until it nearly drove them crazy. But some of the crew remember a different irritation on set—Mark Frechette.

Frechette had been as thoroughly dazzled on his way to California as Saint Paul on the road to Damascus. He was a Lyman convert and he was out to convert the world. As one former member of the Family explains it, "This put him in an impossible situation. The minute he got into a position where he had some power, he was expected to use that power as Melvin directed. That jeopardized both his position and his power."

Beverly Walker, the *Zabriskie Point* publicist, described his zealotry in Boston's *Real Paper*:

> Nothing on earth was more important to Mark Frechette than to obey Lyman's directives: He brought copies of *Avatar* to the producer, the director, the reactionary Southern California crew and always, always, to any journalist who visited the set, tirelessly explaining over and over again the importance of nonviolence.

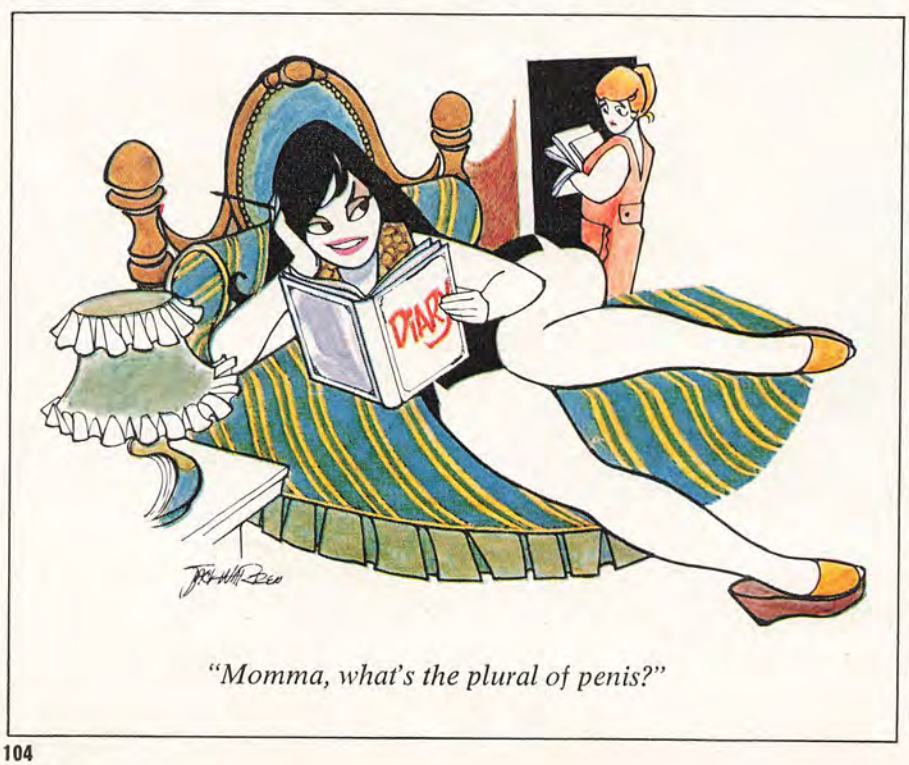
Every morning, a copy of the *Avatar* would appear on Antonioni's chair. Some days, a copy would materialize right on camera and would have to be whisked away before shooting could continue. If Antonioni really wanted to make a movie about America, Frechette reasoned, what better American to come into contact with than Melvin Lyman? For that matter, what better theme music than Lyman's music?

Antonioni would hear none of it. On the most profound philosophical levels, he and his young star differed sharply and irrevocably. He was making one movie, his movie, and Frechette wanted to make another movie, Lyman's movie. Antonioni wanted to make a movie about the violent political revolution he saw coming and Frechette wanted to make a movie about the nonviolent spiritual revolution he saw Lyman leading.

At least arguably, *Zabriskie Point* is a pro-violence film: It has perhaps a dozen deaths, a fair amount of skull cracking, some major thefts and vandalism, a graphically photographed love-in that manages to make sex look grisly and, to cap it all off, its finale is an explosion so lyrical that it makes dynamiting look like an art form worth exploring.

Even worse, Frechette himself was cast as a violent revolutionary who, among other acts, steals an airplane and terrorizes an innocent girl. For a declared advocate of nonviolence, this would have been plenty to stomach, even without Antonioni's insistence on calling the character "Mark Frechette" and giving interviews in which he said of his young stars, "They use their own names—first names and family names—in the film because the story is about them."

After months of feeling that the film



"Momma, what's the plural of penis?"

"was a big lie and totally alien," Frechette flew back to Boston and Melvin Lyman. He was not going back, Frechette told Lyman. The film had nothing to do with America and even less to do with him. The film was violent and he was nonviolent. The film was political and the revolution was spiritual. Lyman convinced him to return, which he did after extracting two promises from Antonioni: First, that he would reshoot some dialog Frechette considered too incendiary and, second, that he would visit the Lyman Family when the film was in the can.

The dialog was reshot but never used. No one but Frechette ever thought that it would be. Similarly, no one but Frechette was surprised when business suddenly called Antonioni back to Italy and that promised visit could not be made. Only much later did Frechette finally admit the worst of it to the other members of the Family. The great director had been "cold" to him. In the entire glossary of Lyman epithets, there is no more damning word.

Frechette fared better with his co-star, Daria Halprin. Like Mark, Daria was a nonprofessional, snatched by Antonioni's minions from the streets of San Francisco. Her mother was a well-known dancer and member of the San Francisco avant-garde. Daria could not have been more unlike Frechette. Yet, like Tracy and Hepburn fighting their way through a movie, the two fell in love. For that matter, they fell in love just like "Mark Frechette" and "Daria Halprin," their characters in *Zabriskie Point*. In the movie, Frechette plays a man who wins a lover and then loses her because of his politics. At the time it was released, *Zabriskie Point* was ballyhooed as the harbinger of a violent revolution, which, in reality, was not to come. But there were other, more personal predictions that the film had to offer, and with only slight variations, the offscreen lives of the two young lovers unfolded almost as scripted.

As it always does in the movies, their love and the plot bubbled right along until a complication arose. It was the usual complication, a triangle, with the added slant that the third party, Lyman, wanted them both. Frechette tried to convince Daria Halprin to return with him to the Lyman Family, but for a long time she couldn't see it. Then, quite suddenly one night, she could see it. In fact, she did see it: "I mean, it was like Melvin just paid me a little visit out in California to let me know that it was about time for me to have a reaction." Her reaction was to return to the Lyman Family with Mark Frechette.

When they arrived at the Fort Hill complex, Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette were the center of attention and affection. "We got Hollywood . . . the god and goddess of the younger generation," one Family member cheerfully crowed, only half in jest.

"Tough fight, eh, matador?"

Another told Frechette, "Even when I gave you that first free copy of the *Avatar*, I thought you were handsome enough to be a movie star."

Movie stars, like all other Family members, pour their earnings into the Family coffers, and so, when Frechette was offered a role in a Yugoslavian film, he left Daria Halprin behind and went to earn the Family bread. In his absence, she found the Hill's way of life an uphill climb. "She was too much of an individual," one Lyman Family woman recalls. There were cat fights and even fistfights. Daria couldn't accept the fact that you had to put Melvin first. Putting Melvin first is very important if you are going to survive on the Hill. Daria Halprin couldn't and didn't. Instead, she fled, claiming fear for her life.

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With one foot planted on a chair seat, Mark Frechette is suddenly doing Marlon Brando doing Stanley Kowalski. "I never wanted to be a movie star," he says from the side of his mouth, the words spilling like smoke from around the cigarette he has dangling there. "I knew how disgusting Hollywood could be. I knew about the star business. I thought it was a big ego trip I didn't need to have.

"Look!" he snaps. "I don't want to talk about that fucking film in any manner, way or form. That's just gone. That's just zero. *You got it?*" As he asks that question, his face tightens into an icy mask and two pinpricks flicker on at the back of his eyes, where they reveal a glacial scorn. Viscerally, it is a blow to the gut that catches you off guard. In concrete terms, nothing much has happened, but in cinematic terms, a great deal has happened. As a woman who shared the Lyman household with Frechette recognized: "When Mark is just standing there, he's handsome but rather bland; but when Mark is excited or angry, something extraordinary takes over. In either one of those moods, he is incredibly attractive."

Daria Halprin thought so. These days, when he is asked whether he could ever love anyone who could not accept Lyman, Frechette at first shakes his head no, then sits for a moment absolutely still, then says very softly, "There was Daria." He has also said, "Let time wash away the pain."

Without Daria, Frechette set to work with his hands, under the guidance of Mel Lyman. Setting aside his movie career, he learned a trade, carpentry, and worked hard at it. All work, but especially woodworking, is important to Lyman, and his followers do it very well. Like the Shakers, they channel much of their libidinal energy into creative carpentry. A banister may be literally sculpted into an elegant slither of wood, as liquid as music. Once, the Family labored three years building a theater for Melvin Lyman, only to have him say that the "need" had changed and they had to tear it down. They destroyed it and, with it, the option to think that Lyman might ever be wrong.

In the Lyman Family, sexual roles are rigidly divided—even enforced. For a visitor, it is a little like stepping through a time warp—over the river and through the snow—back to the days when men were "MEN" and women were "wimmin." "I know they don't do it this way out in the world anymore," observes one Lyman woman with a shake of her head. "But I'd just hate to see a tired man have to make his own coffee."

Similarly, a Lyman man says, "I'd just hate to see a lady toting garbage."

All of this might pass for simple chivalry, except that Lyman has codified

the woman's place "behind her man" and added the ominous dictum, "I have stated the Law purely and simply. *Don't break it.*"

Nobody much does.

In their long dresses, the Lyman women stand behind their men and by them. Take that bank robbery, for example. As the women of the commune, interviewed by the *Boston Phoenix*, explained it:

> It was the desperate act of three young men. . . . This was a direct response to Watergate and the soullessness and lifelessness of the country. . . . They were desperate because of the corruption.

For two months, the atmosphere in the commune had steadily worsened as the Lyman men sat glued to the television, day and night, watching the Watergate hearings run and rerun. Except for the quiet bustling of the women about their chores, there was nothing to break their concentration, no valve within the pressurized cloister to siphon off a growing head of steam.

> The reason this happened is exactly where this country is today. . . . We're bound to the soul of this country. . . . We watch things in this country because our lives have to be in tune with this country. . . . They were desperate because of the corruption . . . and the decay. . . . They were speaking for many people. . . . It was honest in the sense that it was robbing from the Government up front, while this Government has been robbing people behind their backs for years. . . .

Then, abruptly, something snapped. Call it what you will—nerves, tempers or simply self-control. Whatever snapped, it loosed a sudden flood of adrenaline and aggression. Without changing clothes, without telling any of the women where they were going, Frechette, Bernhard and Thien grabbed guns from the Family stockpile and plunged down the hill.

> Mark Frechette has always been a one-man revolution. . . . When you act out of desperation, you act for many people . . . people who would like to act but can't. . . .

They rushed off half cocked with guns half loaded. No one else could know, but they didn't think of that. There was no real thought of any kind, no plan of action, no plan of escape, only a lot of intense rage.

There was never really any time to fear. As Frechette remembers: "There was no way for us to stop. It had to happen. We were attacking everything that was choking this country to death. It never really got to the point of planning to rob a bank. We were suddenly just on our way to do it." Frechette remembers pushing through the glass doors in the bank's phony-brick façade and then . . . nothing else, except a slow-motion short that his memory plays over and over of Hercules Thien clutching at his chest and dropping to the floor.

> Of course they're innocent. How could they not be innocent? It's this dead, uncaring society that should be behind those bars. . . . This society must one day see where the guilt lies.

"This was a violent crime," observes one guard at MCI Norfolk. "What if your mother had been in that bank? It's easy to panic and push the trigger beyond the empty cartridges. It only takes a second, one tiny second without thought."

Behind the walls of MCI Norfolk, Frechette has six to fifteen years for thought, which he may not use. He repeats a motto: "There's such a thing as too much thought. The head can lie, but the heart doesn't."

In the hearts of the women of the Lyman Family, who visit the prison three times a week, there is nothing but love for Mark Frechette. "He's a beautiful man," one says. "The sort of man women fall in love with all the time, full of passion."

Perhaps Mark Frechette's heart did not lie when it told him to rob that bank. But it did not tell him the whole truth, either. It told him nothing about the death of Hercules Thien, his friend. It told him nothing about the jail sentence he has just begun to serve. It told him nothing about the dark times when he would have only the spirit of Melvin Lyman to keep him company but would still wake up crazy in the night and feel very much alone.

The nights when Mark Frechette does sleep, he sometimes dreams. In fact, he dreams the same dream over and over. In the dream, some members of the Lyman Family are helping him escape from the scene of a crime he did not commit. They flee into the mountains, driving very fast, until they come to a shack at the very top of the farthest peak. Mark Frechette enters that shack alone and finds that his father is there already, waiting for him. "What took you so long to get here?" his father asks. In answer, Frechette takes a mouth harp from his pocket and plays an American blues. The walls of the shack fall away—"and then I ride that music right out to the stars." ■

"Stop rocking the boat, Mildred, you're scaring the fish."

SHOULD SWITZERLAND BE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS? *"The gnomes aren't stupid; they don't flash bills all over town. They drive Volkswagens and keep their Rollses in Milan and their mistresses in Paris."*

(Continued from page 50) gold, the historian continues. It took U. S. threats to freeze Swiss assets in America before they consented to talk about the matter. After protracted hassling, the gnomes returned 250,000,000 of the francs to the Allies in exchange for an end to further claims. When the government of Holland tried to reopen the subject a year later on the basis of new information about millions of dollars in gold looted from Dutch banks and sold to the Swiss, the gnomes refused even to discuss it.

In the dock, the gnome squirms. In the public gallery, the investment bankers suppress their laughter. Nothing to beat these old war stories. The historian sees that he has amused them and warms up. Time for a little unprepared testimony.

"Incurably greedy, the Swiss," he continues. "Determined to maximize profits at all costs. The country is absolutely chock-full of cattle, producing Swiss cheese in vast amounts. The cheese is exported, but the manure goes into the lakes. Same thing with tourism. Every hotel and chalet in the country has been flushing its loos into the lakes for centuries. And the lakes don't drain, you see. They're just deep valleys in the mountains that happen to be full of whatever runs into them. The result is politely called eutrophication. The lakes are brown. The country can at last be seen literally to be full of it."

"Objection!" The gnome is really angry now. This is an unforgivable slur on Switzerland. If the country is full of anything, it's money, not *merde*. And he is right. For a country with no natural resources except scenery, Switzerland has done OK. Inflation is nearly invisible (exactly 74 persons were unemployed at last count), and the middle class is the only class except for gnomes who stay underground and never flaunt it. But the indictment before the tribunal charges that it is this quintessential stability that is to blame for the basic Swiss offense: the relentless attraction of vast unearned capital deposits, which gnomes manipulate selfishly, asocially and ever more ineptly.

Time was when a Swiss bank was basically a safe and secret place to store money until you wanted it. Switzerland was the sock full of louis d'or buried in Europe's back yard, the great bourgeois mattress under which life savings were hidden. Those were the good old days, when the exotic likes of Farouk and Batista and little Eva Perón shipped money by the bucketful to their numbered accounts. Iraq's Faisal, Guatemala's Arbenz and the Dominican Republic's Trujillo didn't want go-go performance; they wanted safety and discretion and they were afforded both. When Moise Tshombe landed at Geneva's Cointrin Airport with the Katanga national treasury, he wasn't seeking capital appreciation or a corner on frozen pork bellies, just a quiet spot to stash his roll. Nothing simpler. Switzerland's other specialty, besides cheese, is stability, and it isn't only dishonest politicians who find that fact attractive. Italians have sold their economy so cheaply to the gnomes that the acting capital of Italy today lies in the banking houses around the Piazza Riforma in Lugano.

Before the French narrowly elected Valéry Giscard d'Estaing last year, fears that his opponent, François Mitterrand, would win and turn the Banque Rothschild over to the Communists drove lemminglike herds of French francs into Switzerland. They flocked in along routes as old as European monetary panics—up the Rhone, down the Aare, through the deep Jural forests, over the Alps in the rucksacks of cross-country skiers and across Lake Geneva in rowboats. One Geneva stockbroker will tell the tribunal that the francs came even thicker than during the last crisis, in 1968, when French students tried to topple capitalism at the barricades on the Left Bank and sent French shopkeepers to Basel with their life savings in the trunks of their Peugeots.

"Frightened-flight capital," cries the prosecutor, "that's what they collect. Sometimes," he tells the jurists, "the money comes in attaché cases on the Pan Am red-eye special from New York over the pole to the Zurich-Kloten Airport. Sometimes it arrives by cable from Dallas, by cashier's check from Capetown, by coded computer impulse on the long-lines from Tokyo. It comes in rupees, pesos, schillings, cruzeiros, leva, kyats, yen, kroner; in Egyptian, British, Israeli, Lebanese, Syrian or Gambian pounds; in Deutsche marks, drachmas, forints, ryals, dinars, lire, Dutch guilders, bahts; in Canadian, Ethiopian, Hong Kong, Australian or U. S. dollars; in rubles, balboas, *kwachas* and other kinds of fancy paper."

All of this was bad enough in the days when the gnomes were content to pile up the money in the vaults and play with it, like Scrooge McDuck. In those days, they never did much care for the philosophy that money was grease, designed to keep us all slipping and sliding and moving around. They kept it, like oil deep beneath salt water or arctic ice or desert sand, useless, neatly counted and stacked in vaults in the Alps. Gnome banks were flashlight batteries corroded from lack of use.

"There's a lot of that still going on, of course," a New York banker who works in Zurich tells the tribunal. "The country is covered with old money, like ivy on an old mansion. Lazy money, the kind that rich old reactionaries bring in—shopping bags full of bank notes—and they insist that they want the same notes back 20 years later. Hardly gambling money. The gnomes don't even pay interest on it; in fact, they take a cut off the top just for storage. Those deposits simply sit around and act respectable and dress for dinner.

"And the gnomes aren't stupid; they don't flash their rolls all over town; they're very careful never to arouse resentment among the Swiss *bourgeoisie*. They drive Volkswagens and keep their Rollses in Milan and their mistresses safely in Paris. They don't live in castles, but they have Picassos on the dining-room wall and the best wines on the table."

The gnome protests that he doesn't drink. His objection is noted for the record.

The prosecutor interrupts the proceedings to set maps on big courtroom easels and review the unnatural history of the gnomes. For the record, he points out, Switzerland is a landlocked area about half the size of Maine. The gnomes evolved from early trolls, who extorted high fees from travelers using Alpine passes. Today, Switzerland is the only country whose national defense consists principally of an army knife. Its navy launches enormous fiduciary dreadnoughts that cruise menacingly upon the sea of liquidity. The official seal of Zurich portrays a trio of martyred Christian missionaries from the Third Century, holding in their hands their severed heads—evidently lopped off by gnomes baffled by and annoyed at their heretical vows of poverty.

The region has enjoyed various degrees of male-chauvinist democracy for 700 years (Swiss women got the vote only in 1971), but it was only after the French Revolution that Napoleon set up the Helvetic Republic. As he himself said, his empire meant that, economically, "the Alps do not exist." The good fiscal times began to roll. It was French Royalist jewelry and gold in exile that capitalized more than one gnome bank, and it was the ensuing decades of European unrest that insured neutral Switzerland's prosperity. Two million Swiss mercenaries had lugged home loot from every Continental war since the Middle Ages until the gnomes got smart and replaced rent-a-troops with the seemlier aggressions of capitalism.

In 1815, the prosperous little state got an extraordinary vote of confidence from no less an assembled quartet than Talleyrand, Metternich, the Duke of Wellington and Czar Alexander I: They were

SHOULD SWITZERLAND BE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS? *"These Swiss boys deal gold and traffic in gold, but I believe they'd like to strip down to their socks and roll in gold."*

already finding gnomic manipulations profitable. By the time of Waterloo, Switzerland was the only republic in Europe. Swiss semiliberals pulled off a tidy, brief, bloodless revolution that quieted the local aristocracy and firmly enthroned the middle class. They installed a legislature modeled, God help them, on the U. S. Congress. Then they settled back to finance both sides of the Crimean War.

During all those years, the gnomes kept their heads down in their gold-lined mountain redoubts, beating the bejesus out of helpless ingots and getting closer to the gilt god of John Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli, the Smith Brothers of moral philosophy. Those stern worthies, says the prosecutor, taught that it was permissible to sin but forbidden to enjoy sinning. Work was holiness, they declared, and gold the sober gift of God. Furthermore, as Zwingli so memorably put it, moral ambiguity was natural in life but should never be admitted.

But now the prosecutor is getting down to business. "Gnomes may be great at sitting soberly on piles of money, but the little golems just aren't as good as their exalted reputation implies at handling mankind's cash," he maintains. "Gnomes, by and large, would secretly prefer to keep their hairy-fingered paws off all those Dow charts, telex flimsies, ticker ribbon and foreign money. Their real love is for only one thing."

The gnome looks a little uncomfortable.

" 'At's rat," avers the next witness, "them boys love one thing only and 'at's gold." He's a florid Houston trader of horses and buyer of oil wells, who commutes to Zurich twice a month. "Them boys don't just trade gold the way yer Chicago commodities man trades frozen orange juice. These Swiss boys deal gold and traffic in gold, but I believe they'd like to strip down to their socks and *roll* in gold. Now, that Chicago fella, closest he ever gets to orange juice is his tequila sunrise after work, but yer gnome, he likes to feel gold, bite it, work it, beat it. . . . He likes to pound upon that gold the way yer hammer pounds upon a hoor!"

"Take it easy, podner," the prosecutor says, smiling. "There's not much gold flowing into Switzerland looking for a place to hide anymore."

A very old Zurich proverb pointedly notes that "God rules in heaven and money on earth. Even the Devil dances for gold." Once the tribunal understands the goldsmith's sour soul inhabiting gnomic breasts, it'll be easy to see why they can't work up much feeling for the human implications of the paper that they push around. Bond issues, petrocredits and I.M.F. Special Drawings Rights seem arid and unsatisfying simulacra of the real glittering thing. You can't bite the *Standard & Poor's Register* to see if it's good.

So the prosecutor is off again on his theme of gnomic mismanagement. He calls his next witness, from the London banking house of White, Weld.

"It would probably be easier for the Swiss to put the U. S. out of business than vice versa," says the expert. "The Swiss can mount incredible pressure on the dollar here in Europe and they do, almost daily. There's no comparable vulnerability to the Swiss franc. It seems impregnable, because Swiss bankers traditionally take the greatest care to see that it is kept as secure as possible. Obviously, the system favors the rich. If you have $10,000, nobody in Switzerland will give a damn about your money. The gnomes aren't interested in the leverage that one can generate with smaller amounts of venture capital. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure some of them would even know how to do it. The Swiss make money by buying enormous lots of things and paying for them with enormous lots of money. Maybe they'll buy wine futures—say, the entire 1978 Bordeaux crop, sauternes and all—for 100 million Swiss francs. Immediately, speculators all over the world are fascinated and they bid up the price and the gnomes sell. Foolproof. Some would say indecent. Probably, they keep a choice vineyard or two for themselves, wouldn't you say?"

The witness steps down.

It'll come as no surprise, the prosecutor goes on, that there was Swiss-bank involvement in the multimillion-dollar foreign-exchange losses leading to the demise of the 20th largest U. S. bank, New York's Franklin National. The seismic trembles from that jolt also shook Italy's rickety economy when it was learned that Italian financier Michele Sindona had borrowed $100,000,000 from the Banco di Roma in a futile effort to bail out Franklin National.

Crewcut U. S. Comptroller of the Currency agents appear to testify about Carlo Bordoni, the shady Sindona associate and Franklin National director whose Amincor Bank, on Zurich's Stockerstrasse, rigged foreign-exchange contracts worth some $450,000,000. The contracts were written, the agents declare, with falsely inflated security values making it appear that Franklin National's earnings were substantial when, in fact, the bank was taking enormous losses. The Amincor refuses to comment, of course, as it has done ever since the connection was revealed, on the grounds of Switzerland's banking-secrecy laws.

Internal Revenue Service investigators appear, take the oath and relate weird facts about Sindona's $1,000,000 campaign-contribution offer to Richard Nixon via Maurice Stans in 1972. Sindona made the offer, associates said, "to show his faith in America." That was a couple of months after the mysterious Italian money man purchased a 22-percent interest in Franklin National through Nixon's former New York law firm, Mudge Rose Guthrie & Alexander. The deal brought Sindona into conflict with Federal Reserve regulations, but rival bankers believe that the Fed accorded him favorable treatment after his campaign offer and after Sindona hired Nixon's former Secretary of the Treasury, David M. Kennedy, to be his financial advisor. Sindona also took the precaution of obtaining Swiss-residency papers. Officials in Milan, armed with arrest warrants for various fraud charges, report that they have so far found gnomic law uncooperative in the matter of extraditing Sindona from Geneva. One agent calls him the Robert Vesco of Europe.

Then there's testimony about the collapse of Cologne's Bankhaus I. D. Herstatt, one of West Germany's biggest private banks. The gnome is questioned closely about reports that Herstatt's massive losses through foreign-currency speculation were related to the feverish dealings that left Switzerland's mighty Union Bank some $50,000,000 poorer during one wild week last summer. Union could afford to take the loss; Herstatt couldn't.

An aggrieved official from the First National Bank of Seattle tells the tribunal that his bank's Zurich subsidiary had delivered 57,433,000 Deutsche marks to Herstatt just hours before the bank's doors were closed. Herstatt was to have paid $22,500,000 for the marks at Seattle First's New York office. But the buck stopped in Cologne. "We got time-zoned out," the official laments.

Morgan Guaranty Trust, with whom ordinary international banks and even gnomes do not trifle lightly, testifies testily that it, too, was caught with an unsecured $13,000,000 in Herstatt's trading rooms.

The Herstatt fallout fatally infected Jerusalem's Israeli-British Bank, which suspended operations due to "liquidity problems," the tribunal hears.

The gnome tries to look concerned, but the prosecutor points out that all of those foreign-exchange trading debacles failed to elicit much compassion in Zurich. He asks the gnome to explain the thinking behind such a statement as this sanctimonious gem from a senior vice-presidential gnome at the huge Swiss Bank Corporation: "Herstatt's failure

STRIP TEASE
SEX-
LIVE SHOW ...
STRIP TEASE
SEX-
LIVE SHOW ...

could be healthy if it alerts all banks to the perils of overtrading."

The gnome takes the cosmic Fifth.

The judges spend hours questioning Philippine bankers who've flown in especially to explain how their plans to enter the fast-growing Asia-dollar market were dealt a blow by the default of a Manila branch of the General Bank and Trust Company. Gnomery at work via Swiss contacts in the back rooms of the Hong Kong and Singapore stock exchanges gets the blame, and the bail-out cash isn't Swiss. The $15,600,000 necessary to keep General Bank afloat will come from the government's Development Bank of the Philippines. One government agent on the witness stand will continually pronounce the word Swiss with about eight extra Ss on the end, making him sound like an angry rattlesnake.

An Italian banker who works in Geneva tells the tribunal it's generally accepted that there's a lot of Mafia money in storage in Switzerland. "The big public banks, like Credit Suisse, won't take questionable cash, but the smaller private outfits do it gladly. And, of course, there's a *quid pro quo*: Switzerland provides a front for the Mafia and the Mafia keeps drugs away from Swiss youth."

On the subject of drugs, the tribunal hears that Basel's Hoffmann-LaRoche pharmaceutical group supplies most of the world's soporiferous Valium and Librium via its Sapac subsidiary, which is registered in New Brunswick and headquartered in Montevideo. That makes it nearly impossible to keep track of profits, but the governments of Germany and Great Britain claim that the firm's 1.5 billion dollars in annual sales results from rapacious overpricing by as much as 45 percent.

Is it a plot to dope us all into pro-gnome contentment? The accused smiles grimly: If so, it's an ignoble failure. Next, they'll be claiming that it was gnomes who turned mankind on to LSD. As a matter of fact, says the prosecutor, it was; and it was Swiss politicians who later denied political asylum to Timothy Leary.

In the dock, the gnome stands, clears his throat and launches into his defense:

"Castles are sacked in war, chieftains are scattered far; kings are deposed, governments fall, currencies become worthless, families break apart, wives leave husbands, husbands leave wives, children turn on their parents, mobs whirl in the streets—all like one of the Brueghels in the Swiss museums. If governments were not corrupt, if paper currencies did not depreciate, if taxes were fair, if there were no wars, if humanity were not so fallible—then there would be no need of Switzerland. But the world is like that, and if Switzerland did not exist, to paraphrase Voltaire, it would have to be invented."

As the gnome can't put it better himself, he'll stand on a passage from Adam Smith's book *Supermoney*. Smith is actually the pseudonym of Gerry Goodman, a financial writer who reportedly dropped a bundle in the Home-Stake Productions oil-fraud scam. He also *made* a bundle with *The Money Game* and its sequel. In *Supermoney*, he entertainingly examines the somewhat elastic Swiss ethic of financial stewardship. The gnome loves it.

"Never mind the people who brought it there," Goodman paraphrases gnomic morality; "it is the money that is immortal, to be tended like a delicate flower by God's own anointed gardeners."

Such a fiscal florist is the prosecutor's star rebuttal witness, Paul Erdman. It's time now for Erdman to tell a little about what running a Swiss bank was really like.

Erdman got his first whiff of Switzerland when his American father, a Lutheran minister, sent him to Concordia College in St. Louis. There he met and married a native Baseler named Helly, then enrolled in the School of Foreign Affairs at Georgetown University and worked briefly as an editorial assistant on *The Washington Post*.

Then, alas for gnomery, Erdman and Helly returned to her home town, where he enrolled at the University of Basel. The first hint of the trouble he was to cause came in 1959, when the Swiss *Bundesrat* in Bern tried to prevent publication of his *summa cum laude* Ph.D. dissertation on Swiss-U. S. economic relations.

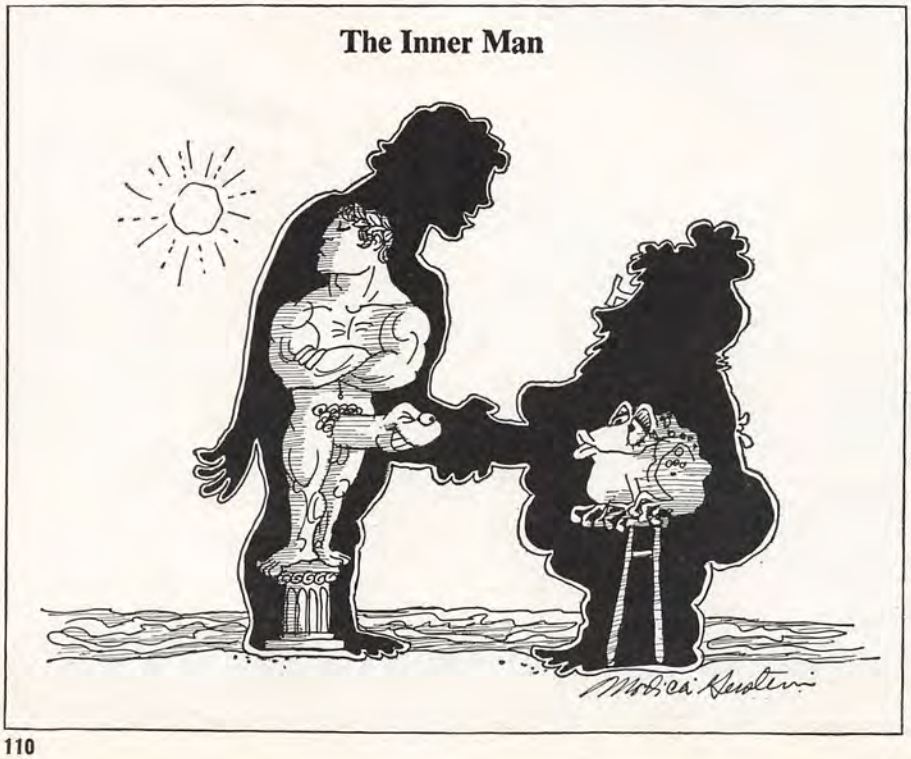
Erdman traced the rocky friendship between the two countries as far back as the 18th Century, when U. S. revenue bonds were first traded in Zurich. He pointed to embarrassing parallels in the origins of Swiss and U. S. foreign policies—the way both gnomes and George Washington professed political neutrality and used that stance to mask clandestine economic imperialism abroad.

No flags fly over Swiss holdings in foreign lands, he noted, but the links of ownership are strong.

The prosecutor asks Erdman to tell what really riled the gnomes about his dissertation.

"In the last year of World War Two," Erdman says, "Germany was obviously defeated, but Switzerland remained the only country still supplying armaments to the Nazis. Mostly, they came from an outfit called Oerlikon in Zurich. In payment, Switzerland got most of the Berlin Reichsbank's remaining assets and the loot from the banks of various conquered nations. The Swiss foreign minister was pro-Nazi, which explains part of it. The rest was simple avarice. In the spring of 1945, the Allies finally threatened Switzerland with a full-scale embargo if she didn't cut it out. Bern finally halted the arms shipments, but they continued to

The Inner Man



permit railroading of other supplies from Germany to northern Italy, where the fighting was very heavy. Switzerland is famous for pious references to its neutrality, but the country is really run by a bunch of capitalist wheeler-dealers, who didn't like my writing about them."

The gnome's face confirms this last remark.

The prosecutor points out passages in Erdman's book that state the U. S. was the only country that would feed the Swiss during World War One. U. S. freighters dodged German U-boats to deliver 95 percent of the wheat Switzerland needed. So accustomed did gnomery become to cozy relations with Washington—a Swiss politician named William Rappart was a personal pal of Woodrow Wilson's—that mass protest meetings were held all over the Alps when the infamous Hawley-Smoot protectionist tariffs were levied during the Depression, denting the Swiss watch, cheese and textile markets. Convenient exemptions were negotiated.

"The Swiss didn't like all that old stuff raked over at all," Erdman says.

The prosecutor points out that Erdman managed to get his dissertation printed but that gnomes with long memories gleefully jailed him without official charges when his bank failed years later.

Erdman's legendary United California Bank in Basel collapsed, dramatically, in 1970 when its chief commodities trader a gnome named Bernard Kunmerli, bought $153,000,000 worth of cocoa-bean futures just before the bean market disappeared into a bottomless Alpine crevasse. Big Swiss traders, such as Nestlé, were covered, but Erdman was out about $40,000,000. "I was also out of circulation," he says. The arrest warrant read "*Verdacht der ungetreuen Geschäftsführung und Urkuendenfälschung*," no less—suspicion of untrue management and falsification of documents."

Gnomes never proved a thing against Erdman, but they kept him in solitary for ten months. He used the time to begin a novel about a gnome who plans a brilliant currency scam: *The Billion-Dollar Sure Thing*. His new book, *The Silver Bears*, centers on a bank founded by the Mafia in Lugano.

Are they fiction or journalism? Erdman smiles; the gnome squirms. "The Swiss practice a primitive, criminal type of capitalism," Erdman says. "They observe few of the restraints shown by civilized nations. Switzerland undermines the tax morality of every other nation on earth by encouraging evasion and by welcoming dubious funds. At last count, the Swiss were serving criminals from at least 125 countries by providing a respectable haven for their booty. Without Swiss banks, they'd have to go to Costa Rica or the Bahamas or somewhere else where the banking laws are as sleazy as they are themselves.

"Isn't it amazing? This started out as Simon says. . . ."

"And the Swiss talent for attracting illegal funds fuels the Swiss practice of economic boat rocking, for encouraging chaos with vicious runs on foreign currencies, for grabbing huge unearned profits. And they can be so clumsy about it: The Union Bank, one of the big four in Zurich, just dropped $50,000,000 attempting artificial runs on foreign metals, and I heard about a smaller bank in Zurich that blew $25,000,000 last summer.

"Also, Swiss banks aren't as strong institutionally as they should be. They are all undercapitalized and there's no such thing as deposit insurance. When a foreigner gets burned, tough. There was a great case in which a German guy bought thousands of dollars' worth of gold coins from one of the big four, held them for a year in the bank's own vaults and then sold them to another bank, in St.-Moritz. That bank discovered that some of the coins were forgeries; so the Swiss jailed the German for a year—even though he could prove where he got them! Eventually, the German press took up his case and he was released, with muted apologies."

The gnome's jowls are trembling with rage again.

The prosecutor suggests that one element of the Swiss dislike for Erdman is the fact that he's the only Swiss banker ever known to exhibit a conscience. When Kunmerli's cocoa-bean investments began to curdle, Erdman reimbursed the bank's clients to the tune of nearly $3,000,000. "It was an act of unprecedented moral blasphemy among the gnomes, of course," the prosecutor says. He recalls the case of the king of Belgium's brother, whose gnome bankers once blithely dropped $15,000,000 and were upheld by the Swiss courts when they refused to make it good. Erdman's depositors weren't even famous!

"It is the money that is immortal, not the frivolous humans through whose hands it passes!" the gnome yells. He shudders, realizing that his own immortality has been put seriously in question. Damn Erdman! Damn the British, the Germans and the First National Bank of Seattle. The gnome, a wizened Queeg, fingers his small gold pencil. The feel of the metal soothes him.

Erdman could go on and he does, but the tribunal has heard enough. The deliberations should be short and the verdict unanimous and clear. But wait—what is the gnome scribbling with that gold pen? Of course! It is all so predictable.

He's making a note to buy the judges. ■

PAUL MORRISSEY *"Students in any society shouldn't be listened to. The quality of education they get in the United States is worse than appalling. It's a big joke."*

(Continued from page 72) has done this. Do you think he's been successful?

MORRISSEY: No; it's hard for name actors to improvise. I tend to be critical because I've directed so much of that kind of work. Commercial films can't do that. They don't have the time. When it's done in a commercial film, it involves only a very short scene. Needless to say, you can't really improvise under those conditions. You need a situation that's loose, that doesn't demand too much plot, and then, in the editing of the film, you take out all the gaps. Another problem with improvising is that professional actors are too self-conscious to improvise—you can see their brains working.

There were actors who improvised brilliantly on TV, such as Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, or Jackie Gleason and his cast on *The Honeymooners*. They had written scripts, but they didn't memorize them. They went in on Saturday afternoon, ran through them once or twice, and then went in front of the cameras. The Johnny Carson show is totally improvised, and very often is much more interesting than an old movie.

OUI: Do you ever create situations with which to surprise actors while they're improvising?

MORRISSEY: Never. In our early experiments, we found that surprises would sometimes happen automatically. For example, when Ondine lost his temper in *The Chelsea Girls*. It was really interesting and we kept it. The best subjects to improvise on are the most innocuous subjects. When Marlon Brando improvises on the meaning of life and death, it just becomes his little thing, it doesn't relate to anything. But to hear somebody talk about what he cooked for dinner the night before, and how the oil spilled or something—to me, that becomes universal and meaningful and worth listening to.

To come back to your question about name actors' improvising, I think a lot of people can improvise, but I'd never ask, say, Clint Eastwood to do it, because I already like what he does, and why should I take the risk? If you work with famous actors, you should work with a script. People often tell me they like my movies and then they say, "But could you work with a script?" As though that were harder! I always like to ask in reply: "Could you work *without* a script?"

OUI: Since you work without a script, why do the credits of your films read "Written and directed by Paul Morrissey"?

MORRISSEY: Well, I don't type the script out, I write it in the sense that I create the story and accept or reject lines given to me by the actors. I think the merit of my films, if there is any, is that the films are basically literary, even though the dialog isn't written.

OUI: Let's talk about political content. Your films are usually much more poignant and compassionate than you yourself are reputed to be. In some quarters of the film world, you have a political reputation that might be compared to Ronald Reagan's.

MORRISSEY: I don't know much about Reagan. He's denounced for putting down student uprisings, but to me that sounds good.

OUI: You don't like students?

MORRISSEY: Students in any society shouldn't be listened to. They stand in line in the mud at rock festivals, like cattle. They'll get in a queue for a movie the way cockroaches go to the corner of a room. The quality of education they get in the United States is worse than appalling. It's a big joke.

OUI: Do you feel that leftist actors' and actresses' opinions count for anything? Do you admire, say, the politics of Brando or Jane Fonda?

MORRISSEY: Well, they arouse people's sympathy for good causes, and there's no harm in that. But I don't think they're very well informed on broad political issues. I like what John Wayne says, and whenever he talks, I find that I agree with him 100 percent. One of his great remarks was that he didn't think Europeans or Americans had done a terrible crime to the Indians by taking over their land. As you know, the liberal bullshit is that Americans are guilty, that they're the greatest criminals on earth. But Europeans were crowded and starving and had to go somewhere. They needed land and the Indians weren't using theirs. If that kind of liberal junk thinking had prevailed 300 years ago, Europe would be collapsing and America wouldn't exist. It would be a wasteland like Africa. Just because some colored people have been sitting on a piece of land for hundreds of years doesn't mean they have complete control over it. Nationalism, in that sense, is stupid. And now a bunch of Arabs are sitting on a piece of land that's valuable to the entire world, and it really isn't *their* land. If the world needs oil or food, that oil or food should be given to the world. The Arabs will be so rich soon that they'll be able to buy up every country in the world. It's a ridiculous situation that allows that sort of thing to happen. Instead of wandering around, taking drugs and not knowing what to do with themselves, American hippie kids should go to a country, colonize it and make a new civilization there.

OUI: Do you mean Americanize it?

MORRISSEY: Americanize it, Europeanize it, Irishize it! Certainly, to Americanize it would be the best thing; America has the best civilization in the world, as far as improvements and everything are concerned.

OUI: Come on. Do you really think that New York is a civilized city with the best of everything?

MORRISSEY: New York is inexcusable. I always liked New York, until I spent a month in Beverly Hills, where there were no drug addicts sitting on the sidewalks, urinating in the doorways. In California, if you break a law, they'll arrest you, they'll hold you in jail and they might actually fine you or put you in prison. But in New York, you can rob or destroy or deface or mug and there's no penalty, because you can fill out your name on a form and they let you go. If you commit a crime in New York, you don't get punished, you get "understood." Every politician who runs for office says we must spend more money not on stopping crime but on "understanding the problem." Meaning kiss the ass of the criminal.

OUI: But in some of your films, you've shown certain kinds of criminals—at least street people and drug addicts—sympathetically.

MORRISSEY: Any human being is a sympathetic entity. No matter how terrible a person might be, someone with an artist's point of view will try to render his individuality without condescension or contempt. That's the natural function of a dramatist. The movies I've made have no connection with what I'm talking about now. They don't say "Do this" or "Don't do that." They portray a kind of emptiness in people who are living through a transitional cultural period when they don't know who they are or what to do.

OUI: How are problems solved when people don't know what to do?

MORRISSEY: A politician who's permitted to do something on his own—instead of being hampered by the media—might be able to do something. Human beings are always capable of resolving problems. But now, problems go to committee or to the media. I still look to the individual for solutions. Like in a movie, you want an individual to be an individual.

OUI: Nixon, as Watergate has shown, certainly tried to do something on his own, resolving problems as an individual.

MORRISSEY: The stupidest person on *The Dating Game* has more personality than that pathetic dope. You have to have character to make a good novel or a good movie or to be a good politician. Nixon just didn't have it. And the newsmen kept obscuring that fact. Those zombies gave both sides of the story without any indication of what they thought personally. The people in the street began to lose sight of what a lying little creep

Nixon was, because nobody on television *said* he was a lying little creep. People are confused by this double standard of nonsense impartiality, which has deprived them of the truth.

OUI: Are there any politicians whom you admire?

MORRISSEY: Truman, for one. He was not only a great man but one of our greatest Presidents. He was plainspoken, candid and blunt, but he sounded believable, in the sense that he had style and flavor and a strength to his voice. He was absolutely everything that Nixon was not. Senator Edward Kennedy is another politician I admire. He speaks well, extemporaneously, and with a great deal of sincerity. He's able to make an audience listen to him and can actually arouse them. A person like that is hated by the media, which constantly put him down.

OUI: But doesn't a politician who is not kept in check by one means or another develop too much power? For example, Nixon, at one point in his tenure, had so much power that he waged war without the consent of Congress. Do you think any President should have that kind of power?

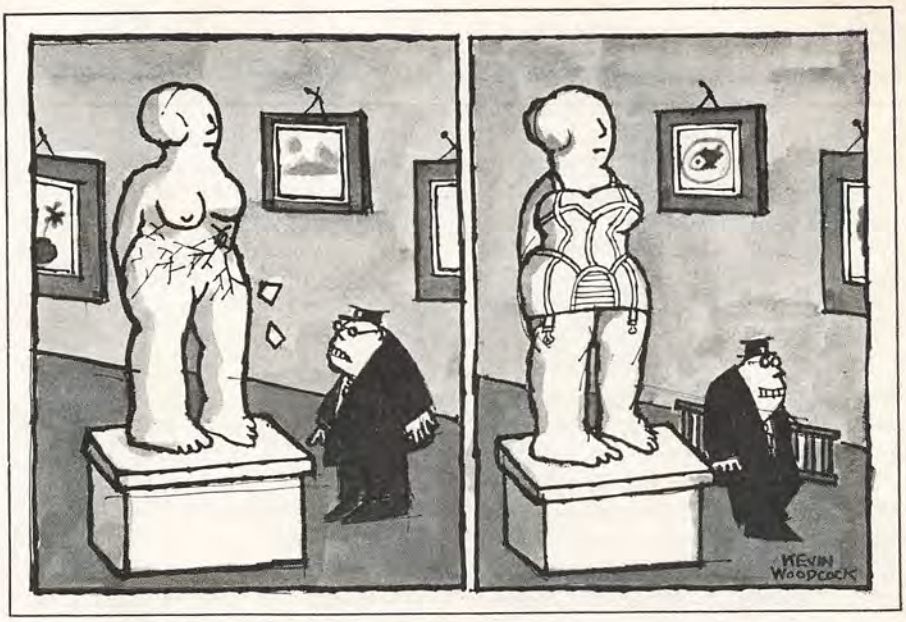
MORRISSEY: If I liked the person, I wouldn't mind. I think an intelligent President should be able to conduct a war if he wants to. I'd prefer to have one person do it rather than a committee. I don't believe in this democratic government we have in the United States. I think it's a lot of junk. The democratic system gave us Eisenhower and Nixon. Besides, it's a pain in the neck to have to think about politics. I hate to read my newspaper and find out about all the horrible things that are going on. I'd like to think that there were someone hired by the system, a good politician, who would run the business of government intelligently, and I would not have to be agonized every day by the press.

OUI: You sound like you're advocating dictatorship. Such a person, with so much power, might very well censor your films.

MORRISSEY: Well, in England, there was one man, John Trevelyan, who did all the censoring. He was very intelligent, and if he didn't like a film, it wasn't shown. You could appeal a decision to him—maybe he'd understand and change his mind, and maybe he wouldn't. But that's much better than what we have in the U. S., where some crackpot in a city can bring a complaint and the movie is judged obscene.

OUI: So you approve of the censorship of your own films?

MORRISSEY: No, it's just something that happens. It's something you can understand. Italy, for example, has censored my films a great deal. But it's a Catholic country—they want certain standards in their cinema. There's some validity to their position; they're not just hateful crackpots.



OUI: Would you censor films such as *Deep Throat* or *The Devil in Miss Jones*?

MORRISSEY: I didn't see either one, but if you've seen one, you've seen them all. Presumably, they serve some kind of therapeutic function. Maybe they do, but the argument for censorship is that kids pass the theaters in neighborhoods that book these films and wonder what's going on inside. Older kids sneak in and tell them. Certainly, these films influence community standards. And there is some basis to the fear that these things weaken the institution of the family, at a time when we need to preserve the society. Trevelyan's position was sensible: "England has a particular character, which we want to preserve, and because we are physically able to keep sex movies out of our island, we do. They're showing them in Scandinavia and America, and whether they deteriorate the community will take 20 or 30 years to determine. We don't want to be guinea pigs. We'll let these countries experiment while we take a conservative position and wait and see." I thought that was extremely intelligent.

OUI: Do you also approve of political censorship?

MORRISSEY: I've never heard of political censorship in the United States. There isn't such a thing—except for the suppression of individuality. And in France and Italy, the kids who think that communism is a great thing are completely blind to the fact that they have such incredible censorship in China and Russia. But all the political things I talk about aren't things you can exemplify in a film. They're things that have to be talked about publicly.

OUI: Doesn't the idea of a political film interest you at all?

MORRISSEY: No, I can't even think of a good political film. *Z* is just *Mission: Impossible* with a jazzed-up score. What can you say? You shouldn't kill people to take over a government. So what else is new? *On the Waterfront* was one of the best films ever made and it was hurt by becoming a political statement at the end. Whether the Brando character should testify or not dated the film, and now that aspect seems silly and melodramatic. You just overlook it. I think any political element in a film, to the extent that it is political, becomes outdated very quickly.

Basically, I have a comic outlook on things. But there are a lot of scenes in *Flesh*, *Trash* and *Heat* that aren't comic. *Women in Revolt*, which to me is one of the best films ever made, is completely comic. People turned their noses up at it, yet it's very funny. It's filled with interesting ideas that aren't pushed in the face of the audience, and it's brilliantly performed by great performers. There are so many paradoxes in that film: female impersonators talking about the problems of women's liberation, how women are dominated and dependent in society. But when you think of it, female impersonators are the most independent people in the world. It was really interesting, because the audience saw a man being a woman and couldn't tell what was real and what wasn't.

OUI: Will you use characters in drag again?

MORRISSEY: No; once RCA started making millions off commercialized drag queens, that became dreary and passé.

OUI: Do you envision a time when what you're doing in films will be dreary and passé?

MORRISSEY: Well, by leaving out scripts, we come up with so much that's worth listening to. By avoiding issues, you hit upon issues; but by going after them, you lose them. It's difficult to balance juggling with that paradox when you make films that way. Andy's already stopped making them and I'm on the verge of stopping. ▣

LONG-DISTANCE SWINGER *"Sex is so much better when you can fantasize. I once had an ad in the paper for a mother-son fantasy. In fact, that's how I met this guy here, my steady."*

(Continued from page 78) latter are big in dirty-talk parties, filthy letters, cassette tapes and grunt-and-groan phone calls. (The code: "Tell me about your wild adventures.") A few souls have been known to make a living just from a few well-placed ads, supposedly from women: "Enclose one dollar for handling."

Then there are guys like Bob Ram. He owns a certified foot-long hot dog, and he hires it out to women for $15 an hour.

Branford Boone, tall, distinguished editor of *Swingers Intercontinental Digest* (he comes by the business honestly: He grew up in a nudist colony and his father founded *Sunshine & Health*), answers ads in his magazine. Once he followed up a particularly nice pair. "But they weren't swingers at all," he groans. "This couple had a real professional operation. The guy was a cabdriver and he wanted to make a little extra money on his wife. He didn't even want to watch, he just wanted the fifty bucks."

The next week, Boone was staring at a picture application from a delectable single girl. Gorgeous. She wanted big, hunky fellows, she wanted them Hung, with *howitzers*. Boone was intrigued and suspicious. He finally tracked down the girl and found she knew nothing about the ad. She'd had a spat with her vengeful boyfriend, who was going to get even.

But which ads pull best? We need a motive.

Boone riffled through his magazine to the picture of a giggling, fleshy, young New York woman. Her request: "Young high school teacher wishes to meet young men for torrid affairs. Cannot make out with students, so have to go elsewhere for kicks." The ad was all-time boffo.

But consider the case of Mrs. Robinson:

Mrs. Robinson keeps a chart on the wall of all the boys she's had. She doesn't look like much, her friends say, just a 50-year-old woman trying to keep her shape. But she always has a sharp stud hanging on her arm.

There she was, two years ago, very depressed about life's passing her by. Divorced for 20 years, a grandmother and junior budget analyst, she took out an ad in the L.A. *Star* and asked: "Is there a young man out there who would like a Mrs. Robinson affair?"

"There were!" she says, giggling. "About 500 of them! It's really fantastic, there's a lot of young men who like older women. Since I put my address in, I had not only a torrent of mail but all these guys coming out to the middle of the street, calling, 'Miss-uss Rob-in-son!' "

A talkative, impulsive woman, her voice twitters like that of a schoolgirl over cotton candy. There is no denying she took on all the troops she could. She even became the *Star*'s resident sexologist, and does an advice-to-the-lustlorn column.

"Sex is so much better when you can fantasize, when you can say what you really feel like. I once had an ad in the paper for a mother-son fantasy and, oh, that was great. In fact, that's how I met this guy here, my steady. He was crazy about his mother and he never had the nerve. So he got me instead. I enjoyed that more than any of them. Because we can both play a game and say what we really feel without putting each other on the spot.

"A lot of guys have fantasies about their mothers. I'll say, 'What's your fantasy?' And they'll say, 'Well, I was coming home from high school and. . . .' And it'll go on like that.

"My steady—he's 27 and, oh, he's handsome. We started off thinking of each other as mother and son. But after a while, we just thought of each other as lovers. He does have spells when, you know, he feels he needs a younger female. I guess he feels a need to procreate. But he starts sizing us both up and he ends up dropping her."

So, what's the family think of all this?

"My son, he's 31 and has two children. When I told him about what I was doing, he said, 'Gee, Momma, if that's what you want to do, that's great.'

"And it's been fantastic. Any time life gets dull, I put an ad in the paper and life just perks up."

She and her steady did a bio-rhythm test together. They were 93 percent compatible. They even sigh at the same time.

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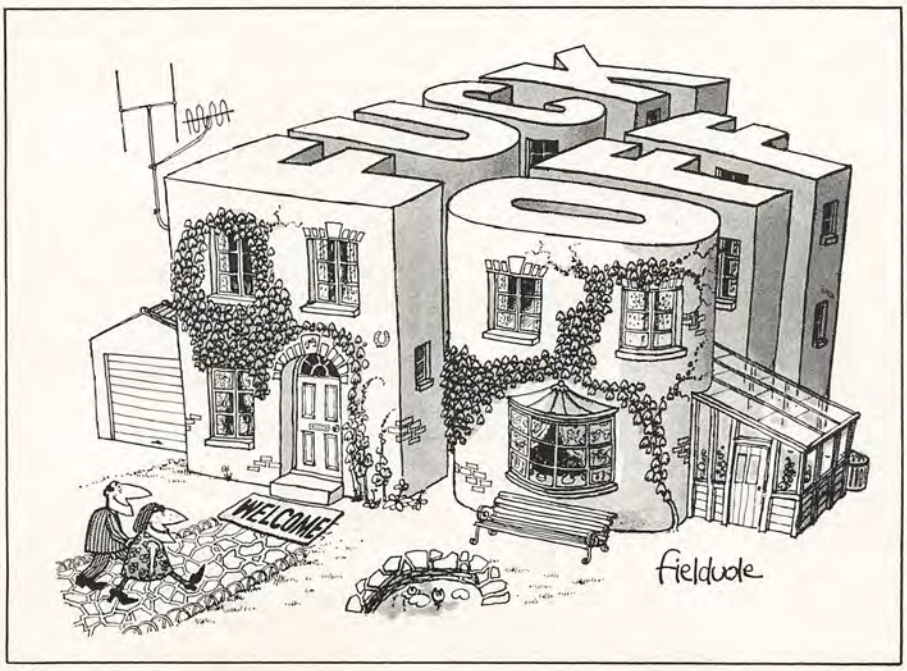
Hookers advertise in swingers' columns, of course, and some magazines allow it. The Los Angeles vice cops have even been known to track them down. Cops have, in times past, arrested gay advertisers for crimes against nature. This does not happen very much anymore, because the L.A. cops have a bigger problem.

The Los Angeles sex sheets sell right out in street-corner racks, next to the daily papers. The competition is cutthroat, with whirligig headlines like: "SEX SLAVES . . . I MADE IT WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!" There have been dozens of semisuccessful busts and ordinances, but whenever it gets too out of hand, the county cops go after the racks with crowbars. This is only one of a long string of "thefts." One paper distributor steals from another. Just to jam machines, an editor tells me, he never goes anywhere without a pocketful of slugs. The loss rate from



these "rack runs" is put at 40 percent.

But, apart from vice cops, swingdom has other enemies. Remember, this is Southern California, and there are many who are less than enthusiastic about the "alternate" lifestyle offered in the tabloids. It is the news racks that put "home-breaking smut" in the hands of the little people, and this fact is not lost on the troops of Baptists, Catholics, P.T.A. members and a whole range of self-appointed moral guardians, for whom Southern California is just as much home as it is for the swingers. On a clear day you can see them—and there are still some clear days—out on their Morality Marches, sabotaging the racks, spraying paint over the windows and into the coin slots, obliterating a barmy, pagan world where strangers barter bodies without the slightest thought for God or ten percent. None of these folks is worried about the freedom of the flesh press.

As Mickey, from the *Star*, puts it: "It is just like L.A. to make holy war out of the sug-fug business, isn't it?" ▣

MEET MARKET RESEARCH
A concise consumer guide to beefing up your mail

Select—A fat 260 pages thick, *Select* magazine looks like the Hades telephone directory, illustrated by Doré. Founder Frank Mason traveled from Wharton to National Cash Register before he saw the business potential of the swing movement in 1964. In addition to running the biggest-selling magazine, at around 100,000, he also runs a chain of private clubs and Select Socials. These can be found in the party rooms of consenting Holiday Inns around the East and South.

To handle the 5000 letters a week—each costing the writer one dollar forwarding fee—*Select* has enlisted the aid of a Univac technician turned swinger. The entire forwarding operation is fully computerized.

Probably because it is from New Jersey, *Select* is often mistaken for *The Seeker*, a magazine from the same neighborhood. *The Seeker* is not as big, and a bit gamier. Its charter members, for example, get their own bumper sticker, so they can recognize one another.

The Players—Ronnie Wolf believes in efficiency. He publishes his national magazine every three months ("religiously," he says) and sends out a fortnightly Hot Sheet to his subscribers. Phonies, hookers and naughty folks who don't answer their mail are tracked down and their ads canceled. If a photo even looks bogus, a warning caption will accompany it.

Printed on good stock with color centerfolds, *The Players* has a circulation of 25,000. An ad can cost from three dollars to eight dollars. From the looks of the photos, one or two of these folks might have some class, but generally they have a certain amount of mileage. Some even try to be funny: "Wife . . . beautiful lines, nice front end, terrific transmission, heavy-duty clutch. . . ." Whatever happened to the Dodge Dart Swinger?

L.A. Star—Just another underground sheet going broke until it discovered sex. Now it is consumed by it. One walks into the offices to say hello and there is editor Shirley Eberle and her 18-year-old daughter, gaping at a Polaroid just sent in from Tijuana, a guy and his ten-incher. . . .

It's one of the few papers that appear to be having fun. Merrily it rips up any other glamor magazine and steals the pictures as it sees fit. "Knowledge is for the people." It has discovered that exhibitionism and tales after school are two successful facets of sex publishing, and so it publishes lathery letters, Nude Wife contests, Cock of the Week contests. Needless to say, it's been slapped with a score of busts.

Because it sells on the street corner, its readership is a colorful mixture of flora and fauna.

One girl advertising has an interesting situation. A black premed student of mixed and open marriage, she gets lonely and drives all over Los Angeles and sometimes takes out ads . . . and she is perplexed by some of the 130 replies she now must answer.

She reads aloud a letter from a car salesman. He has just discovered black is beautiful and "together we could soar through the universe and besides, *I got this 12-and-a-half-inch dong and whaddya say?*"

"They're not all like this," the girl explains quickly.

Screw—So many of New York's sex papers are peas in a pod. Cheap Mob-owned tabloids used for laundering money. Hack porn and suspicious ads. But dear old *Screw* has become an institution.

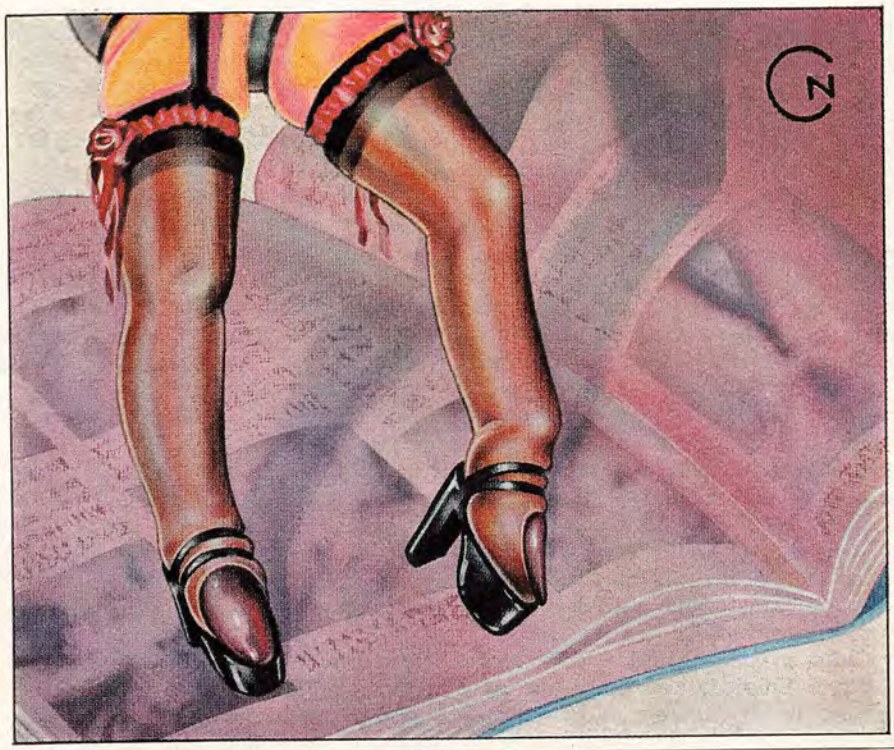
Screw's personal ad section, "Baubles and Balls," has in the past gotten it on the wrong side of the law. Somebody tried to prove it guilty of procuring. The fun kinky ads of yesteryear are almost all gone now. We still have Linda, offering "genuine used G strings and masterbation cassetts." Otherwise, the advertisers in the nation's number-one sex paper in the number-one city offer a fair selection of lonely guys, foot fetishists, drag queens and the ever-present well-hung, discreet executive.

At the other end of town and the spectrum, we have the *New York Review of Books*, which is not a swingers' paper by any means, but it does have some intellectual screw writing in the ads. This magazine has no Bi or Suckulent readers. Instead, "sensitive French-aesthetic." Replacing well-endowed men are parties polymorphic. How's this: "Gynocophiliac . . . desires supplementary relationship with glamorous *grande dame* dowager who might derive delight in exploiting his latent Oedipus complex." Others will run ads in Latin.

But these are not the world's most refined swingers' ads. *The Times of London*'s classified section has long featured ads offering "high colonic irrigation." (It's Greek to them.)

Perhaps the best perspective for the whole deal can be found in the *Hindustan Times*, where pages of prospective brides and grooms can be found. The ads are entered by the parents. "Likable, kind-hearted, beautiful girl . . . for engineer, 30, 62 inches tall, of simple habits, settled in Delhi . . . of South Brahmin origin, drawing over 3000 rupees per month. No demands, caste, community."

Perfect.



TENNIS *The older players are more than a wee bit worried. They know very well that the kids have them by their yellow tennis balls and they're not about to let go.*

(Continued from page 86) be spoiled, too. There's really only one difference between Chrissie and the rest of us: Chrissie never makes mistakes."

In the mornings, on one of the outside courts, Chrissie would practice with her plump little kid sister, Jeannie. The assumption was always that Chrissie, the perfect machine, did not miss shots. So it had to be Jeannie's fault. When Chrissie missed a shot, Jeannie would say Sorry. She must have hit it either too long or too short or too something. After Chrissie finally won a tough quarterfinal match, she said, "I just didn't feel comfortable out there. I was wearing a borrowed dress. My sister forgot to bring mine."

There is only one way you can tell when Chrissie Evert is in trouble: by looking at her armpits. Her loss to Evonne Goolagong in the semis was a terrible day in her otherwise sugar-and-spice life. It was so bad, she was even spotted with some telltale perspiration at her armpits. And Chrissie Evert never sweats.

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Meanwhile, on the other side of life, Billie Jean King, the old lady, is sweating over a lot of things. She knows that she can't go on playing forever, that maybe she's got only a couple of good years left, if that. Age is one of the two problems that bother her these days. The other is Chrissie Evert.

Early last year, not long after the Bobby Riggs match, Billie Jean was thrown into one of her frequent tantrums while reading the latest rankings. She could understand Margaret Court's being rated ahead of her. Despite the outcome of their respective matches with Riggs, Court had played in and won more tournaments and earned more money that year. But the big bite was that Billie Jean wasn't second; prissy Chrissie came in second. Billie Jean was third. "No way!" she shouted. "Maggie, OK, but not that kid, not Evert. Just no way." Billie Jean had a hard time accepting it until Chrissie beat her. And beat her again. There's always been a definite resentment between them. And what rubs it in is that Evert's background is about as establishment as you can get.

Billie Jean is the street kid, the daughter of a fireman, the kid who grew up on the playgrounds of Northern California, running her chubby little ass off on bad concrete while Chrissie was being looked after by her maid at the country club. And now, while Chrissie moves about so coolly, Billie Jean is sweating. Her reign as undisputed first lady was a short one. From the tournament circuit, she went on to dominate World Team Tennis, soon to become World Team Bankruptcy. Team tennis became a haven for a lot of the over-the-hill mob. The setup was simple enough. All you had to do was go out and play one set. And in one set, Billie Jean King can beat just about anybody.

It's only when the endurance factor of a long match is thrown in that she's really in trouble. But that's what tennis is all about: one person against one person, to the finish. The dismal showing of World Team Tennis' first year had led some people to think that maybe the tennis boom in this country wasn't so big after all. But all the World Team Tennis' initial failure showed was that tennis was never meant to be a team sport. And that's why Evert, who is anything but a team player, would have nothing to do with it. Björn Borg stayed away, too, and Jimmy Connors played less than half a season. That got Billie Jean pretty pissed off. She had fought all those years to bring tennis so far and now the kids were going to screw it up for her by not playing. She came to resent that a lot, and with it, the whole youth movement. Consciously or subconsciously, she knocked the kids whenever she could. Her team, the Philadelphia Freedoms, had one *Wunderkind* on it: Buster Mottram, a 20-year-old English boy who looked as if he might be leading the revolution until he lost to Borg at Wimbledon a couple of years ago. Billie Jean, who was playing coach of the Freedoms, frequently used Mottram as her prime singles player. And Mottram maintained a pretty steady record against some more seasoned players. He helped the Freedoms run away with their division championship. The league title was a foregone conclusion until the Denver Rackets quickly snapped up the finals before the Freedoms had a chance to win a match.

Billie Jean, who'd lost a match or two herself, helping put them in the hole, decided that youth was the best scapegoat. After the final game, she held court in the Freedoms' dressing room at the Spectrum in Philadelphia.

"Buster blew it for us," she said. "El Choko. He told me he wasn't feeling well. I knew he was OK. He was just scared. He was just cracking under pressure. He's a kid. He just can't cut it under pressure. I thought he had a lot of promise when he came here. But now I know he'll never amount to anything."

Buster Mottram sat in front of his locker, a few feet away, within earshot. He heard what Billie Jean said and he heard Fred Stolle, an even older hand, chime in with her. He was devastated; he just sat there and hung his head and looked for a place to dig a very big hole. And at Forest Hills, which started two days later, Buster Mottram didn't even show.

Billie Jean King had lost the team championship, but she'd won a moral victory over the youth movement. She'd destroyed the confidence of one of its finest soldiers. It was a pretty pathetic victory, but then Billie Jean King had, at 30, become a desperate old lady.

Her attitude is typical of that of a lot of her peers in the tennis world. They play down the kids at every turn. They try to make every loss look like the end of a career, like the end of the movement. But deep inside, as people very close to them will tell you, they are a little more than a wee bit worried. They know very well that the kids have them by their yellow tennis balls and they're not about to let go. Billie Jean surrounds herself with only the right people, the people who will tell her what she wants to hear—the establishment press.

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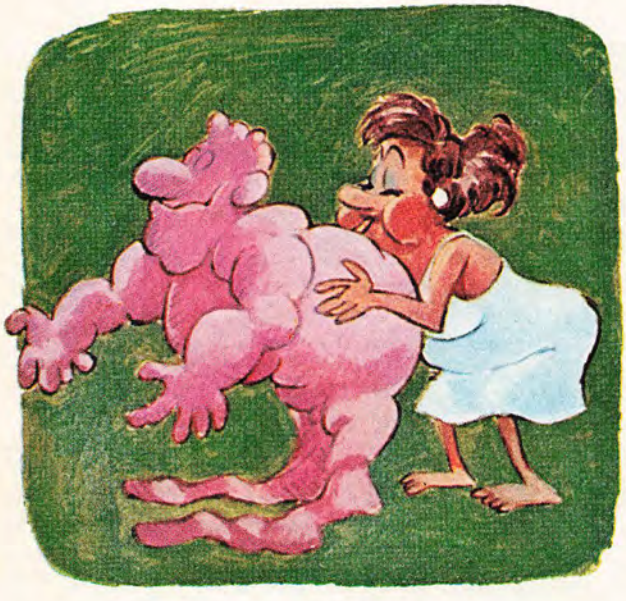
There is great prestige in having an A press badge. And with only a few exceptions, those badges go to the same traveling clique of writers, the ones who root for their old favorites out loud, as well as in print, the ones who drink the highballs at night and toast the days when men were men and women were Mary Outerbridge. They have dinners together at which they honor the players, many of whom couldn't care less, and they play little games of one-upmanship, such as seeing who can refer to John Newcombe as Newk more times than anybody else. John Newcombe, it happens, does not like to be called Newk. It's true that the tennis press takes some of the responsibility for pushing the youth movement, but only because it's good copy. At Forest Hills, they tried to make a legend out of Vijay Amritraj, the previously little-known kid from India with the chocolate skin and the ice-cream eyes. But don't think they weren't happy when Ken Rosewall beat him. And don't think they wouldn't have been even happier had Rosewall beaten Connors.

Billie Jean King has been one of the biggest beneficiaries of the tennis press, but lately she's found a new ax to grind. "They always go for the cute ones," she says. "You know, if you're cute and young and attractive and supershaped, then they start the article like that. Is this sports or is this a beauty show? It's really sad. All the cute women players get most of the press. It's not easy being a good, ugly tennis player."

Billie Jean has been taking a back seat to Chrissie Evert in press coverage, even though Evert is an emotional stone wall. And even though King's 12 years older, she's infinitely more hip than Björn Borg. But it's a Borg who gets the copy. He's



vicar

TENNIS *The Rosewalls and the Hoads played like women, compared with the long-haired men of today. Rosewall might still be a sentimental favorite, but it's the kids who are selling the tickets.*

just a lot prettier. It's one of the nicer ironies of the revolution.

Of course, neither King nor Borg fits in with the country-club set that keeps building the blockades with bloody marys to keep the T-shirt generation out. The establishment, of course, is very nice to them, in a patronizing sort of way, but there's a dichotomy between the patrons and the players in this sport that exists in no other. While the players are out in the late summer sun, sweating their socks off, the clubhouse crew jaunt around in silk suits and white shirts, wearing their cute little Gucci shoes, carrying their Vuitton bags, looking 30 degrees cooler. At night, when the clubhouse bar closes, they drive back in air-conditioned cars to their rolling half acres. Most of the players, meanwhile—all but the very top ones—ride the subway in their warm-up suits, carrying their rackets back and forth, to sterile hotel rooms. Come the revolution, there will be hot dogs for everyone. But the revolution has been a long time coming. In the meantime, name one other stadium in the world that has a Dannon yoghurt concession.

Older pros, such as Donald Dell, now an agent still active in doubles, say that the kids today have it a lot easier. "At least they can afford to fly to tournaments. They show up and they play and they take the money and run. They don't have to worry about carrying equipment. Not just rackets, either; we used to carry the court with us, too. You wore out a lot faster in the early days of pro tennis."

When the pro tour started, in the late Forties and early Fifties, tennis was very much a second-class sport. Players played wherever they could pick up a few bucks. Airplanes were out of the question. Travel was usually in the back of somebody's station wagon, fighting all the equipment for leg room. They'd hit about 100 cities in a year and throw down the court wherever it fit, sometimes on top of ice rinks. And the food was never country-club pickings; it was more like truck-stop leftovers.

Things didn't change overnight. Pro tennis was a long time coming. The older players were the ones who laid the groundwork for the kids, playing in all those shit tournaments for next to nothing, waiting for the game to gain some respect. It's no wonder a lot of them resent the kids. The big money has finally come, and most of the pioneers are too old to make it any more. Rosewall was a top pro for 20 years, and now kids like Connors and Borg are going to make more in a year or two than Rosewall made in his entire career.

But it's not as if the kids aren't doing their part. Borg and Connors, with their two-handed backhands and their ball-killing top spins, are the ones who are bringing the fans out now. And that's what brings the money in. They are different kinds of animals, these kids. They play like fighters. Amritraj floats the court like a butterfly, waiting for the right opening, waiting for his opponent to make one mistake and then coming in for the kill. Connors is always coming. He is Joe Frazier on the tennis court. He attacks, he never stops swinging. He wipes you out with his serve and then tears to the net, poised to put you away just in case you manage to return it.

And Borg, who isn't as ruthless, is just as effective. Playing against Borg is like trying to catch a hard-throwing screwball pitcher. His balls spin and drop off and break down. You feel you should be playing him with a butterfly net instead of a tennis racket. Except he'd put holes in the net. His ground strokes are as hard as Connors', maybe harder. When he's on, he's got perfect placement. Borg probably raises more chalk than anybody else in the game, and not just little powdery lobs to the base line. It's as if somebody had dropped a sack of flour from a 747. You don't sit back in the stands and politely applaud when these kids are playing. You sit on the edge of your seat and you bite your nails and you want to scream. That's what brings in the girls, the groupies. The tension is all emotion, and the emotion is all so sensual.

Tennis is a whole new ball game now. You watch Connors destroy Rosewall at Wimbledon and again at Forest Hills and you realize how the game has changed. When Rosewall was young, tennis was a very polite game, a game of finesse. It was a pleasant afternoon of trucking along with Lew Hoad. Twenty years later, Rosewall looks as if he's just been run over by a Metroliner. The Rosewalls and the Hoads of the old days played like women, compared with the long-haired men of today. Rosewall might still be a sentimental favorite, but it's the kids who are selling the tickets. Attendance records were set at Forest Hills last year, and tournament director Billy Talbert, an old pro himself, said more people wanted to see Connors, Borg and Amritraj than Newcombe, Smith and Rosewall.

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Connors is the monster created by the youth movement. His game is so good, he can beat anybody. He's a very mature tennis player, only his head hasn't caught up with his body yet. He is quick and flippant and smug, always playing to the crowd. The people who know him well say that it's just an act, even if it is a bad one. And the others, who are so quick to dump on him, tend to overlook his behavior on the court. When he's not hamming it up for the crowd, Connors is a very gracious young man. He might bitch about a bad call against him, but often he'll ask a linesman to reverse a decision against an opponent when he thinks the guy's ball was in. For an otherwise arrogant Connors, it is an interesting redeeming feature.

"I play the way I want to play," he says. "If people don't like it, they don't have to pay to see me. I must be doing something right, though: Those stands are always full."

Connors was a late-blooming prodigy. Until he was 16, he had never taken a real tennis lesson. He played with his mother and grandmother in Belleville, Illinois. His mother, who'd once toured with Pancho Segura, one of the earliest pros, thought he had great potential, so she moved him to California, where he became Segura's prize pupil.

Connors played just about all day, every day. He played until he got it right. "Now he's just about perfect," Segura says. It's a statement that Connor's ego could have done without.

Connors gave up just about everything along the way to becoming a tennis millionaire. He skimmed through his last year of high school and dropped out of UCLA in his sophomore year.

"Tennis," he says, "has been my education. It's let me see the world. It's given me a lot of things. And I like them all. I don't know what I'd be doing if it wasn't for tennis. I certainly wouldn't be a scholar. Maybe I'd be a soccer player. I'm too small to play anything else. But tennis has let me come a long way at my age."

So far, he's won the world's top two championships, both in the same year and against the same man, Rosewall. Rosewall, at 40, is the oldest tennis player on the tour. Of late, against Connors, he has looked *very* old.

"They kept telling me I was an old man," he said after his slaughter at the hands of Connors in Forest Hills. "I never really believed them until today. Today I feel old. I guess it's finally time for me to move over. It's time for a lot of us to move over. This is going to be a very young man's sport."

Björn Borg, a very young man, didn't need Rosewall to tell *him* that. Borg had left Forest Hills early, just as he had left Wimbledon. Some say that he choked under pressure. They say that he lost his nerve. Borg just laughs at that. He has become very philosophical about losing. "Some days the ball is bouncing for me, some days it isn't. On those days, I lose."

Borg is probably the best young player to hit tennis since, well, Rosewall. He's a baby-faced kid who came out of

nowhere to play John Newcombe in the finals of the World Championship of Tennis in Dallas last year. Newcombe won, and Borg went back to Europe to get a little more experience by winning the Italian and French championships. He now plays like a little boy possessed. Off the court, he is very shy and uncertain. But something strange happens to him when he gets a racket in his hand. He becomes a killer—a cold, calculating windmill that can't possibly be only 18.

He comes from a pretty poor family in a suburb of Stockholm. When he was nine years old, his father, then a clothing salesman, entered a local ping-pong contest and won a tennis racket, which he gave to Borg. Borg still holds his racket as if it were a ping-pong paddle. He overgrips, his thumb wrapped around the back side.

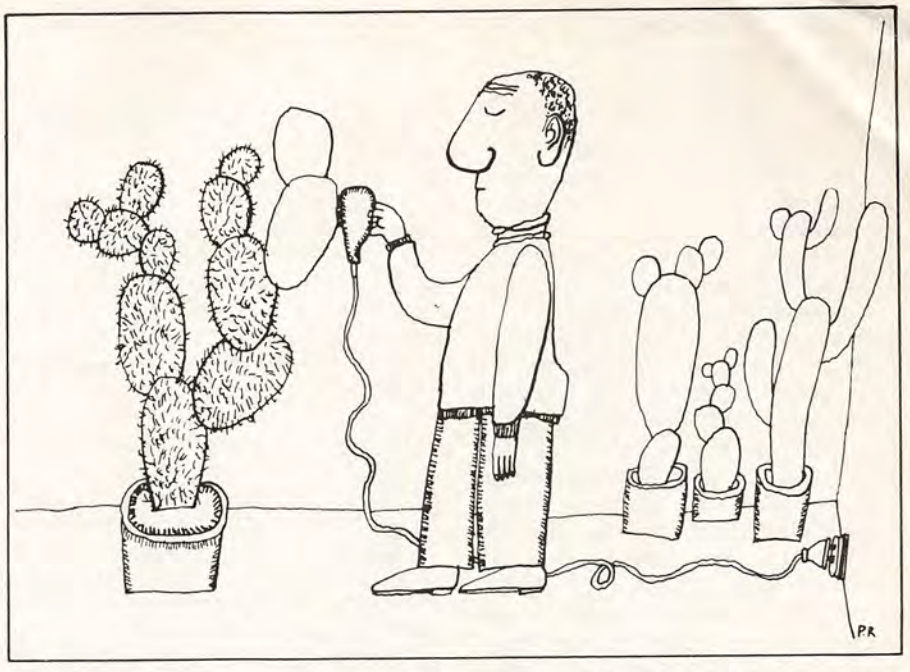
"I never knew that it was not the way to hold it," he says. "It felt comfortable that way. It made the ball spin good. I went to a tennis teacher in Stockholm a few years later, and he told me that it was all wrong. He showed me how to hold the racket right. I couldn't hit a thing like that. I tried it for a few weeks. I was terrible. I went back to holding it *my* way."

In 1972, a scraggly, skinny Borg made his first bow at Wimbledon. He came from 2–5 in the third set to beat Mottram for the junior title. The world was starting to pay attention.

In early 1973, after winning just about everything in sight in Sweden, Borg finally took the show on the road. He got to the finals at Monte Carlo, where he lost to Nastase. He had a good shot at the French Open, beating Cliff Richey and Dick Stockton before being bumped out. And only a toothache kept him from sweeping up in Italy. He started to get some good European press. And they usually ran his picture with the stories. So when he got to Wimbledon that year, the girls were ready for him. They screamed and they ran and they turned the stately old English tournament into a circus. Borg didn't let it bother him. He impressed the girls with his looks, but he equally impressed the serious tennis crowd with shot-making ability on grass.

Then Borg fought his way through the World Championship of Tennis tour, showing little respect for his elders and making a hobby of beating the hell out of Ashe. He would attack with such force and hit such an unbelievably hard top spin off his forehand that a lot of people figured the only way they could beat him was to wait it out. Only Borg kept getting stronger. And his power helped him move to the net to improve his volley, one of the few weak spots in his game.

At Forest Hills, he simply wasn't prepared. He'd been playing on clay all season, including a win the week before at the U. S. Pro Championship. He said then that he needed at least three weeks



of practice before playing on grass. And he wasn't going to get more than three days. He confided to friends that, all in all, he'd rather be in Sweden. But he had to go to Forest Hills. It was expected of him. And he couldn't disappoint all those girls from Long Island.

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Arthur Ashe walked into the players' lounge and sat down for another hot game of backgammon. He spotted Borg by himself in the corner, reading one of his magazines. Ashe just shook his head.

"He hasn't developed any nerves yet," Ashe said. "That's the way it is when you're 18. It's not the money pressure that grabs hold of you. He's certainly won enough money by now. It's the pride. And that takes a little longer to develop.

"You just wait a few years until Borg gets to the top of the hill. And every time he goes out there, he's going to have to prove that he's the best. He won't be the challenger anymore. He'll be the guy they're gunning for. And that's when we'll see if he feels the pressure."

There's a certain very sick feeling about playing tennis all your life, struggling like hell to get near the top and then having some kid fresh out of high school, who hasn't yet learned what the word pressure means, whip your ass in front of 15,000 people. Which is not to give anybody the idea that everyone over 25 is washed up in tennis. Newcombe, whom a lot of people still consider the best tennis player in the world, lost to Rosewall at Forest Hills. So he never got a chance to play Connors in the final, but he's beaten Connors before. Even Ashe, who's been humiliated by Borg on several occasions, has come back to batter him. The old guys might be slipping down, but they're still beating the hell out of the kids every so often, just for old times' sake. They're not going down without a fight.

On any given day, Rod Laver could beat any of them. But he has been cutting back on his tournament schedule. "Sure, on any given day," he says. "But I can't play anymore on *every* given day. I've got to sit things out and pace myself. I don't have the endurance these kids have. I keep waiting for Borg to kill himself out there or at least break his wrists. But I don't think it's going to happen. Not for a very long time."

But there will be other things for Borg to worry about. There's so much money in tennis now, so much available to win that the good kids—the top athletes, the ones who used to go in for football or basketball or baseball—are getting into tennis. And because of them, the growth of pro tennis will become a self-generating thing. Sponsors are interested, and once sponsors get interested, television gets interested. And that, of course, is where the big money is. The networks devote more time to tennis now than ever before. They've even created their own video-taped tournaments.

Now kids are watching tennis on television, the way their parents used to watch baseball. Nobody's into bubblegum cards yet, but the game is working itself down to the grass roots. High schools and colleges are playing it up as a big-time sport. It used to be that only faggots tried out for the tennis team at school. Now it's a big deal. And as the training gets bigger and better and more organized, the kids are going to have to start looking over their shoulders.

Borg was asked about that, about the pressure to come. "I don't know," he says. "I look around and I see these kids coming up. Like, I see this Billy Martin. He looks like a good player. And I have to remember that he's two years younger than me. But I don't like to think about that. It makes me feel old." ▣

ELEPHANT SCREW GUN PARTY *Noodle is a brilliant actor, a compulsive extrovert, a fatty, an erratic lover and the best match-play crazy-eights player in the United States.*

(Continued from page 61) house any time it has no place else to go.

That is why it is said that THE GREAT ASSHOLE BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR YA NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT IN YOUR LIFE ELEPHANT SCREW GUN PARTY is the first party ever to become a way of life.

I think the way of life stinks.

Before I go any further, I'd better explain how the party got its name. The party got its name because Tim Wolf was one of the 117 representatives of the news media in attendance. Some other members of the media contend that Tim was also the 401st Beautiful Person there, dolled up in his white sharkskin suit. About halfway through the party, Tim told Yawn Winner of *Rolling Storm*, whose mouth was filled with cottage cheese: "You know, Yawn, there's a book in this. But it's not my book." So Tim left early. On his way out, he ran into Joy Hayber, who stuck her cane in his chest.

"What would you call it, Tim?"

"Call what?"

"The party."

"I don't know, Joy. What would *you* call it?"

"Sodomy."

"Hey, Joy, why not make it a little longer? Why not: THE GREAT ASSHOLE BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR YA NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT IN YOUR LIFE ELEPHANT SCREW GUN PARTY." Tim smiled. "Upper case," Tim said.

Joy wrote it down in her reporter's notebook.

•

I'm trying to get to the sex as fast as I can, but first I'd better make sure you know who THE GREAT ASSHOLE is. Neal Noodle. As well as being an asshole, Noodle, 37, is a brilliant actor, a compulsive extrovert, a fatty, an erratic lover and the best match-play crazy-eights player in the United States. It is not universally known that a lot of big people in Hollywood are into crazy eights. Well, listen to this: In early November 1973, John Shayne, Curt Reynals, Wolly Adden and Neal Noodle locked themselves in the Cary Cooper suite of the Beverly Hills Hotel with 50 pounds of rare roast beef, 50 pints of Southern Comfort and a deck of cards. Three days later, Noodle emerged with IOUs totaling $97,003. "You have to know when to play your eights," Noodle was quoted as saying.

Neal Noodle has bad breath. His feet stink. He is so round as to create a new dimension in roundness in human beings. He is also the only person in Hollywood—therefore the world—asshole enough to have arranged the party under discussion.

I ought to know. I live with him.

Actually, that's oversimplification, too. Noodle lives with Cornelia St. Regis, who is nothing if she is not beautiful, delicate, fair-skinned and fair-haired, gently proportioned, husky-throated and a delight to be around. Most people can't understand why a great beauty like Cornelia would live with a great asshole like Noodle.

Besides Cornelia, Noodle houses three maids, a butler, two cats, a gardener (specialties: cacti, mushrooms, related plants) and me, Ralph. I am a hanger-on. Mostly I watch Noodle very carefully and make him feel terrific whenever he entertains a valid suspicion of his own worth. I am Ed McMahon to his Johnny Carson. Like Ed to Johnny, I am perfectly willing to stab him any time his back is turned. Usually, however, I simply lick him on the face.

Now that you know the basic facts, let me restate my purpose. My purpose is to tell what *really* happened at fatty Neal Noodle's party—not to clean up the story, just to spread the dirt around a little different from the way it was spread the first time.

Maybe, if I succeed, the exquisite Miss St. Regis will speak to me again, will once more stroke my head, beg for my kisses and call me the name that sets my heart to trembling: "Ralphie."

•

If you have never been to a Hollywood party and have only heard scandalous rumors about them, accept this warning: Hollywood parties are nothing like what you've heard. They are much worse.

Noodle invited 2200 people and the press to his party. Everyone came. His invitations read:

Neal Noodle, Bigamist
And Miss Cornelia St. Regis
Two Beautiful Human Beings
Invite
You
To Be Present at the
Greatest Party of Our Time
An Elephant Will Attend
And Will Perform Tricks
Mr. Noodle and Miss St. Regis
Will Fornicate

"You're allergic to after-shave lotions."

So Will You
So Will the Elephant
R.S.V.P.
This Is Really It!

Private collectors are paying $50 apiece for the original gold-lettered invitations. Exact replicas of the original may be purchased for five dollars at any Hollywood souvenir shop. The proprietor of such a shop reports that they are selling like hot cakes.

How the Party Was Born

Like most fatties Noodle sleeps with his mouth open. He curls into a fat, hot ball, groans and hangs his mouth open like an oven door. An odd, putrid odor fills the room. Noodle's dreams, which are dank and ugly and contain acts of gratuitous torture and sex with vegetables, seem to stain the air in the room. He whines, pulls the covers, thrashes his legs. . . .

Beside him, Cornelia stretches like a swan.

It is a hot March afternoon. They are napping and vulnerable; I am drooling into Noodle's mouth. A sporting venture: Can I hit his tonsils? I stand over the water bed, my jowls almost brushing his, and breathe hotly into his face. I love the pristine gleam on each pearl of spittle as it slides off my lips and descends into that rank inferno.

This goes on. I am running out of spittle but am determined to continue. I dream of flank steak and veal kidneys, of rabbit and sirloin tips.

You or I, after several minutes of this, would awake irate, even homicidal. Not Noodle. Noodle wakes excited.

His head turns fitfully on the pillow and a trickle of my spume falls across his cheek. His hand moves down between his legs and pulses firmly—then slides toward Cornelia. As he gropes for her, I stop the drool and move in even closer, until I am eyeballing him. Noodle puckers, rustles the sheets, opens a lascivious eye.

"For Christ's sake, Ralph."

I move back.

Noodle hurls a pillow at me and I retreat to a corner to observe.

(What follows is the first sex scene in the story.)

Then Noodle cups her pearlike breast in his hot hand. With his other hand, he reaches for her dripping sex.

"Neal?" Cornelia says, waking abruptly.

Noodle massages her gently, warming her to his passion. His intentions raise the covers like a flagpole beneath a tent.

"Wait a second, hey," Cornelia says.

Noodle's mouth blankets hers. His tongue fidgets over her face like a wet snake. His right hand still holds her like a size-C cup, his left like a sanitary napkin.

"Jesus, you're abrupt."

The Neal Noodle flagpole, with all its colors showing, enters her dark cavern. It is a good day, or at least a good moment, for Old Glory.

"Well, I think I'm awake now. What's happening, are we balling?"

The top of the flagpole flies off. The earth around the pole shudders violently, as though an earthquake were occurring . . . but the shuddering subsides quickly, without death or tragedy—or anything of consequence—happening.

"Jesus," Cornelia says.

The flagpole droops to half-mast.

She looks at him with disgust. "Jeeeeeeeesus."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Noodle smiles.

"Well, I'm getting out of here. I think I'll take Ralphie for a walk."

"Hey!" Noodle says.

"What?"

"Wasn't it fantastic?"

Cornelia puts on her skirt.

"Hey, you know what?"

"Grrrr. . . ." She growls playfully at me.

"You know what, I'm going to have a party with elephants fucking."

"Jesus, Noodle. Jesus Christ."

Cornelia and I have a mellow walk.

Why a Dog Is Telling This Story

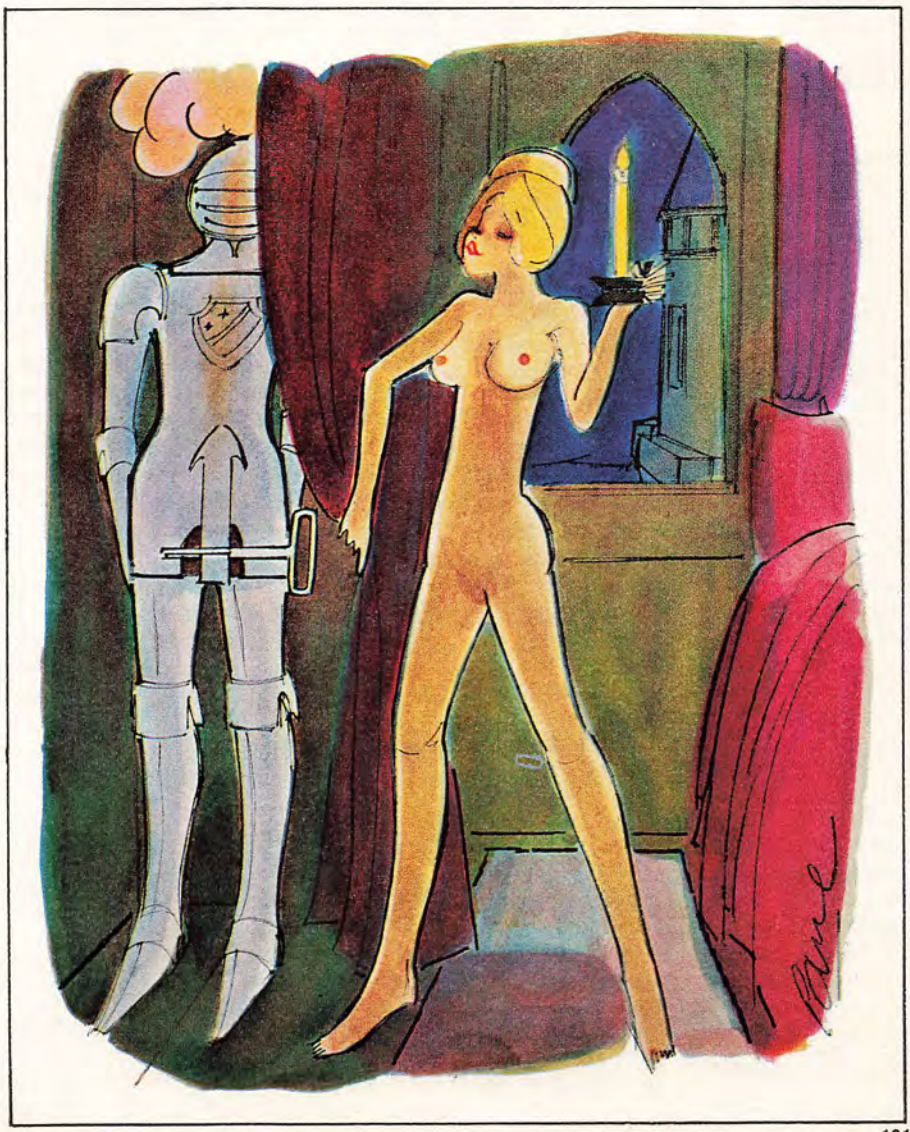
You've probably guessed by now that I'm a dog. This may raise some questions. For example:

Q: How did this dog get his story published?

A: I have a good agent.

Q: How come the dog can write English?

A: Believe me, I would have preferred to write in Dog, but I had to consider my audience. Human beings do not understand Dog. You see, humans are a lot more literal—they consider only a few concepts like truth and beauty to be ineffable. We dogs contend that pretty much everything is ineffable, so we don't waste much time on specific meanings. Dogs can't understand why people give one meaning to each sound (word). We think human speech is as boring as reading the dictionary. To overcome this prejudice and to pick up a little technique, I prepared for writing this story by reading Barth, Barthelme,



ELEPHANT SCREW GUN PARTY *Not only was this going to be the greatest party and orgy of our time, it was also going to be "the end of civilization as we know it."*

Bellow, Brautigan, Burroughs and all other contemporary stylists whose names begin with B. All the words and phrases in this story have been used before by these writers.

Q: How much will the dog get paid?

A: My contract forbids me to say, but believe me, a dog can command a pretty fat fee from a magazine. This story is going to buy a lot of Gainesburgers.

The Week Preceding the Party

Noodle smoked black, stinky cigars and talked out of one corner of his mouth, a new affectation. Not only was this going to be the greatest party and orgy of our (and probably all) time, he said; it was also going to be "the end of civilization as we know it."

Cornelia's response was: "I wish I knew it."

Noodle sold the film rights to Paramount for $3,000,000. He made this guarantee: "The end of civilization as we know it does not actually have to occur, but if it does not, some substantial cataclysm must."

On its part, Paramount agreed not to release the film until all participants were deceased and further agreed "not to hasten that day in any extralegal manner."

What the Elephant Would Have Been Like

The elephant would have been taller than Noodle's house, with tusks scented and pure white; he would also have possessed a fantastic sense of humor that might have been lost on most partygoers, a limp, a tough hide that revelers would have delighted in trying to pierce with pointed objects, a weight problem, myopia, an incredible memory and a winning smile. Early in the party, tricks and fornication would have been required of the elephant, bringing him vast admiration. Then, with a severing suddenness, he would have been ignored as the celebrants turned their irritated attention upon one another. The elephant would have lurched around the outskirts of the party, poking his trunk in various windows in a pitiful attempt to participate. Occasionally, some kind soul would have fed the trunk a peanut or a shrimp glazed with cheese. As darkness fell, the elephant would have reclined beside the pool and fallen in during a dream about stepping on and grinding to dust a lion (usurper of the title king of beasts). The accompanying bellow and the animal's futile attempts to remove himself from the pool (head flailing in the deep end, rear wading in the shallows) would have provided a spectacular conclusion to the party. The next day, the north end of the pool would have had to be dynamited to liberate the animal.

None of the above occurred. The great questions—What tricks would the elephant perform? With whom would he fornicate? Did he prefer vodka in a collins?—were never answered.

The Great Clyde Brothers and Barnum and Hokum Circus reneged on its written agreement and returned Noodle's check for 25 grand with the accompanying question: "Would this same animal, after having become a symbol of decadence, return to the circus and once again perform before little children?"

Noodle pressed the check on them again, along with this reply: "Yes." The response so irritated Mr. Clyde Brothers that he cashed the check and kept the elephant, an act for which Noodle is still trying to recover due legal compensation.

All efforts to secure another elephant proved futile. Noodle was disconsolate, sweating in new places. With an enthusiasm he usually reserved for crazy eights, he set off after another "large, raunchy beast." He waved his checkbook around town, trying for Anthony Quimm's Bengal tiger, Sandra Cee's koala bear or David Frust's ostrich. These owners, and others, hated Noodle so venomously that they alerted the ASPCA of his intentions, and that organization posted guards at his gates to "prevent any animal from being brought onto the premises for illicit purposes." Noodle was delighted by this reaction.

The Only No-Show

I suggested earlier that Noodle's invitations were so provocative that everyone invited to the party showed up. Actually, there *was* one man who failed to come: Harpo Marks. Harpo did not come because he was dead. This may seem reasonable, but three important dead Hollywood celebrities, all of whom live in mausoleums in their own homes, *did* attend, escorted by their former spouses. Noodle hung black cloth over the walls of the game room, got a skeleton of a former Oriental short-order cook from a medical-supply house and suspended the skeleton from the chandelier. The deceased were placed side by side under the chandelier, on top of the pool table. It was agreed by all those present except the ex-wives and the ex-husband that this was far from the first occasion on which the female deceased had lain side by side with those two men.

A Personal Note

Debby Reynalls brought a terrific poodle to the party: small, black, bouncy, smelled great, with a fantastic personality. She was named either Zoona or Matta—depending on how I translate her Dog talk—and if she's reading this story, I want to add this message in Dog: "Hhhhoooowwwwhhhhoooo!!"

The Book That Tim Wolf Did Not Write

Noodle had the Dom Perignon on ice in his safe. He said it was like the world series, and he wouldn't bring the champagne out until a rip-roaring orgy started, "including animal sex."

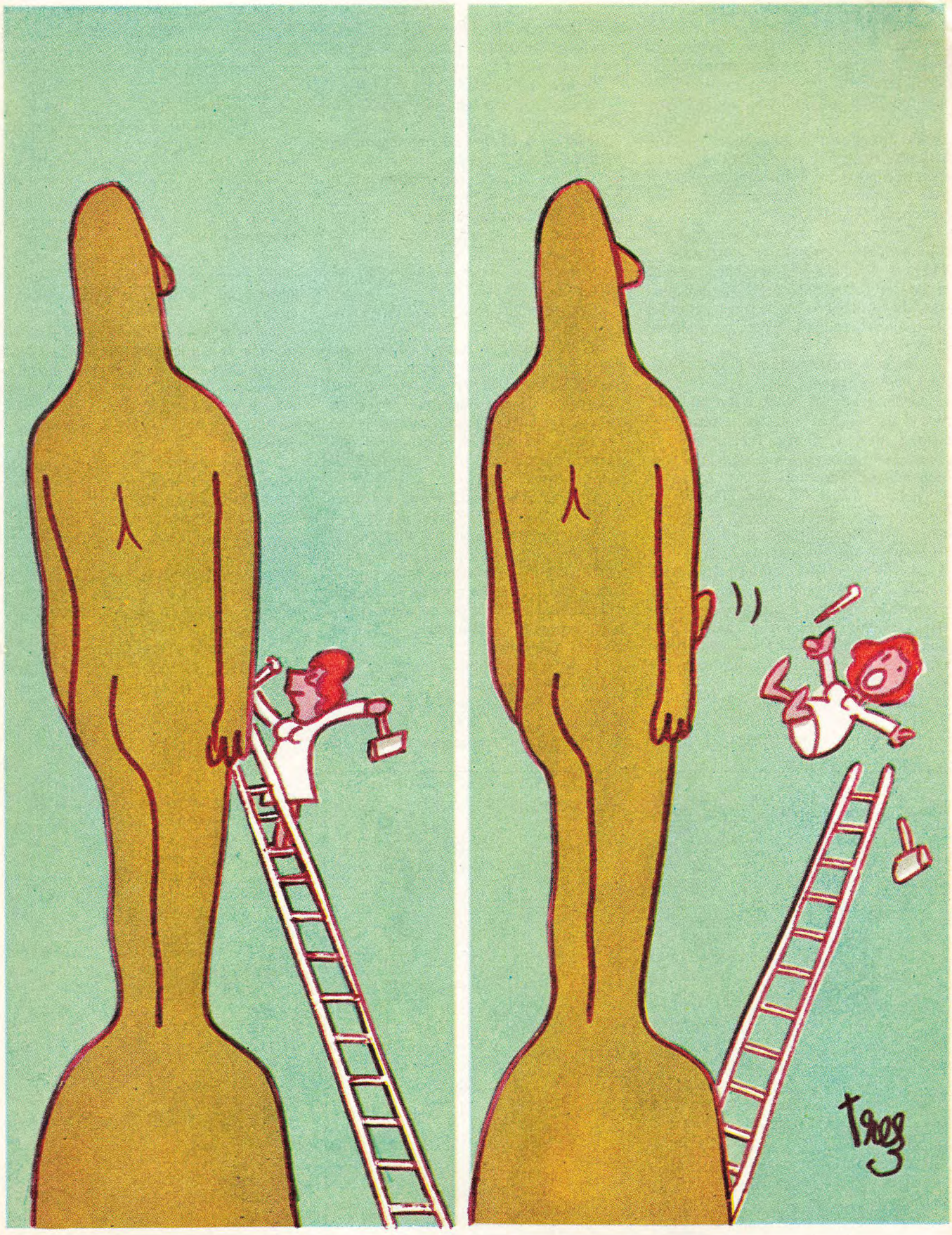
On hearing this, Margaret Mede and Truman Cabata, both of whom were attending as journalists, adjourned to the front porch for an earnest five-hour discussion about what constitutes an orgy. Truman held that you could have one with as few as ten people—five couples—provided, he said, "no one keeps his or her habitual partner." Margaret countered that an orgy required at least 13 people, sex in multiples greater than two, oral sex, loud music, alcohol and pot, one striptease, the presence (though not necessarily the active participation) of animals, the changing of partners, the complete depersonalization of one's sex partners, a room that is soft and well padded and someone weighing at least 275 pounds.

At the end of their colloquy, both journalists agreed, based on reports from those leaving the party, that what occurred inside the Noodle mansion did constitute an orgy. (Anyone curious about the exact positions of Mede and Cabata can read the book that resulted from their conversation: *A Dialog Concerning the Nature of Orgy, Including Exact Specifications, Numbers and Conditions, with an Historical Appendix Containing Certified Orgies in Antiquity and an Anatomical Study of Which Members of the Species Are Best Suited to Participate in Such Activities* by Margaret Mede and Truman Cabata, Randem Louse, $8.95. At your local bookstore.)

The Big Sex Scene, in Which the Author (the Dog) Will Attempt to Arouse His Audience, Even Though It Be Composed of a Different Species. Techniques from Lawrence, Miller, Southern and De Sade Will Be Applied, with Astonishing Results

Everyone sipped his cocktail. Wild whispers circulated that Noodle would have to commit hara-kiri to fulfill his Paramount contract. The rouge that he had applied to his face deepened, became ugly.

At last, Rock Hunter came right out and told Noodle that it wasn't even the best party of the week. He, the Rock, had been to a better one two nights before in Topanga Canyon. Noodle screamed hysterically and slapped the



ELEPHANT SCREW GUN PARTY *Eyes bulging, Noodle steam-rolled through the party, searching for the precise obscenity that would transform these genteel alcoholics into raving lunatics.*

Rock on the face. Hunter smiled. "That won't do it," the Rock said.

Eyes bulging, Noodle steam-rolled through the party, pushing people aside, teeth grinding, his glance shifting over combinations of humans and objects, searching for the precise obscenity that would transform these genteel alcoholics into raving lunatics. As he passed me, I smelled his thin, rancid sweat; I heard him mumble, "The catalyst of evil, the coefficient of evil."

Cornelia and a thin, black-haired girl mounted the stairs "to try on clothes." The girl, Rachel—whom I later learned is the daughter of X, a Hollywood personality so litigious that I must withhold his name—couldn't have been more than 16.

"Christ, is this a fashion show?" Noodle called after them.

Cornelia winked. Noodle didn't see it, but I did, and as soon as Laquel W. pushed me away from her armpit, I scampered up the stairs and into the huge master bedroom.

There I found Cornelia plucking at the buttons of the girl's dress. "Let's remove this rag." Cornelia drew Rachel's dress down the nascent body, over the black-satin bra and panties. The girl's breasts were long and thin, and her nipples poked through the bra as if to say "Hi!" Her hips were slight, her legs athletic: She looked like a girl who spent her time romping through country grasses.

"My, my," Cornelia said.

"Huh?"

"Try on *my* dress." Cornelia undid the single knot at the nape of her neck and her dress fell: long, creamy body, generous upturned breasts, rich, full hips and a silky growth of pubic fur.

Rachel was startled: "You're naked!"

"Underwear cramps my style," Cornelia purred.

They each tried on a dress, primped, vamped, danced together.

"I want to try something skin-fitting!" Cornelia exclaimed.

"Me, too!" the girl cried.

"Well . . ." Cornelia said.

"Well, what?"

"You can't wear them with any underwear. . . ."

"Oh," the girl said. "Oh, that's OK. I'll just——"

Before Rachel's hands could reach the clasp on her bra, Cornelia had the bra off, had her fingernails on the girl's shoulders, ran her fingernails down the long young back. "Turn around."

As Rachel turned, Cornelia's nails skimmed her underarms, skimmed the taut breasts.

"Oh, that *is* too bad."

"What's too bad?" Rachel asked.

"Your breasts! You see the length," Cornelia said, stroking the underside of the tits. "They're too long to be considered perfect, and the nipples"—she gently squeezed each nipple between thumb and forefinger—"the nipples are too big, too rich, too pink."

"Well, some people like them!" Rachel sounded agitated.

"Of course." Cornelia was kneading the breasts now, a languorous massage. "But see here"—kneading, milking the breasts—"a man wants to put a tit in his mouth, he wants to suck on it. Now, look what happens with yours." Cornelia sucked hungrily on the girl's breast.

"Hey!" Rachel said.

"And now the other." Cornelia switched breasts, slurping greedily, flicking the nipple with her tongue, sucking, running her fingers lightly over the surface. "You see," she said. "I can only get the tippy tip inside my mouth. A man prefers a rounder, fatter breast. Like mine."

Cornelia shoved her breast in Rachel's face, but the girl didn't seem to understand. "Yours *are* pretty," Rachel agreed.

Cornelia lowered her attention to the teenager's panties, removing them with a light, deft movement that revealed an enormous triangular mound—a fur coat, a pelt, a fleece, a thatch of rich, black, soggy hair, a shag, a pile of woolen curls.

"My goodness!" Cornelia exclaimed, examining Rachel's pubic mop. "You seem to be glistening!"

"I'm what?"

"Can you be moist?" Cornelia reached out.

"Am I? I don't think——"

Cornelia buried her hand in the thick plumage. "Oh, yes, definitely. Definitely very moist."

"Must be the hot weather," Rachel said. "Are you moist, too?" She sank two fingers into Cornelia's cunt. "Oh, yes! Yes, you are!"

They explored each other's moisture.

"May I kiss you?" Cornelia sighed.

"Of course." Rachel puckered her lips, closed her eyes and waited vainly as Cornelia fell to her knees and buried her mouth in the black shaggy mane.

"Oh, my God!" Rachel cried. "What *are* you doing?!"

With a gentle push, Cornelia dropped Rachel onto the bed, where the younger girl let out a deep moan. "It's very good-tasting," Cornelia said. "Here, try mine." And she swung around and dropped her own foliage onto the girl's mouth. They slobbered.

Then, as if on cue, Noodle staggered into the room with his pants dropped to his knees, his shirt half off, his cock waving, his mouth agape. "Here it is!" he shouted into the hall. "Here it is! The orgy! The orgy!"

With that, Noodle hopped back into the room.

Rachel, who had seemed nervous during her seduction by Cornelia, greeted Noodle's entrance—and that of his cock—with great enthusiasm.

"Oh, mmmmmmm, boy!" she cried, and put his organ into her mouth. "This is what I call a good cock!"

And matters developed. I do not need to recount the mad stampede to the master bedroom, the general undressing, the whirring of the Paramount cameras, the histrionics of X—who seemed intent on murdering Noodle until a gorgeous Hollywood starlet succeeded in undressing him and smothering his face with her breasts—Noodle's attempts to fuck a watermelon, the amazing boasts of some Hollywood entertainers as the action commenced and the amazing performance of other entertainers as the action drew to a close.

Suffice it to say, the orgy was total. It spread down the stairs, into the living room, the back yard, the street. Whipped cream and sliced fruits were piled on top of bodies and licked off. Newswomen and Paramount cameramen were stripped, massaged, sampled. . . . Even the movie cameras soon became participants: They were rubbed with oil, shoved into orifices.

People kissed. Screwed. Groped. Licked. And did several of the above at the same time. It all looked pretty silly to a dog.

Unfortunately, the one aspect of the party that I *do* need to recount, in order to clear the record, is the dismal conclusion that Noodle brought to the affair—the conclusion he insisted on to compensate for the absence of the elephant and to fulfill his Paramount contract.

After an hour of orgy, Noodle emerged from the second-floor bathroom with Rachel's hand on his cock, his hand in her goo and this exclamation on his lips: "She wants the dog!"

These words caused a slight hush, a break in the action. People who were sucking on other people's tits and cocks and cunts paused a moment to listen.

"She wants the dog!" Noodle repeated. "Somebody grab the dog."

I looked around. No other dogs in sight. I high-tailed it out of there.

"Hey, Ralph! Come back!"

I scampered down the stairs, faced a huge, grinning Oriental, faked left, went right and felt an excruciating pain as my left rear leg was yanked out of its socket.

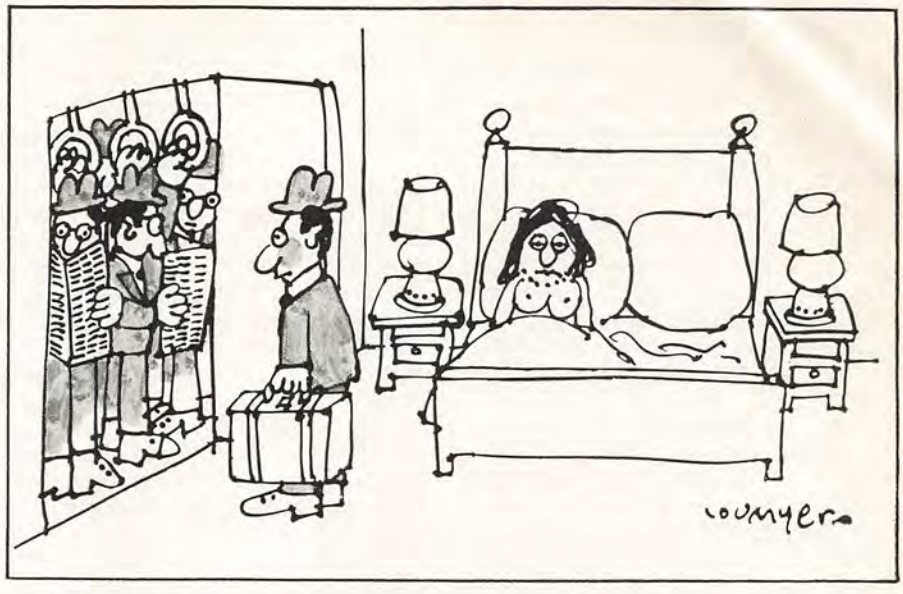
"Here the doggie!" The Oriental grinned, holding me up in the air.

Good God, I thought, this *is* in poor taste.

They carried me into the parlor. Men hunched around a table, where the Oriental and a thin comic actor held my legs. Rachel made her entrance, grand and depraved and lay beside me.

I got hard. Of course. No dog can resist a hand job. You see, very few female dogs—or males, for that matter—know how to give a decent hand job.

With help from the Oriental and the comic, and much encouragement from the crowd, Rachel began. "I'm doing the dog!" she cried. "This is it! This is doing the dog!"



I tried to vomit. Doglore holds that vomiting on a human's face is one sure way to terminate this kind of abuse. Unfortunately, Noodle had starved me prior to the party, and the catering service had seen to it that no trays descended to dog level. I had nothing in my stomach to vomit up. A little white gruel appeared on my jaw, but the men only laughed at it: "He's drooling! The little canine is drooling his head off!"

I kicked at her legs, even drew blood, but again the humans only viewed this as an indication of excitement, a cause for laughter.

"Man, he's got some knot," Rachel said. "I never knew a man with a knot in his prick."

"You like it?" The thin comic leered at her. "Huh? You like it?"

I tried to occupy my mind with idle statistics. Forty-two men, two women and a movie camera were observing my degradation. The men had eager, expectant faces. In the first row, 12 had erections, four did not. Six of the men were drinking champagne. Nineteen wore eyeglasses. Et cetera.

Fortunately, my public humiliation ended soon: Rachel wanted to be alone with me. After screaming a few times, she got her way, and everyone left except one Paramount cameraman and his equipment. What transpired thereafter is no less revolting than what I've already described, but since it's not public knowledge, I'll keep it quiet.

Rachel came for the last time, kissed me on the jowls and pranced off.

I lay on the table exhausted.

"Oh, Ralph?" A middle-aged woman peeked her head in the door. "May I come in?"

Oh, Jesus, I thought, a gang bang?

I leaped off the table, growling fiercely and ran at the woman's calf. She screamed. I bit—not hard enough to draw blood; you have to be careful about being condemned as a rabid animal—but hard enough to scare the shit out of her.

I scared the shit out of her.

For the remainder of the party, I sat by the door and attacked anyone who tried to enter.

I hope my message is clear: In case anyone (especially Cornelia) doubts it, this sodomy was not the Dog's doing.

Rachel tried to see me again, phoned Noodle repeatedly the next day, but her father—who had passed out early in the evening—upon hearing what occurred, immediately sent his young daughter to an exclusive girls' boarding school in Zurich. Though I am pleased to have Rachel off my back (off my cock, to be specific), I must say her father's action seems naïve. There are dogs in Switzerland, too. Saint Bernards, I hear.

The Gun

Tim Wolf saw John Shayne without his toupee, shouting incoherently and brandishing a gun. It was a water pistol, but Tim had no way of knowing that. This accounts for the GUN in Tim's title. The rest, as Tim acknowledges, is filler. BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR YA NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT IN YOUR LIFE.

The Moral

The editor says that even though the Supreme Court changed its definition of obscenity, I ought to include a moral in order to fake "redeeming social importance" for this piece of trash. Here is my moral: "People may like to screw dogs, but any dog who willingly balls a human being is nuts." I'll take Zoona anytime. Hhhoooowwwhhhhoooo!! ■

GERSHON LEGMAN *"Sex jokes are evergreens; they change occasionally in decor but not in the story line. It's only the dropping of the atom bomb that's had a measurable effect."*

(Continued from page 96) wants to talk about the calendar riots of 1752, when Englishmen thought they were getting cheated out of a couple of days of their lives, about the difficulty getting cat pee out of rugs. And with a little beer and an 11-franc *prix-fixe* plate of steak and rice (he bullies the *patronne* into adding "a few nice slices of tomato for color"), he is off on one of his free-associative rushes:

"I get off the boat on November 22, 1963, and the porter tells me, 'They've killed the President.' And I say, 'What would anyone want to shoot Eisenhower for?' Do you know what mopery is? It's a jail term. It means exposing one's sexual parts to a blind woman on a highway. There should be a good dictionary of sexual slang. Balling first turns up in *Pepys's Diary* for 1668. He says he discovered a secret orgy group called the Ballers."

In all this sunshine, who wants to talk about dirty jokes? They aren't a good association for Legman, and his sulk comes on almost automatically at the mention of them. "Just look at the vocabulary," he says: " 'I screwed her,' 'I reamed her,' 'I shafted them'—all terms of domination and humiliation. 'I got fucked again.' With language like that, how can you expect anyone to have a good attitude toward sex in humor? The jokes always reflect the bad part."

Men, Legman continues, are constantly making the mistake of thinking they can excite a woman or suggest their own sexual prowess by telling dirty stories. "These people are moving from the clitoral to the lingual, which is a big error. But a lot of men feel at home only with this approach, which is a veiled kind of rape. Women, of course, prefer to be seduced."

Yet women sometimes tell dirty jokes themselves, I suggest.

Yes, says Legman, but usually they mean them only to telegraph their fears or turn off would-be seducers. Once, however, he admits over dessert, he heard a woman tell a story that turned his head.

"It had never happened to me before," he says, "getting involved through a joke. I'd just write a joke down and think, 'This guy is a panty fetishist' or something. But this time, someone was being introduced to me as a Playboy Bunny with a philosophy degree. She was beautiful, red-haired, and the joke she told bespoke such a knowledge of men and such a world-weariness that I ended up marrying her."

There is a brief ground swell of painful recollection between bites of pie and short swigs of Badoit water. "Here's the story," Legman says. "A girl goes up to a guy at a party and says, 'Wanta fuck?' He answers, 'Your place or mine?' And she says, 'If it's such a hassle for you, forget it.' Oh, the despair of that joke. I intuited at once that this woman couldn't bear the constant crude advances of the kind of man she had come into contact with night after night. Everything ended in disaster for her. What a challenge for me!"

Legman hands me a picture across the table. "Here, she looked like that," he says. "It was a crazy way to get married—one dirty joke out of 60,000—and it ended in divorce."

Back in the studio, he tells me about the discovery he made while transferring his operations to Europe during the McCarthy period—that American sex jokes, in contrast to European ones, are "essentially violent and homosexually oriented." English jokes, he says, also express homosexual anxieties, but the English have a special fixation on humiliation. The French, he insists, are hung up on impotence and adultery, and the Dutch and the Germans on shit. Legman says that the same stories get told everywhere but in mutated forms that reflect the characteristics of the countries they pass through. His favorite example of joke transformation is an Army sodomy story that, in England, goes this way:

First officer: "Did you hear that Lieutenant Molesworth is going before the court-martial because of his friendship with his horse?"

Second officer: "Mare or stallion?"

First officer: "Stallion."

Second officer: "I always said there was something queer about that Molesworth."

In the French telling, Lieutenant Dupont is before a Foreign Legion court-martial because of his relations with an ostrich. But in France, the joke takes a heterosexual turn: The president of the tribunal agrees to acquit Dupont on his promise to marry the bird, raise the children as Catholics and do honor to the corps.

Compared with border crossings, Legman continues, history leaves sex jokes pretty much alone. Sex jokes, he says, are evergreens; they change occasionally in the decor but not in the basic story line. The sexual revolution didn't touch them at all. And of recent historical events, it's only the dropping of the atom bomb that's had a measurable effect.

"At the time of the A-bomb, there was a big change toward shit jokes," Legman argues. "Isn't the bomb an enormous explosion of a fecal sort? It drives everyone out; everything comes to an end. For the past 20 years, the most popular joke in America has been, 'Where were you when the shit hit the fan?' "

•

Late in the afternoon: the hour of injustice. Legman looks like an exhausted wart hog, pumped out; even his nose seems to droop. Paranoia travels the room in waves, more potent than the Haydn he has put on to counteract his funk. He announces that my nosy questions and the general pain I am giving him in the intellectual ass have necessitated a little glycerin pickup for his heart, which occasionally shows a waning interest in beating. "I'm sorry about this, Gershon," I apologize.

"*Gair-shon*, *Gair-shon*, not *Gershon*, like you've been saying all afternoon." The voice sounds really bruised.

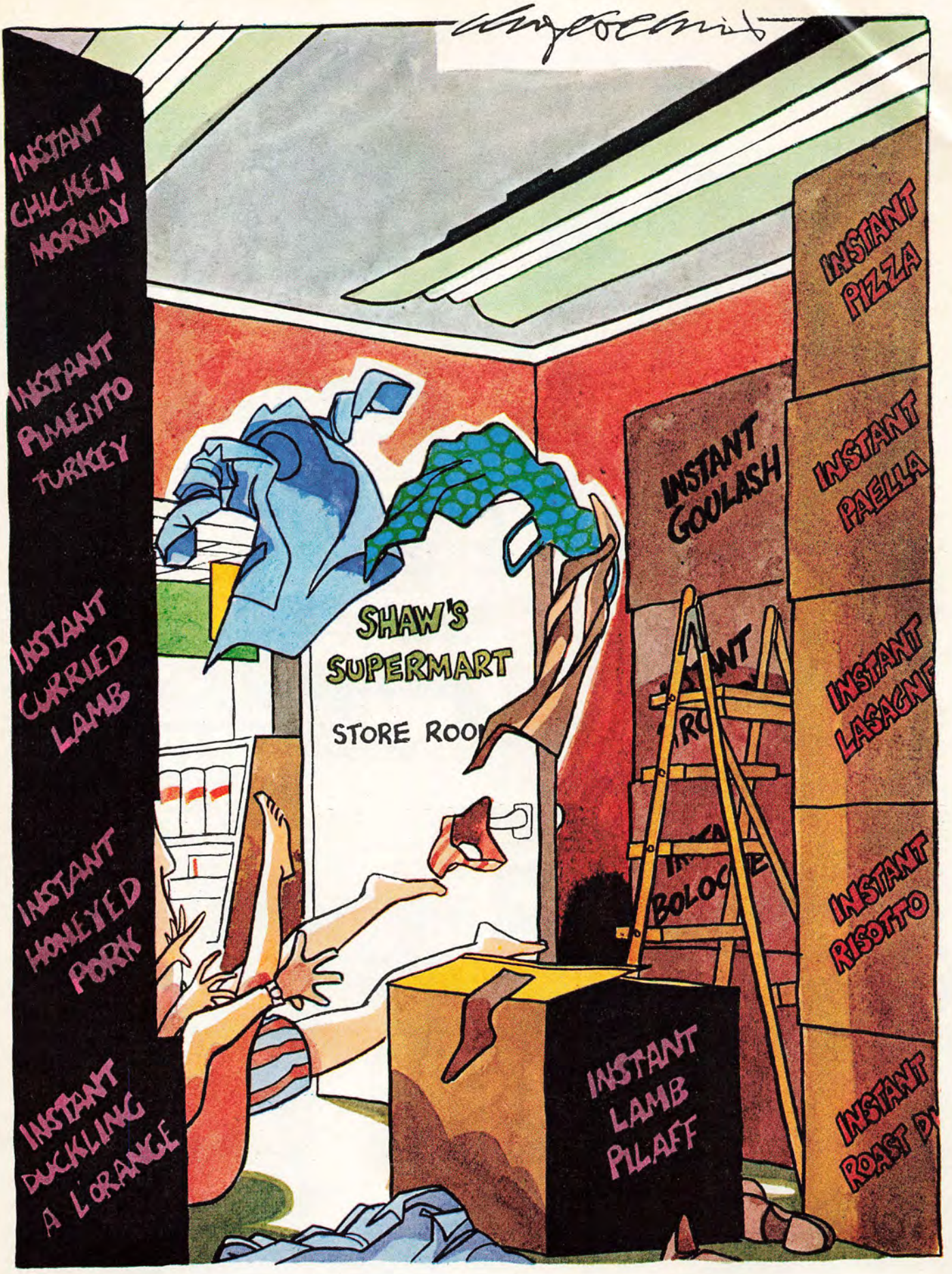
Legman is indignant at my suggestion that it might be a laugh to draw up a list of the world's 20 most offensive dirty jokes. "I'm a scholar," he says, nearly shouting. "I'm not a gangster of the New Freedom who fucks girls in the ass and screams, 'New Freedom, New Freedom.' I will not participate in this kind of scheme."

I try to cheer him up with a respectful question about the Kristeller's plug. Legman is no mere dirty-joke specialist, no mere anything. He once edited a lay psychiatric journal called *Neurotica*. He's written a study of the medieval order of Templars. Another volume, *The Horn Book: Studies in Erotic Folklore and Bibliography*, is a plea to preserve authentic folklore as a protection against the inhumanities of modern life. But he's also got the goods on human physiology itself, as once he was the secretary of the American Gynecological and Obstetrical Association, once a medical researcher for Planned Parenthood's National Committee on Maternal Health and once the bibliographer of Alfred Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University.

"There I was," says Legman, "working for a guy who wanted to make the world safe for perversion. He was a horrible guy, who was really only interested in me getting him books on the flagellation of children. I never heard him tell a joke in his life."

Legman left the institute after a dispute, as high-minded as the one with the Origami Association, over statistical techniques.

Years earlier, when he was rebuffed by the University of Michigan's Young Communist League for a prose style it judged weak and mannered, he went to work on, and finally had published, a book called *Oragenitalism*. It was the distillate of considerable learning and observation, many years in the making, and perhaps the final word on the subject—a kind of nasal, mid-American *Kama Sutra*. "The beard and the mustache have in common the tendency to sop up the vaginal secretions and, if gray



"Golly, Mr. Shaw . . . you always seem to be in such a hurry these days!"

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or white, to be stained by them," the book says. "The stain will not show in dark, nor—being amber in color—in blond hair. . . . The tongue in particular will have undergone training in rapid vibration . . . similar to the double-stops used in playing the flute."

A question about Kristeller's plugs, then, is an appropriately respectful tribute to his expertise, and Legman brightens up at once, grabs a pen and rips off three quick drawings of Fallopian tubes and other internal gear. And then a harangue: "The American woman is doing terrible things to her vagina. She is forever washing away her natural vaginal secretions. A whole industry has grown up to intimidate her into thinking that her cunt stinks. But there's a dizzying irony here. Where do the perfumes she scents herself with come from? I'll tell you: from the insides of diseased whales, musk oxen and South American skunks."

"Do you have a favorite vaginal-secretion joke, Gair-shon?" I venture.

"I *told* you, I don't do that kind of stuff. I'll talk about the development of my collection, about the organization of the second volume, about my view of it all. But you can't cop a cheap smegma one-liner off me as easy as that."

We negotiate. I snap my tape recorder off. Legman shouts, "Don't try to save tape on me! I want a record of these proceedings!"

Finally, we reach an agreement. Legman will make a verbal outline of the sacred second volume to show what all the publishers are afraid of, to prove what "shitheads" they are. I will reproduce the outline exactly in Legman's order, thus giving OUI's readers an exclusive inside track on the book's logic.

"You may try to pervert it, but I have dealt with men more clever and malicious than you," he assures me.

God help me, then, the chapter heads in the second volume are, in the following order: "Homosexuality," "Prostitution," "Castration" and "Scatology." According to Legman, they follow inexorably from "Divorce" and "Adultery," which is where he left the world on the last pages of volume one.

"It's quite simple," he says. "Homosexual jokes follow adultery jokes on the anxiety scale, because I have seen that the adulterer is more often than not after the husband. All these jokes with one man spying on another: I saw this clearly in the university world, all those students who go after professors' wives. I lectured in California, you know. Of course, those students don't want the wives, they want . . . they want the professors!"

Chapter one also includes jokes in which men complain to each other about their sex lives, in which there is talk of semen as food, in which anal intercourse figures or in which there is short-arm inspection.

"I'll tell you this: People tell short-arm-inspection jokes, Army stories, because it's a way of freeing themselves from the humiliation of it. Or rectal inspections. It's a terrible form of pederastic rape. You know what happens in jail: They put you up against a wall and, after the inspection, take an aerosol bomb and squirt a foaming juice at your rectum. Now, if a journalist asks what that's for, he'll be told it's for lice and fleas. But as for the person who's been put naked against the wall by two jailers and had a creamy-white fluid shot between his buttocks, he feels he's been raped pederastically."

Legman relaxes a little. Pause.

"Is that a joke, Gershon?"

"No, but I'll tell you this about homosexual jokes: Anything goes in them. All the taboos are off. In Japan, you hear a lot of jokes about semen, but in the West, you only get it in homosexual jokes—like the Depression exchange in which one queer asks the other how things are going in Philly. The reply is: 'Tough; we're sucking cocks for nourishment.' "

Also in this chapter: straight jokes with lavender linings. One that has aroused Legman's suspicions has Jeeves the butler discovering his lordship in the bathtub with an erection. When he asks if he should call her ladyship, the lord replies, "No, get me my baggy tweeds and maybe we can sneak this one into London."

"Well," says Legman, "who does this lord want to see in London? How do we know it's not some guy? After all, you've got a situation here where two men are observing each other. I'm not saying I'd mark off any guy who tells this story, but it's faggy around the edges."

This steely logic leads to prostitute jokes, for it is with prostitutes, Legman argues, that men reassure themselves about their masculinity.

"I myself have never paid for it," he tells me. "I've got too much pride. I am also a little too afraid of venereal disease. I used to sell insurance policies in whorehouses—the girls are very good customers; but I never touched them. I used to have trouble even shaking hands with a madam; I used to have to force myself to do it. I remember one who was a pretty good checkers player, though."

GESCHEIDT'S WORLD

With prostitute jokes, says Legman, the teller secretly admits to the failure of his sex life. They are about "the quest for the nonexistent superorgasm that you've never had before and of course never will." Example: A Hindu prince asks a madam to get him a 5′2″ blonde who can stand on her head, perform oral intercourse and hum *The Last Rose of Summer* all at the same time. The search takes a year, the madam gets £100 for her apparent success and the session starts perfectly. But just as the prince is about to come, the girl stops humming. She says she's forgotten the last four bars. "Try *The Rose of Tralee* in D," says the prince.

And thus on to castration jokes. Prostitutes carry venereal disease; venereal disease menaces the penis. The worst of the castration jokes—the ones about crab lice and running sores and withered members—Legman calls nasty nasties. A classic: A cowboy goes to a 50-cent-a-throw prostitute, puts his wad of chewing tobacco on the night table and climbs on. She has her period and puts her tampon on the table, too. Afterward, in the dark, he starts chewing her tampon and she puts the chaw into her vagina. She screams, "You sonofabitch, you gave me the syph in two minutes!" He screams, "Shut up, you whore, I got t.b., I'm spitting blood!"

Legman doesn't much like the people who tell nasty nasties, and in the introduction to volume two, he has mustered his flintiest prose to excoriate them: "The pretended or incipient nausea, the cries and gestures of fainting mock repugnance by which the listeners respond in ritual fashion, while waiting for their turn to tell one, are, of course, the accolade or reward that the teller is visibly seeking. He has 'turned their stomach,' he has gloriously won."

The classic victims in castration jokes are Negroes, because white men fear them sexually. Legman's example: Two old black women are riding in a buggy in the rural South. At the side of the road is the amputated penis of a horse. "Mercy," says one of the women, "look what they done to our pastor." In fact, says Legman, castration jokes are as American as sliced bread—and older. They were here before the white man. American Indians, who were big on stories of the *vagina dentata*, had a hero, Toothbreaker, who covered his penis with armor, broke all the vaginal teeth and thus saved the world.

Legman digresses. There is a doctors' circumcision plot in the United States, and circumcision is a kind of ritual castration "that has attained epidemic dimensions because of a cleanliness fetish inherent in the largely Germanic background of the population." Not only has Legman protected his sons, but somehow—amazingly—he escaped the knife himself, once as an infant, the second time when they tried to catch him at the age of 13.

"Now," says Legman, "the last chapter: scatology—shit jokes, you know. Buttocks, underpants, defecation, farting, anal sadism, shit eating. I want to say something here. If I were a shit maniac, I would have made it the first chapter. But I am not. Notice that there are no schematic drawings of the four ways of defecating. It is the end because it is the end—logically—and because these are the real dirty jokes."

Legman thinks that the word shit has a special resonance that makes people anxious. "OK, I agree, it would be grave mental unhealth if you were to say, 'I'm going to go and defecate.' Your bowels might be all right, but your head would be wrong. But what has happened is a displacement in the language. People will say shit even to the Archbishop of Canterbury. That's all wrong. When you have a mouthful of shit, I don't want you to spit it on me."

Shit jokes, for Legman, are antigallant, thus sometimes antiwomen, thus covertly homosexual. "Take Lenny Bruce: He was there to throw shit on the audience, and I seem to recall stories about how he liked to dress up in women's clothes." Volume two has come full circle. Shit jokes, says Legman, belong to "the strong homosexual professions—cowboys, truckers, the Army: people pretend to be virile because a very large proportion of them are fairies, as you would expect. In the Western movies, two cowboys torture the girl, then they ride off into the setting sun. People haven't found out about truck drivers and the Army yet, but they will."

Legman's anal classic: a zoo. A woman is tossing peanuts to a monkey, who shoves them up his ass before eating them. "Why does he do that?" she asks the zoo keeper. His reply: "Zozo doesn't trust anyone anymore. Ever since he swallowed a peach whole and got hemorrhoids, he tries everything out for size first."

•

The punch line? The afternoon is more like a shaggy-dog story. Volume two outlined, Legman shuffles over to a six-inch stack of file cards on a small table and, one by one, he begins to stamp them with a muffled thump, thump, thump. They are notes on ballads, he explains, and any sex in them is incidental.

"I should have gotten into this a while ago," he says. "Ballads are nice, a little music, a very wide base for collecting, and you can do it at home from records sometimes."

Suddenly, he looks up, his face alive with the intelligence of a thought struggling for articulation. And then he has it: "Who the fuck can hum a dirty joke?" ▣

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GREAT MYTHS OF OUR TIME *Fragments of a mistaken cosmology, the cultural history of our earliest misconceptions.*

(Continued from page 75) restaurant that uses white tablecloths, they will remind her of bed sheets, and this will subconsciously put her in a sexually receptive mood.

☐ All of the following are sure-fire aphrodisiacs: artichokes, enchiladas, snails in garlic butter, oysters, bananas, olives, oregano and clams.

☐ In the South and the Southwest there are weeds known as giggle weeds, and their pollen is a powerful aphrodisiac. If you take a girl into an area where giggle weeds grow, she will become incredibly horny and want to do it right there.

☐ Women aren't turned on by erotic photographs.

ETHNICITY

☐ Black people give off a violent coconut odor.

☐ A black can easily be defeated in a fight if his opponent blows in his left ear, as this causes blacks to lose their balance.

☐ Blacks have harder heads than whites.

☐ Blacks have weaker shins than whites.

☐ Chinese men tuck their hands up their sleeves to conceal daggers.

☐ If you admire anything an Arab has, he is honor bound to give it to you.

☐ Jews never drink.

☐ The French are sophisticated.

☐ Greeks fuck up the ass.

☐ Scotsmen go naked under their kilts.

☐ Indians never shave, as they have no facial hair.

☐ Eskimo "hospitality" means that the host must offer his wife to the guest.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

☐ Bats cling to your hair and you can't get them out.

☐ A tarantula's bite is fatal.

☐ A shark will attack only if you are bleeding.

☐ Snakes are charmed by music.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

☐ Humphrey Bogart said, "Play it again, Sam."

☐ Jimmy Cagney said, "You dirty rat."

☐ W. C. Fields said, "Any man who hates children and dogs can't be all bad."

☐ Voltaire said, "I may not agree with

A MYTH IS AS GOOD AS A MILE

Beach runner Laura Currie makes a rolling pit stop

The hazards of nude beach racing are hinted at in this dramatic action photo of Laura Currie, a half-Dutch, half-Surinamese beauty who is devoted to the esoteric sport. If one incurs a slipped lace while barreling down the strand, the rules require an immediate somersault and tying of the lace in the same motion. No more than three successive somersaults may be taken to complete a single tie. Each tumble increases the risk of getting sand in the differential, the thing nude racers fear most, though landing on a sharp sea shell is potentially a greater danger. If a runner picks up too much sand, she may be forced to plunge into the ocean, which froths menacingly in the background. Sea water gets the grit off, but subsequent running is slowed down by soggy tennis shoes.

what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it."

DISEASES AND DISORDERS OF THE BODY

CAUSES

☐ Smoking stunts your growth.
☐ Mononucleosis is caused by kissing.
☐ If you're looking cross-eyed and someone slaps you on the back, your eyes will stick in that position.
☐ If you sit too close to a TV screen, it will damage your chromosomes.
☐ Wearing a damp bathing suit will give you pneumonia or polio.
☐ Roosevelt dimes carry polio.
☐ You get polio if you go to the movies.
☐ Wearing galoshes or rubbers indoors gives you migraine headaches and ruins your eyesight.
☐ Certain frequencies of music can make you shit in your pants.
☐ If a toad pees on your hand, you get warts.

CURES

☐ Burned toast is good for your liver.
☐ A wart will go away if you rub it with a potato peeling.
☐ If you sleep with your head pointing magnetic north, you will never get a headache.
☐ To safeguard your vision, you should watch TV from a distance of one foot for every inch of screen width.
☐ Eating six almonds a day prevents cancer.
☐ If you don't pick at it, it will go away.

MISCELLANY

☐ Watches won't run on certain people because of their body chemistry.
☐ If you remove the DO NOT REMOVE UNDER PENALTY OF LAW tag from a mattress or pillow, you may be arrested and prosecuted.
☐ There are parts of the Atlantic Ocean where bottom has never been found.
☐ Today's young people are the best-read, most articulate and most honest generation ever.
☐ Californians are more unhinged than other Americans.
☐ There are certain people who derive sexual satisfaction from sniffing girls' bicycle seats. They are called snarfs.
☐ Antidisestablishmentarianism is the longest word in the English language.
☐ If you dip a sleeping person's hand in warm water, he will uncontrollably urinate.
☐ If you hit a baseball with the label part of the bat, the bat will break.
☐ The term lamb-pit as a synonym for fab-vage derives from certain turn-of-the-century bestiality practices in the sheep-raising areas around Westchester, New York. ■

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HIP *It's important to discern and avoid cheap ephemera, like bisexuality, ecology, glitter-rock and Truth of any sort, the traps Mass Hip people keep falling into.*

(Continued from page 53) that you persevere with new hip things you discover or old hip things you feel comfortable with, even though they are doomed to be picked up soon and mass ordained. Sports announcer Jim Bouton's 1975 haircut is just like Mick Jagger's 1965 haircut, but it doesn't matter; Jagger was there first and can rest on his laurels. The other part of the new attitude is a preoccupation with Quality. Quality is measured in your ability to discern and avoid cheap ephemera, like bisexuality, ecology, glitter-rock and Truth of any sort, the traps Mass Hip people keep falling into. It's worth noting that when you were younger, you used to define Quality as youth, but since that's an untenable position and hip is practical, you've abandoned it. Now Quality means surviving with style. Thus you can be 34, look 19 and live as well as a 34-year-old, which is even better than being 19. For one thing, looking 19 allows you to rationalize your 34-year-old infidelities easier. . . . A good example of both Slowing Down and Quality is the practice of mixing—tooling around to exclusive places in expensive cars, wearing faded jeans and T-shirts and off-brand high-topped sneakers with fur coats and other pricy items from Halston, Saint Laurent, Jap et al. Mixing shows that you're done with dumb stuff like Prole Chic and are mature, solvent and appreciate Quality and style without being a slave to materialism, as people used to be; in fact, you're *supposed* to make as much money as possible now, you just can't get fat about it. Anyway, mixing is still a good idea, even though Charlotte Curtis and Tom Wolfe have probably noticed and jotted down the fad.

Unfortunately, this Slowing Down/Quality business can easily be mistaken for straightness, but it's why an infallibly hip person like Blair Sabol, who used to wear microskirts and an Izro haircut and write antifashion columns for the *Voice*, has switched to designer originals, sleek hair and a job at *Vogue*; it's why '58 Jaguars, which were put together on old-timy, slow assembly lines, have more cachet than recent Jaguars, which are manufactured on superefficient British Leyland assembly lines; it's why seminally hip people, like dope dealers, flushed from their usual rounds by tougher narcs, have switched to flogging Quality antique Indian and African jewelry and 17th Century hand-woven Kurta rugs; it's also why Andy Warhol and some of his buddies from the Factory showed up in an Italian fashion magazine recently in Brooks Brothers suits, white shirts, rep ties and loafers; by contrast, Walter Cronkite and Howard Cosell and even Gerry Ford and the White House staff look positively trendy.

The Slowing Down, Not Trying Too Hard attitude is all-pervasive, manifesting itself in myriad ways. It explains the diminished importance of drugs like speed and cocaine, which make you go faster, which used to be the whole point, and the growing popularity of downers—Quāāludes, Valium, wine and liquor—which cool you out. It accounts for the disappearance of such extremists as Weathermen, bikers, acidheads and Jesus freaks. It's why the hippest international trade sneers at larger-than-life types, like Veruschka and David Bowie. Better to be smaller than life, like Dick Cavett. The Piazza di Spagna in Rome—in fact, all of Rome—is out because it's filled with Italian hustlers who jump around too much; football, which used to be hip just because it was Number Two, is out because it's Number One and fast, besides; conversely, baseball is hip because it's now Number Two and seems even slower than it did in the old days. Bob Dylan saw all this a long time ago and immediately Slowed Down and stopped trying so hard. The uncomprehending Mass Hip and the media vilified Him for it, but as is His wont, He forgave them. And with His usual deadly accuracy, Dylan avoided the extremes of Slowing Down, Not Trying Too Hard, because he saw that extremes, by definition, try too hard. He continues to release records and even did a national tour, repeating all His old songs, adding a few new ones, *but with all the emotional content gone*. As a way of Slowing Down, Not Trying Too Hard, this makes a lot more sense than dying, which is where the Kennedys, Martin Luther King, Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix went wrong.

•

SOME REASONABLY HIP THINGS OUI IS WILLING TO NOTE IN PASSING BUT NOTHING MORE:

Hispanics. Unlike blacks, the Spanish still seem mysterious to us. Who knows what they're talking about, huddled on those tacky corners uptown? Their music certainly seems a lot more vital than anything whites, blacks or the English have produced lately; they really shake their asses around. And they've got a cute bunch of Personalities going for them who so far seem able to resist coopting: La Lupe, the singer; Chu Chu Malave, the boxer; Fernando Sanchez, the designer; Miguel Godreau, the dancer; Geraldo Rivera, the media star; Herman Badillo, the politician. Even Carlos Castaneda and Don Juan make it, *not* because of their philosophizing, which is dreary, but because they're Spanish. Cubans also get points for establishing all those thriving communities in Florida and New Jersey with the lowest welfare enrollments of any ethnic group in the U. S. and for having the *macho* to wrest the Manhattan coke trade from the Italians.

Jimmy Cliff. Although he's black, he's not American black. He's a Jamaican, probably a Rastafarian, which means he may know a lot of dealers, which means he's dangerous, and dangerous is always hip. Besides, if the message of *The Harder They Come*, his hit song and movie, isn't "I'm gonna *get* your white ass!" he's been fooling people so successfully that he's hip, anyway.

The Lockers. These ex–*Soul Train* performers are the last exceptions to the rule that blacks aren't hip. They do a series of acrobatic dances that nobody but a circus performer could execute and that are amusing in the old, shuffling, darky way. Because this style of performing is so palpably, unself-consciously unhip, it's hip.

Algerians. They're hip because they're scarce.

Tanya. When she was Patty Hearst, she wasn't hip, and to tell the truth, she wouldn't have been hip if it had just been a matter of going over to the S.L.A.; the S.L.A. is boring because it's a revolutionary political group and integrated, besides. No, Tanya is hip only because of that one picture, taken during a bank robbery, of her with her collar up, looking drawn and sexy, a hint of tongue that has nothing to do with politics, elusive and therefore exclusive: Is she or isn't she fucking the American Dream?

American Hamburgers in Foreign Countries. The greater the claims to authenticity, the less American they are, and American hamburgers are never hip. Somehow, foreign hamburgers always taste better.

Tea Dances. Certain upper-crust American families who have fallen on relatively hard times—can't afford servants, and so on—have revived this practice, which dates from historical England. The idea is to go on as if nothing had changed, even though the Hispanics, middle classes et al. are crowding you out. The first classy thing that's happened in America in years.

Science News. A magazine that doesn't take science too seriously. In fact, it treats news about science as gossip. Recently ran a photo of a mouse getting vasectomized to orgasm by a heat ray.

The String. A tiny bathing suit that understands that less is more but that nudity is less.

Richard Nixon. Because he's simultaneously guilty and a fall guy and because the last thing he said to the American people was, "We'll see you again."

Gays. Hip, but only in small towns and repressive cultures. ▣

ENCORE....

WE

Billie Jean *vs.* Author

We sent Maury Levy to Forest Hills to try to figure out the net effect of the youth take-over in tennis and as a researcher, he was dauntless. He interviewed Jimmy Connors in the shower at the West Side Tennis Club and his first run-in with Billie Jean King took place early one morning in a suburban motel.

Ms. King answered the door in a pajama top. Her hair was unbrushed and her face was broken out. She looked at Levy and decided not to fix herself up.

"I've seen the way you guys operate, man," she told him. "All you do is put some broad in a bikini on the cover and try to sell your magazine on tits. Well, you're not going to sell it on *this* one's tits." She looked at her chest and laughed; then she felt the bumps on her face. "You're gonna have to sell it on zits, man, not tits."

Regular readers of our *Openers* section will no doubt recognize OUI's March cover girl. She is none other than Consuela Verdugo, OUI's resident expert on practically everything, who has appeared frequently in *Openers*, demonstrating her vast knowledge and skills and offering readers free trips to Chicago, U.S.A., to pit their wits against hers. This is Ms. Verdugo's first appearance on our cover and she says she did it because, "as OUI's resident nostalgia expert, I was drawn to the challenge of re-creating the Monroe *Seven Year Itch* pose and because I wouldn't mind Norman Mailer's writing a book about *me* someday." Watch for more of Consuela in upcoming *Openers*.

OUI's newest staff member is Ingrid van Eckert, who hails from Mellrichstadt, Germany. She's pictured here working with our photo editor, Gordon Moore, making hard decisions on some transparencies. Getting right down to it, you might say.

"These are off color," says the high-powered editor. "Send them back."

"OK," says Ingrid, in her thick German burr, which sounds like a BMW taking it easy in fourth. "Just put them down anywhere you like when you're done with them." Meantime, she will look up the spelling of the word transparencies.

Mythologists

The collection of *The Great Myths of Our Time* compiled for this issue of OUI is the result of a request sent out to some of the most fertile minds in America. The response was bountiful, exhaustive and, we feel, definitive. Among these Great Mythologists of Our Time were: Anne Beatts, Paul Bernstein, John Calendo, Julia Cameron, Jon Carroll, L. M. Kit Carson, Leonore Fleischer, Fred Havens, Paul House, Joe Kane, Jay Lynch, Chris Miller, Don Novello, Glenn O'Brien, Michael O'Donoghue, Abe Peck, Ron Powers, John Roemer, Marshall Rosenthal, R. Singer, Walt Smith, Terry Southern, Gerry Sussman, Ed Ward, Bernard Weiner, Rex Weiner, Robert Wieder, Robert Anton Wilson and Tracy Young. Thank you, every one.

Hindsight

Early in 1973, John Lombardi, a former OUI editor and the writer of this month's feature *Hip in the Seventies*, was asked to bare his ass to illustrate a story called *New York vs. California*. Lombardi agreed; the photo was taken and published.

A few months later, while bending over a magazine stand, he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder.

"Excuse me," said a lady, "but haven't I seen your picture in a magazine?"

"Could be," said Lombardi, a trifle nervous.

"Thought so," said the lady. "I never forget a face."

COMING IN APRIL OUI

☐ **WOMEN IN CRIME:** A series of articles examining the phenomenal increase in female criminal activity, from petty larceny to hijacking airliners, including interviews with five lady coke smugglers and a rogues' gallery of your favorite outlaw pinups.

☐ **GORE VIDAL:** The man who gave you those lovable Breckinridge kids now gives you more than a few words on what's wrong with the world, people, sex, writers, readers, America, Europe, government and life in general.

☐ **THOMAS BERGER,** the writer who gave us *Little Big Man*, now gives us a fascinating story involving the big three of modern fiction, Envy, Lust and Repulsion.

☐ **FAITH HEALING:** A blistering exposé by Sam Merrill of what the followers of Edgar Cayce are doing to the poor man's legacy; among other things, their clinics are charging prices that would give Edgar himself chronic lumbago.

☐ **IS THERE PORN IN THE VATICAN?** We sent our man in Italy to check out the legend that the Pope is sitting on top of the world's largest pornography collection. What did he find? Meet us here next month and you'll see.

☐ **BEER:** A consumer's guide to every (well, *almost* every) American and European brew.

☐ **RALPH STEADMAN:** The only man *Rolling Stone* could find to give visual form to Hunter Thompson's mind takes you on a cartoon tour of a London that has ceased to swing.

☐ **PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MASOCHIST:** Chris Burden has had himself shot, nailed to a Volkswagen and sealed in a locker for days, all in the name of the creative muses. His works are an event, and so is our April profile of Burden by John Calendo.

☐ **DECADENT BERLIN:** Berlin of the Twenties lives again! The creative juices are flowing and life is just as raunchy, energetic and decadent as it was in the Weimar Republic. Robert Wieder checks out the scene and gives us a front-line report.

☐ **HOW TO KILL TIME:** There is a vast difference between killing time and wasting time, and you probably never even realized it. Humorist Nick Kazan corrects this error.

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